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NOV. 15, 1930

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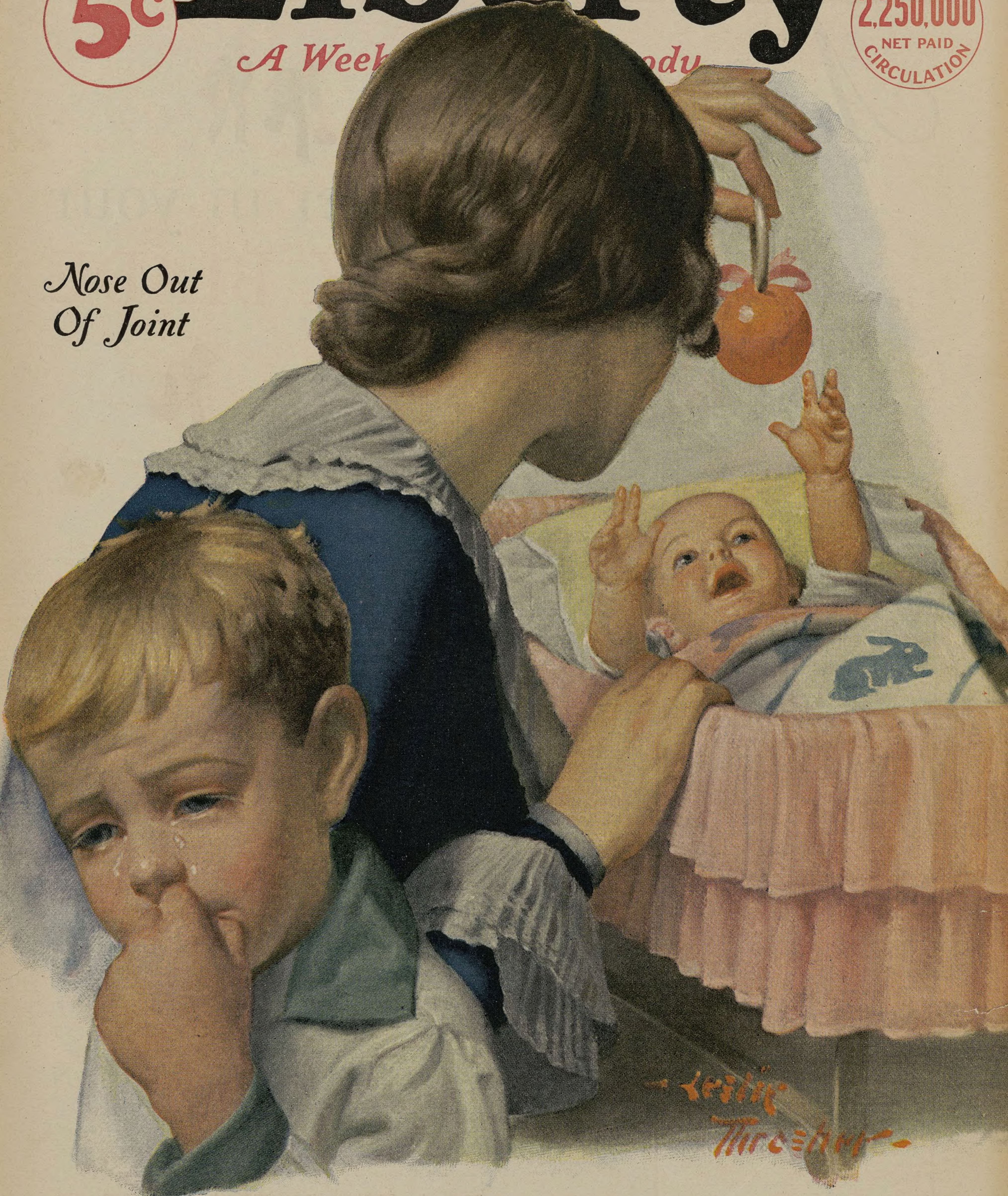

*Nose Out
Of Joint*

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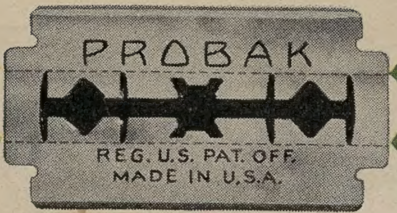
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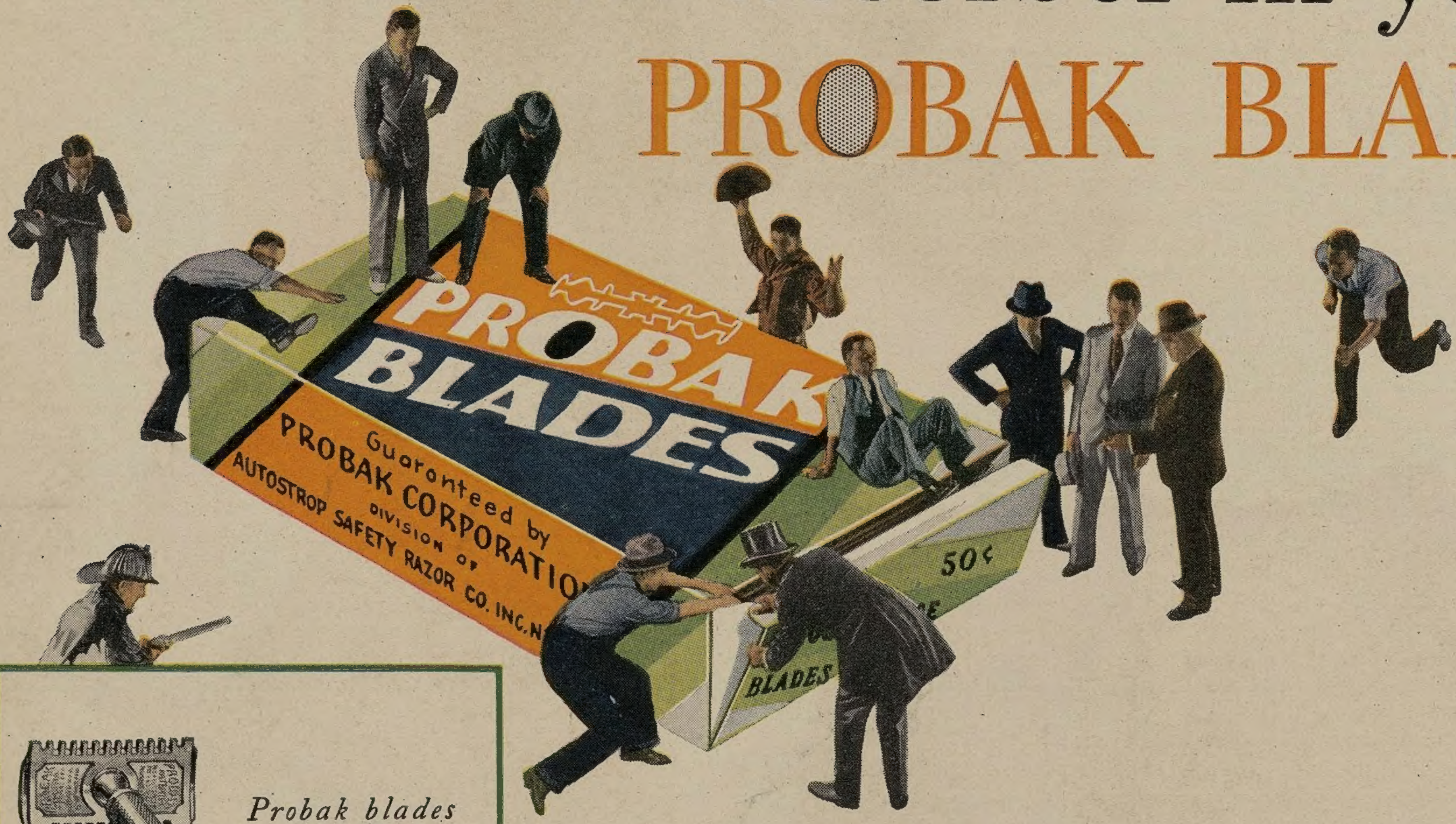

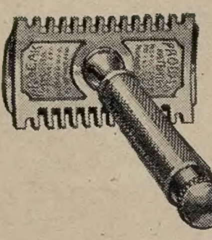

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Now you can have a Probak *razor.* It's lighter, counter-balanced. You scarcely feel it in your hand or on your face. Positive seven-point blade registration makes both edges shave alike. An extended safety cap protects your fingers. Modern chromium finish. The Probak razor is designed solely for the Probak blade.

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PROBAK'S shock absorber is an actual working part of the revolutionary new Probak double-edge blade—not just a distinctive feature of design. Butterfly channeling and duo-tempered steel in the middle section of this sensational blade play a vital part in Probak's amazingly smooth performance.

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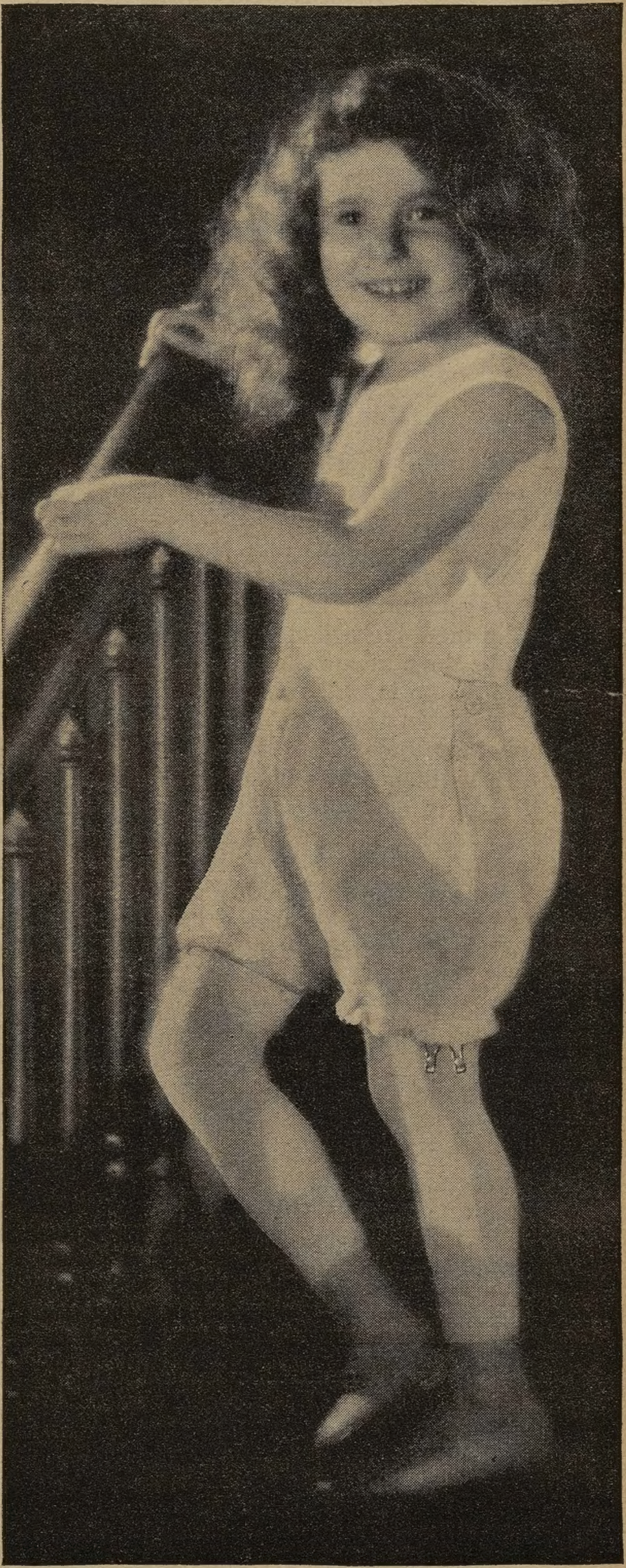
PROBAK BLADES

Fathers and Mothers

Read every word on this page revealing the cold bare facts on exposing children's knees in winter

GREAT authorities on bone diseases, lung and kidney trouble deplore the present fad for children to go without long stockings during the Fall or Winter and thus be submitted to the insidious chilling which can come from exposing the knees. By following this fad, parents are not hardening growing children but taking a cruel chance with them, risking their very health, and sometimes wrecking a whole life of happiness. Read what some of these world-known authorities have told us. Their names are not published in accordance with their wishes, but are on file. Their advice will coincide with that of your own doctor. Ask him.



Expert Opinion

"I think it's a crime. You don't know what pelvic or kidney troubles you are developing. Chilling always brings about congestion and that induces infection. It's a great crime, a pitiful crime, not to cover children's knees."

* * *

"Doctors have noticed that among girls who are dressed scantily according to the present style, there is an increase in cases of cystitis (inflammation of the bladder) which is thought to be directly due to chilling the lower parts of the body."

* * *

"When mothers bring their children to me, I advise covering the knees because I'd rather err on the side of safety for the child."

* * *

"It's a question that has concerned us here for a long time (at a famous hospital for children). I don't think that fat children or under-weight children should be dressed with exposed knees in cold weather. Fat children have the least resistance to the cold. They are the first ones to go under—they have low metabolism, you see. Under-weight children are next least able to withstand cold. Both of these classes of children should be protected."

* * *

"Bare knees in damp or cold weather presuppose to arthritis. People have enough trouble in their knees without exposing them to any more."

* * *

"In summer time it may be fine for children to have bare knees because sunlight is always good for the skin, but in temperate climate there is not enough value in winter sunshine to make exposure worth while."

* * *

"By analogy the argument is reasonable that exposure of the knees or upper limbs makes a lowered resistance that conduces to bladder infection (the bladder being a very delicate membranous part in which bacilli can work much as they do in the nose membranes). Then it probably lowers the bars for any number of other infections of nose, throat or lungs, and might give tuberculosis a start.

* * *

Long Stockings Help Keep Them Well

HICKORY GARTERS keep stockings snug and smooth

Since bare knees at this time of year can work such tragic things with children's health, as some of the greatest authorities on arthritis, bone diseases, lung and kidney trouble will attest, surely parents cannot afford to take the chance of not giving children the simple protection of long stockings. Better be safe than sorry. And, see that the stockings are held properly and neatly in place with HICKORY GARTERS of real live rubber. Made to last — of genuine Hickory Elastic (the same as you buy by the yard). At your favorite notion department; Hickory Garters, 25c and more.

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Nov. 15, 1930

Liberty

Vol. 7 No. 46

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

IS YALE A COLLEGE OR A UNIVERSITY?

The Yale Club of New York City, through its Committee on University, wrote its members the other day that "the growing increase in so-called week-end absences from the campus and their effect upon undergraduate life, both scholastic and social, is disturbing many Yale graduates." In a postcard ballot, these New York Yale men are asked to indicate what they think ought to be done about the matter.

The question is well raised. Many universities, especially those in the east, are feeling this perplexity as to whether undergraduates should be compelled to remain in residence or should be allowed to beat it up to New York or elsewhere for the week-end.

Most of the "old grads," no doubt, will think students ought to stay at college Saturdays and Sundays, and sing glees, go to football games, sit on a fence if there is one, and on Saturday evening perhaps toast marshmallows and play bridge. (It used to be beer and poker.)

That's all very well, of course. But we think there is something to be said on the other side. Let's look at it this way:

Suppose the average span of life of a college-bred man today to be seventy-two years. Probably it is less, but say seventy-two years. That gives eighteen periods of four years each, of which most of us will admit the first three and the last three are the least interesting.

A man then has twelve four-year periods left in which to do the bulk of his living. And, if he goes in for a bachelor's degree, one-twelfth of this time is his four years at college.

Now, this considerable part of his most vital years may be considered either as a preparation for the rest of his life, or as in itself a thrilling and important time of living. Either way, we think it is better for a man if, when he can, he gets out into the world.

We get more out of life, during any period of it, when we live in accordance with our own will. It is fair to assume that a young man at college wants the education the college offers, and that this will be chiefly book education. But, having obtained that for which he went to college, won't the enlargement of his horizon be greater if he decides for himself what he shall do with his week-ends than if he is forced to sit on a fence or look (not play) at a football game?

Won't he be more of a man, won't he have more power of decision—in other words, won't he be more alive—if he is permitted to make up his own mind as to whether he'd rather dance in New Haven with a New Haven girl or dance somewhere else with a girl he likes better?

It is true that a great many of our college boys come out of college too dam refined. They have really a wrong point of view.

Many of them have been too cloistered. They have put too much emphasis on the importance of winning football and other games, and are not nearly as much "onto" life as boys who were in the same class with them at high school but couldn't afford college.

Of course they have some things the high-school boy could not get, and they will be able to overtake him later in the race of life.

But we do think it would be better for college boys generally to be away from the campus more than they usually are—always assuming that they keep up in their studies, and that those who don't will be dropped from their classes.

We think it is a fine thing for any young man to work his way to Europe in summer on a cattle boat. And we also think—though this is touching on matters of curriculum—that it would be a fine thing if, for example, the members of a history class could be given credit for going up to Boston, following the route of the redcoats in their retreat from Lexington, visiting the Old North Church where the lanterns were hung for Paul Revere, seeing the other historic places, and then, on their return, writing an essay about it. Or if a science class could be given two or three days in the General Electric Company's plant at Schenectady as part of its work.

This Yale Club circular has to do with Yale University. It might call for a different kind of answer if it had to do with Yale College.

A university is supposed to be a gathering place of minds from all over the world for the acquisition of culture from learned men. Insofar as Yale, Harvard, and the rest achieve this purpose, they have fulfilled their destiny.

And it doesn't make much difference where their students are on Sunday, as long as they really know what's going on in classroom Monday.

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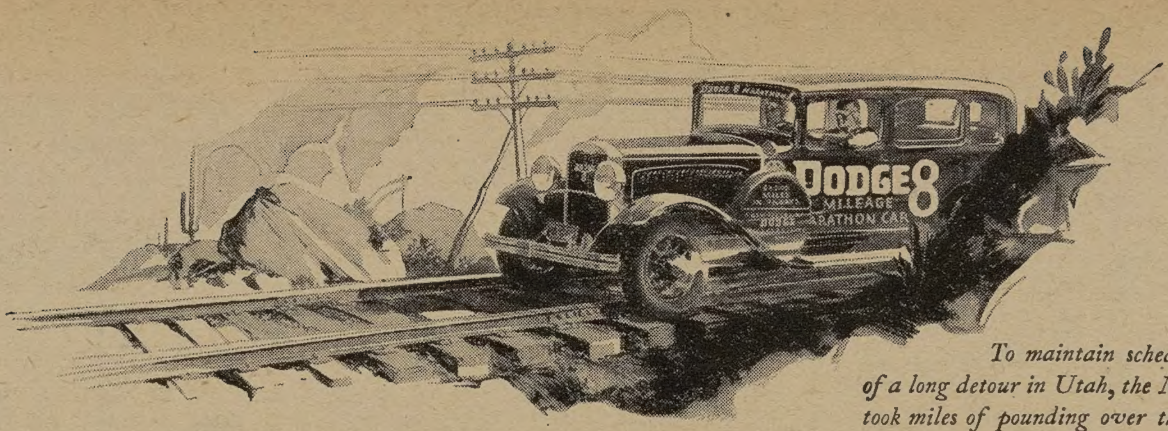
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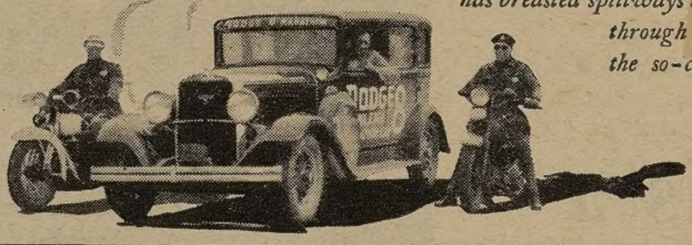

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MARATHON CAR
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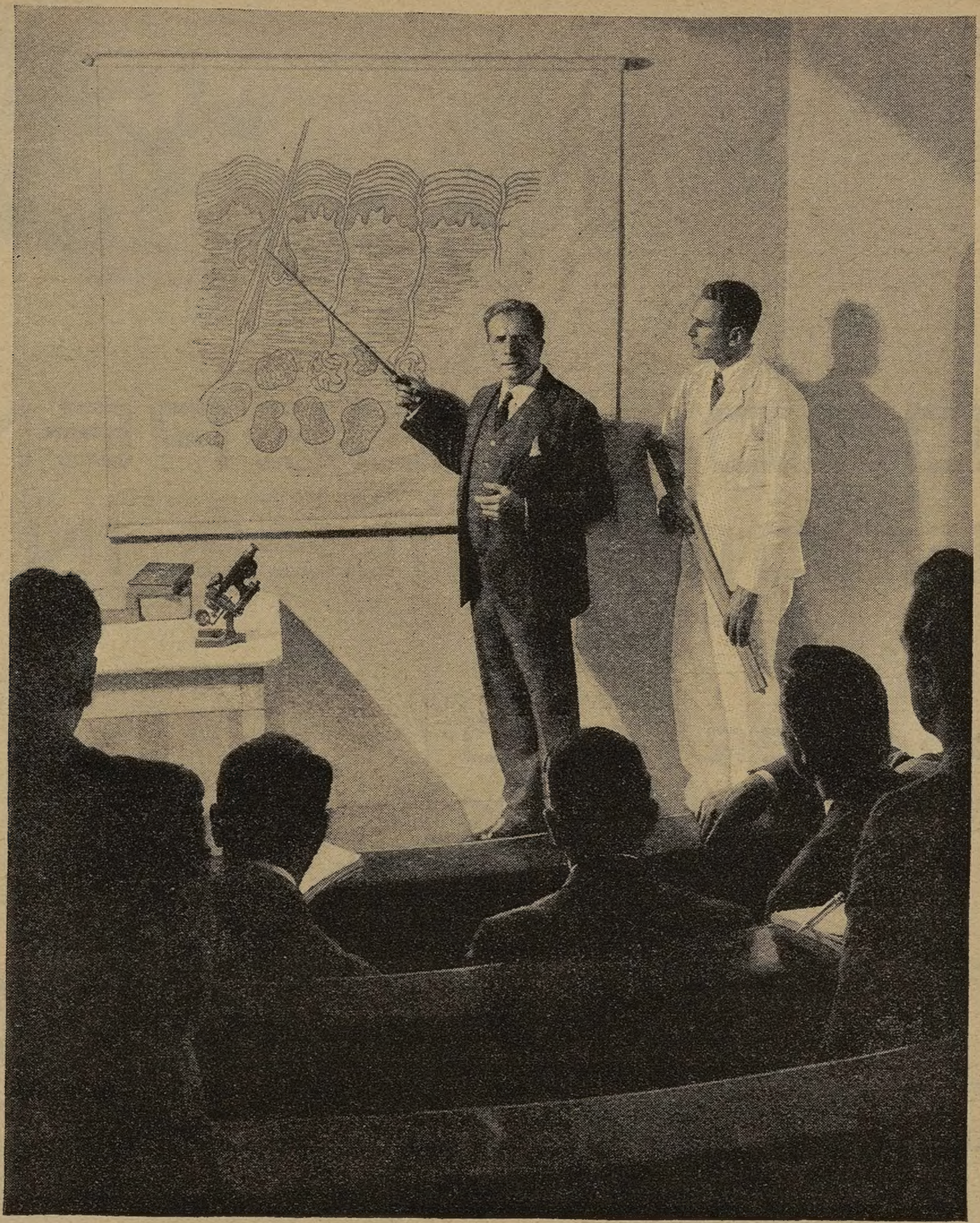
8 DODGE 8
MILEAGE
MARATHON CAR
SLOW
WARNING
DO NOT CROSS THIS SPILLWAY WHEN WATER IS RUNNING TO DO SO MAY ENDANGER YOUR LIFE

The landslide that made necessary the trip over the railroad ties.

DODGE SIX, $735 TO $835, (SEDAN $765)—DODGE EIGHT, $995 TO $1095, (SEDAN $1045)—F.O.B. FACTORY

MEN WHO KNOW STEEL PREFER THE VALET—MEN WHO KNOW FACES PRESCRIBE IT



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WHEN you shave with a new Valet blade in the convenient Valet AutoStrop Razor you learn at first hand the facts that dermatologists already know. One after another—from coast to coast—famous skin specialists have tested and praised the Valet.

We have welcomed every opportunity to have this blade examined by authorities everywhere. For example—the University of Cincinnati has a dermatological society composed of senior medical students who specialize in study of the skin. We invited these experts to shave repeatedly with the Valet—to note its effect on the face—and report their findings.

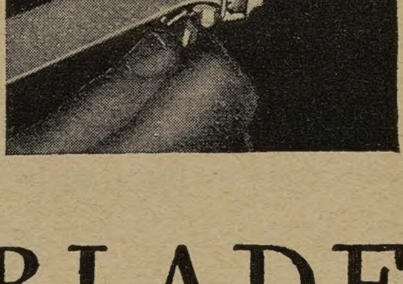
Unanimously—they signed the following report:

"The Valet leaves the face free from the irritation often induced by inferior blades. It does not produce those minute lacerations which open the skin to infection."

The new blade can be identified by the word "Valet" cut through the steel

Dermatologists prescribe the Valet to relieve and prevent skin troubles caused by harsh shaving. The super-keen edge is easier on the face—glides through toughest beard lightly, without irritating the skin. Shave after shave, you need not remove the blade from the razor for stropping or cleaning. A few strokes back and forth on the strop automatically restore the perfect shaving edge. This is an exclusive time-saving convenience of the adjustable Valet AutoStrop Razor.

Join the growing group of the world's wisest shavers tomorrow morning. Keep your face young—your skin clear. Get your improved Valet blades today—and the razor if you haven't one.



The new VALET Auto-Strop BLADE

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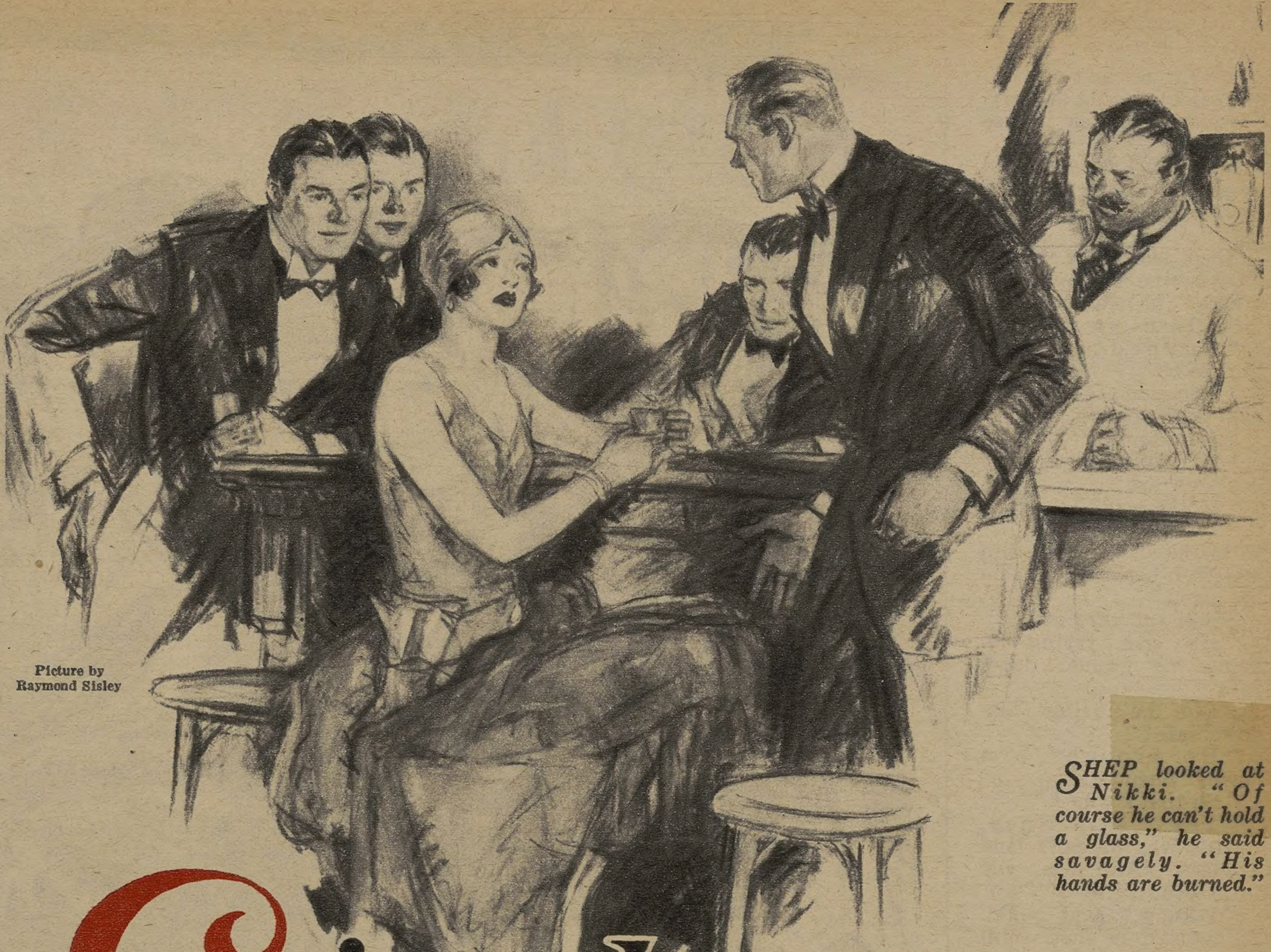


Picture by
Raymond Sisley

SHEP looked at Nikki. "Of course he can't hold a glass," he said savagely. "His hands are burned."

Episode in Paris

The Story of a Gala Night

(Reading time: 42 min. 3 sec.)

—By—

JOHN MONK SAUNDERS

who writes herein of men he knows, since he was himself a pursuit pilot during the war. He is from Minnesota, has done newspaper work in New York, and now lives mostly in California, where they have made movies out of his stories, Wings, The Dawn Patrol, etc., and where he met his wife, Fay Wray of the films.

Foreword

NIKKI, the girl who said she could walk faster in red shoes, pitifully young and tender and wise, finds her way into the strange disordered lives of the war flyers left astray in Paris after the Armistice.

"She's not very good-looking," Shep said, "but when she was a little girl her mother always said she had the nicest hair ribbon."

She participates in the mad exploits, conversations, and excursions of these youthful ex-warriors of the sky, who, unable to relax from the high nervous pitch wrought by the twin excitements of flying and fighting, pursue their spectacular careers through the bars of Paris, the taverns of Lisbon, and the bull ring in Madrid.

Shep Lambert, Bill Talbot, Johnny Swann, Cary Lockwood, Nikki, and The Washout are like naked swimmers at night on the glossy black surface of a shoreless sea, fearful to let their legs down, swimming blindly onward and onward to self-destruction.

SHE was sitting on a high stool at the bar at Claridge's.

Her hand was so unsteady that when she raised her glass she spilled her drink on the front of her dress.

"You see," Shep said. "She can't even hold a glass."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

EPISODE IN PARIS
Continued from page seven

"Well, he can't either," she said, pointing at Cary. "Besides, he has to use two hands."

Cary Lockwood turned away quickly, got down from his stool, and left the bar.

Shep looked at Nikki. "Of course he can't hold a glass," he said savagely. "His hands are burned."

"Burned? How burned?"

"You don't deserve to spill your drinks."

"How burned?"

"He brought a ship down on fire."

"In the war?"

"He held the stick until his hands began to slip and then he held it inside his arms."

Nikki sat very still.

"He was trying to bring his gunner down safe."

"Did he bring him down safe?"

"He brought him down," Shep said.

"So that's why—"

"Yes," said Shep, "that's why he can't hold a glass. And you, you little—you little—"

"I know," said Nikki. "I ought to be shot. Will he come back, do you think?"

"I don't know."

"I'm so ashamed," said Nikki.

"You ought to be. How about another drink?"

"Could I have another?"

"Anything you like."

NIKKI said she would have another of the same. She kept looking over her left shoulder for Cary.

"*Jean,*" Shep said to the barman, "*champagne cocktail pour mademoiselle et encore un Martini pour moi.*"

Jean had worked at the Claridge bar for a long time, but he did not speak English.

"*Plaisir,*" said Jean.

"You see," said Shep. "You have to be very careful with other people's feelings."

Cary was coming back to his place at the bar, so Shep stopped short. Nikki slipped off her stool and ran to him. She caught his hands in her hands and pressed her face down into them. "Oh, your poor hands!" she wept. "Your poor hands!"

Scarlet with embarrassment, Cary stood and looked down at her.

"Oh, your poor hands! Your poor, poor hands!"

Very gently Cary released his hands. Then he turned away again and left the bar.

"Come here," Shep called to Nikki. "Come back here. If you aren't the worst—if you aren't— First you insult his hands and make him mad, then you cry over them and make him self-conscious. For the love of God, what do you think you are trying to prove? He'll never come back now."

Nikki suddenly stopped crying.

"Then we'll have to find him."

"What do you want to find him for?"

"I want to tell him."

"You want to tell him what?"

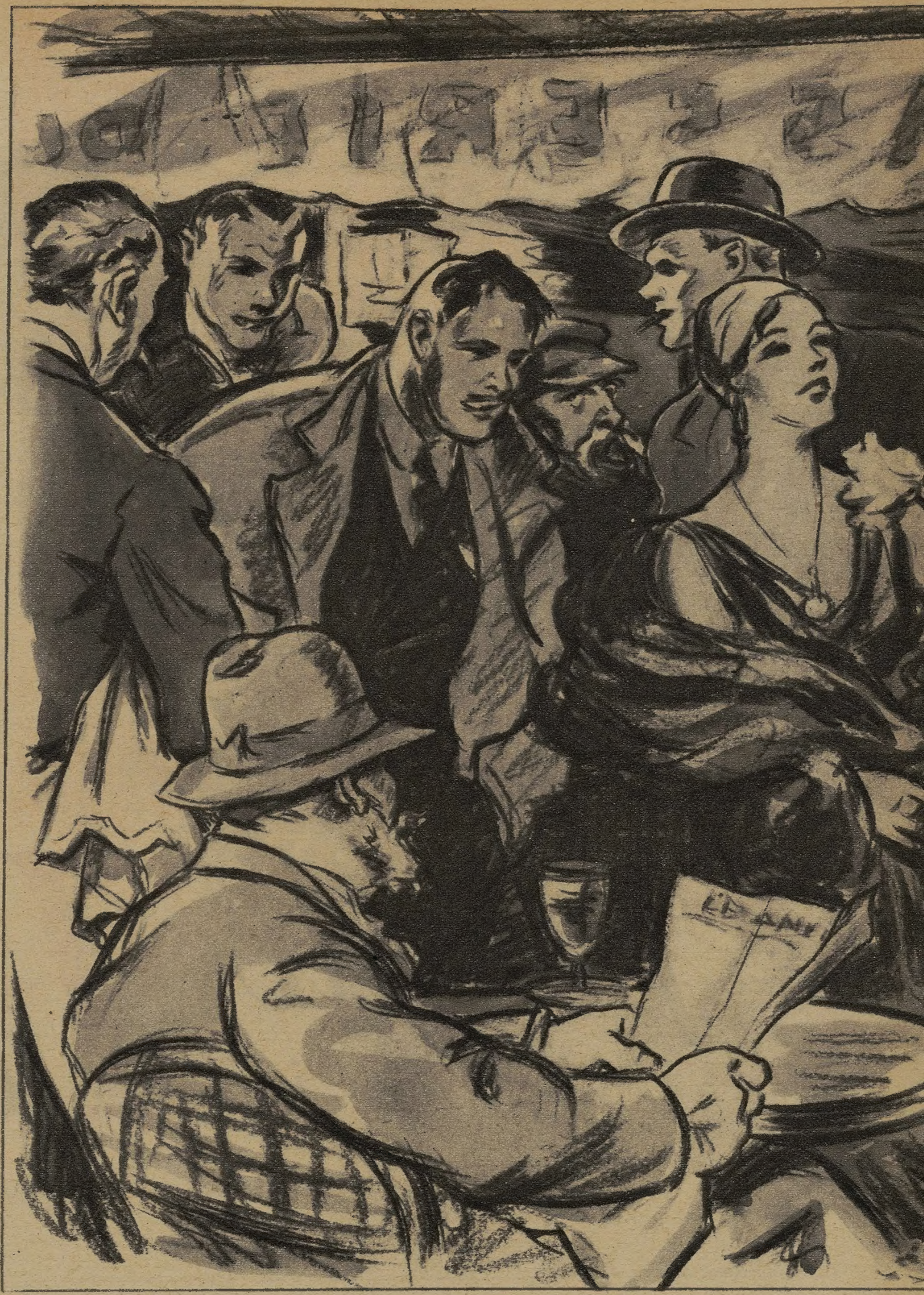
"How ashamed I am."

It looked as if Nikki was about to have another *crise des larmes.*

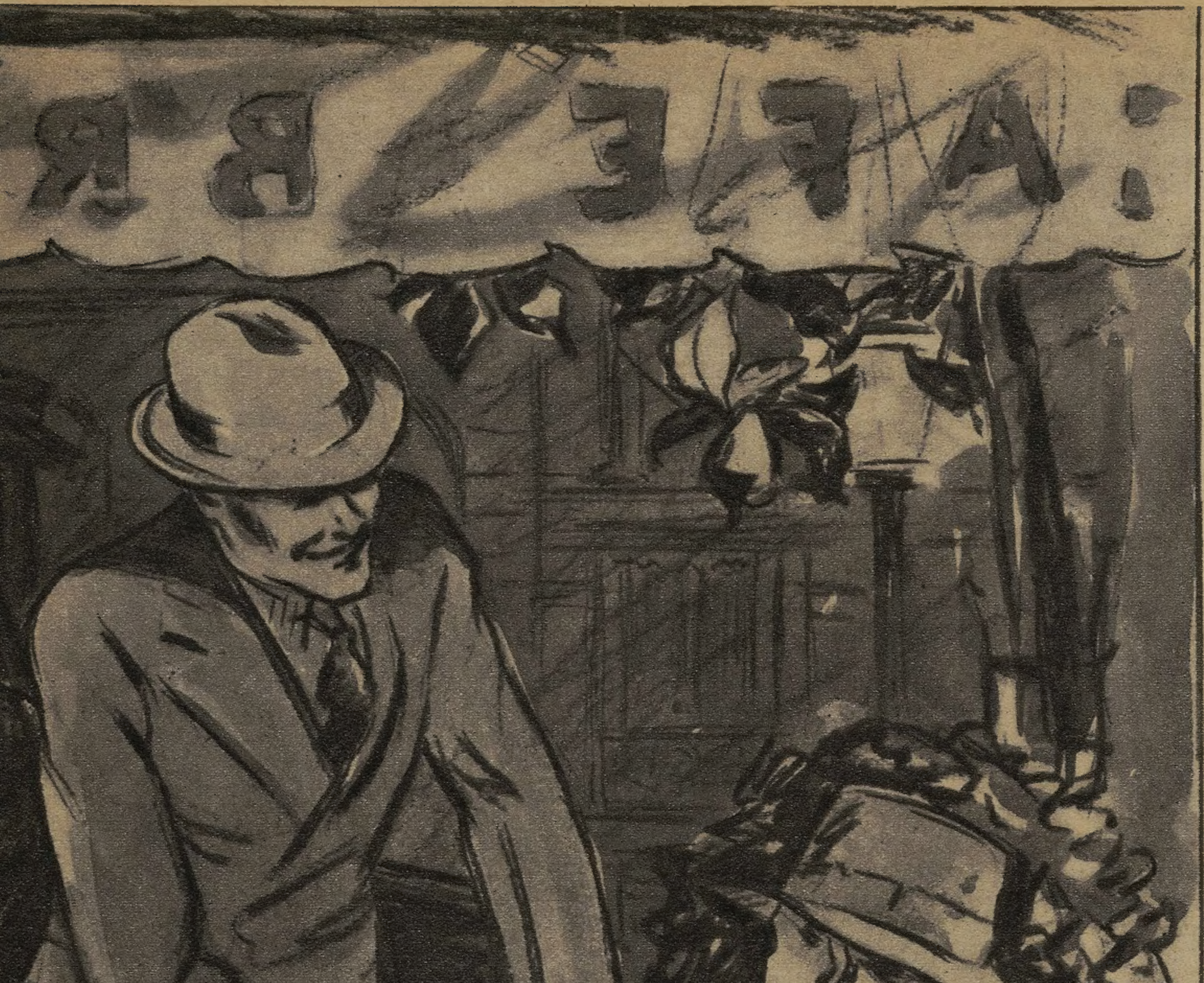
"Well, anyway," Shep said, "you don't have to get emotional about it."

"Who's getting emotional?"

"You are. You're coming all apart."



"What the hell?" Shep demanded. "Trying to disown us?"



Cary said he wasn't and invited them all to have a drink.

Picture by George van Werveke

"*Encore pour mademoiselle,*" he said to the barman. "Take a few more drinks and get yourself organized," Shep advised her. "And then we'll go look for him. And, listen! If you don't stop weeping I'll leave you, too. Here, drink this. Make you laugh and play."

Bill Talbot turned around and asked what she was crying about.

Nikki was making up her tear-wet face with the aid of a lipstick and two small mirrors which she held up so that she could see her profile.

"She's crying on account of they didn't wash her strawberries this morning," Shep explained.

"They didn't wash her strawberries?"

"No," said Shep, "they weren't washed."

"Well," said Bill, "I don't suppose there is a whole hell of a lot we can do about it now."

Shep paid for the drinks. He got down from his stool and so did Nikki.

"Where are you going?" Bill demanded suspiciously.

"Out to get a drink."

"I suppose you couldn't arrange that here?" Bill asked.

"Come on, Nikki," Shep said.

"I suppose you couldn't arrange about a drink here?" Bill persisted.

"No," Shep said firmly, "we got to go somewheres else."

"Suits us," Bill said. "Come on, Johnny. Come on, Francis. We got to go somewheres for a drink."

The Avenue des Champs Élysées was wet and glistening under the street lamps with early April drizzle. When they got in the cab there were five: Shep, Nikki, Bill Bronko Talbot, Johnny Swann, and Francis, The Washout.

SHEP made Bill and Johnny Swann sit on the jump seats in the cab. It was his cab and his driver, so he distributed the occupants the way he pleased. He made Bill sit on one of the jump seats on account of his displacement. Bill Talbot's shoulders were a mile wide and he had a high specific gravity.

Shep made Johnny Swann sit on the other jump seat on account of, he said, Johnny was a licentious old man; therefore he couldn't sit beside Nikki. Johnny, who was the youngest, protested fiercely about that, but it did him no good. Shep and The Washout occupied the rear seat with Nikki sitting between them. Shep and The Washout were both slender, and besides Francis wasn't interested.

On their way across town Shep suddenly shouted to his driver to stop.

"There he is." He was pointing at a semisolitary figure seated at a table at a sidewalk café near the Madeleine, reading a paper-backed book.

"Who?"

"Cary."

Cary looked up without surprise as the cabload of passengers got down in front of him.

"What the hell?" Shep demanded. "Trying to disown us?"

Cary said that he wasn't and politely invited them all to sit down and have a drink.

Shep accepted for the lot and looked into Cary's glass to see what he was drinking.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

EPISODE IN PARIS
Continued from page nine

"Martinis? We'll all have Martinis."

They disposed themselves in chairs about Cary's table. Nikki sat down beside Cary.

"Could I have something else?" she asked timidly.

"I think she's going to be a problem," Shep said severely.

She wanted another champagne cocktail. "That's what I started on," she explained.

Shep got a waiter over and ordered the drink.

"She's got so many things wrong with her," Shep proceeded. "So many things."

"I know," said Nikki. "I know. But what, for example?"

"Well, drinking, for one."

"What's the matter with my drinking?"

"You're a sissy drinker."

"Well," said Nikki defensively, "I've got the shakes."

"You should only have those in the morning."

"Maybe I can improve," she said hopefully.

"What were you doing sitting at the bar at Claridge's, anyway? Didn't you know you're not supposed to sit there? There's a sign says ladies must sit at the back."

"But I can't read that far," she said.

The drinks came and Shep paid for them.

"We'll just have to take care of her, I guess," he said. "Do you think she's good-looking enough?"

"I know I'm not good-looking," said Nikki quickly, "but—"

"But what?"

"But when I went to parties when I was a little girl, my mother always said I had the nicest hair ribbon."

They all stared at her. They were trying to imagine Nikki as a little girl with a big pink bow.

"Then there's your teeth, now," Shep pursued. "One of them is turned sidewise—"

"You mean this one?"

"That's the one. Why don't you have it turned around?"

"Well, I would, only—"

"Only what?"

"Only it's kind of a help."

"In what respeck? In what respeck is it a kind of a help?"

"Well, when anyone kisses me too hard it splits my lip. And you could tell whenever I was kissed too hard on account of my lip would bleed. So now I don't let anyone kiss me."

"We'll let that pass," Shep said. "But how about those stains?"

"On my teeth?"

"Yes, the nicotine stains. Why don't you have them ground off or something?"

"THEY won't come off," said Nikki. "And, anyway, they aren't nicotine stains. When I was a little girl—"

"A little girl where?"

"A little girl in Honolulu. I was very ill once and those are fever stains."

"What was the matter with you?"

"I don't know. My mother was a Christian Scientist and she wouldn't tell me."

Bill looked around, got up, and went off.

"Where's he gone?" Nikki asked.

"Went off to tame a alligator," Shep informed her. "He'll be right back. Now about your nose—"

"What about my nose?" Nikki said, running the tips of her fingers along the slender bridge of her nose.

"It doesn't run quite straight. It kind of fades off to the right."

"Well," said Nikki, "when I was a little girl—"

"—in Honolulu."

"—in Honolulu, I got bumped by a swing."

"Were there people in the swing?"

"Yes, standing up, pumping."

"How did you happen to get bumped?"

"I just walked right through the gate. I was only seven."

"Didn't you see them?"

"I can't see very far," Nikki reminded him.

About her neck, on a slender platinum chain, Nikki carried a diamond-and-platinum lorgnon. It opened with a spring and had small rectangular lenses. She used it frequently, peering at unfamiliar objects and people in a helpless, nearsighted way.

Nikki's eyes were unnaturally large and black and blind, like the eyes in the heads of girls painted by Marie Laurencin. They looked as though they had been treated with belladonna; the pupils were so dilated as to blot out the irises almost.

"Did it hurt?" Shep asked her.

"Yes. It made me dizzy all day."

"Well," Shep said to the others, "I guess we can't hold that against her."

"Everybody makes mistakes," said Johnny Swann.

"Sure," said Shep. "Michelangelo painted Adam with a navel."

NIKKI looked shocked for a minute and then gave a quick little burst of laughter. Shep wanted to know what she was laughing about.

"Even so," Nikki said— "even so, I think he would look funny the other way."

That's right, the others thought, he would look funny.

Pretty soon Bill came back and then Johnny Swann left.

"Where's he going?" Nikki asked, looking after him.

"Off to shave a horse," Shep explained. "Have you got a husband or anything?"

Nikki shook her head.

"Father?"

"No."

"Mother?"

"Yes, but we haven't met for a long time."

"Why not for a long time?"

"Oh, on account of lots of things. My mother's name was Beulah and you can't have a mother named Beulah, so I changed it to Jane and that's how it all began."

"How old are you, Nikki?"

"Who, me?"

"She's younger than us," Bill said.

"Well, let's see," Shep ruminated. "I'll bet she belongs to the Oh-You-Beautiful-Doll period. Late, very late Oh-You-Beautiful-Doll."

"One-of-These-Days-You'll-Miss-Your-Baby," Nikki said.

"What kind of a girl do you think Nikki is?" Shep asked Bill. Bill said he knew the kind of girl Nikki was *not*. He asked did you ever see the type that reported at the proper station on board ship for life-saving drill when the bugle was blown? With those Boddy Finch preservers on?

"Oh, boy!" said Bill. "There's where you see conservative females. Conservative and lumpy. No garter snappers there, my boy."

Nobody could imagine Nikki in a cork life preserver.

"Well," said Shep, "I think she's the kind of a girl that sits down on Victrola records."

"And always the favorite one," Bill agreed.

"Oh, sure. Nothing but Red Seal. She wouldn't put that aristocratic—I mean to say she wouldn't relax on anything less than the Hungarian Rhapsody Part Four."

"People shouldn't leave their records lying about," said Nikki.

"You see," said Shep, "you see! You *have* sat on records, haven't you, Nikki?"

Nikki crossed her legs and said, "The Nut Cracker Suite."

Anyway, Shep said, he bet she wasn't the kind of a girl that pearls grow dingy on.

Cary Lockwood didn't present any theories in regard to Nikki. He sat and listened. Nikki stole oblique glances at his hands.

Johnny Swann came back and pretty soon The Washout left the table.

"Got to sharpen my skates," he said apologetically.

"Who's he, anyhow?" growled Bill. Nobody seemed to know.

"How the hell should I know?" Shep said. "He was in the Ninety-fourth. Used to fly with some chap. Damn' good team until the chap got killed. He's lonesome is all."

"He gets in your hair," Bill said.

"I like him on account of his watch," Shep said.

What about his watch? Nikki wanted to know.

"Don't you *know?* Haven't you *heard?*" Shep queried with profound concern.

Nikki shook her head blankly.

"Well," said Shep, "Francis carries a chiming watch. On account of he's always falling asleep in the daytime. It wakes him up every fifteen minutes."

"What kind of chimes?" Nikki asked.

"Three kind of chimes," Shep said; "Westminster, Canterbury, and Whittington. What kind you like?"

"Vanilla," said Nikki promptly.

"I think he's kind of a Miss Nancy," Bill said.

"Listen," said Shep. "Listen. Just because you're a big bombardier—"

"Don't rub it in," Bill said.

"—and an all-American," said Johnny Swann.

"All-American what?" Shep demanded.

"Half back," said Johnny.

"Where?"

"Montana State or somewheres. Idaho or something. Didn't you never read about Bill? Bronko Bill?"

"Tell us about some of your 'speriences on the gridiron, Mister Talbot," Shep pleaded.

"Never had no experiences on the gridiron," Bill said. "Just played football."

"I think it's a forgery," Shep said.

"What do you want me to do?" Bill said. "Tackle a horse or something?"

"Sure," said Shep, "go tackle a horse. Here comes one now. Go tackle a horse."

Bill eyed the approaching horse expertly.

"Not that one," he said.

"Why not that one?"

"He's on the wrong side of the street and, besides, he's got that high knee action. He runs like Milton Gee. I might miss him, and, anyway, there's somebody in the hack."

The waiter was setting down some more drinks when Bill stood up and said, "Here comes my horse."

He slipped in between the tables, crossed the sidewalk, and balanced on the curb.

As the horse came on, Bill took a couple of mincing steps, opened up his stride, and swung alongside. He made a peculiar sliding tackle, dropping down along the horse's forelegs, locking them in his big arms and tripping him up. The horse went down like a hunter over a hedge. At the same time Bill contrived to throw his one hundred and ninety pounds against the horse so as to upset him, so that the horse fell, not on his knees, but half on his shoulder, sliding along the wet pavement.

For an instant they lay together, Bill and the horse. Then Bill was up and helping the horse to his feet, holding his head so powerfully the animal could not struggle. The hack had not overturned. A crowd was gathering on the sidewalk. Shep broke through and ran to the coachman.

"YOU shouldn't drive so fast," he cried at the coachman in French. "You nearly killed my friend, who was just trying to cross the street."

The hackman opened up his mouth wide to let go a flood of expletives and Shep pressed fifty francs into his hand.

"Nice horsie," Bill was saying to the horse, stroking the shoulder on which he had fallen.

"Come back here!" Shep commanded, pulling him away.

As the horse trotted off, Shep watched him to see if he was lame. He wasn't.

"Listen," said Shep, as he led Bill back to the table. "You're an all-American! You're two all-Americans! You're the whole bloody team! Now you don't have to tackle any more horses, see? You are the twelve greatest all-Americans in my estimation. Now come and finish your drink."

"O. K.," said Bill, grinning all over the place. "But wasn't that a sweet spill?"

"Sure was a sweet one," Shep agreed. But the muscle under Shep's left eye was flickering. Shep had a spasmodic tic. It jumped whenever he was excited—or sober.

The boys stood up to welcome Bill back to the table, but Nikki sat still and pale as anything.

Finally she stood up, a little unsteadily.

"Will you excuse me for a moment?" she said.

"Where are you going?" Shep asked.

"To take a Chinese singing lesson."

"*Par ici, madame,*" said the waiter at the door.

The low throaty tones of Nikki's voice remained on their ears for some moments after she left. Shep was trying to remember who else had a voice like that, and suddenly he remembered Tallulah Bankhead. Nikki's voice had the same husky, throbbing quality.

Shep ordered some more drinks and they all waited for Nikki to come back.

"Could we go to Montmartre, do you think?" Nikki said when she sat down again.

They all looked at her speculatively.

"She hasn't been in Paris long, I guess," Shep said.

"That's right," Nikki admitted.

"You want to go to Montmartre?"

"I want to go dancing."

"We *could* take her to the Florida," Shep said, eying her critically.

NIKKI was dressed for the evening. Under her mink wrap she was wearing black chiffon over gold metal cloth, with a wide, golden sash draped in the oriental manner. She had on a gold metal-cloth turban disposed in soft, exact folds about her head.

"Only," said Shep, "it's too early."

Nikki was disappointed.

"What about the Moulin Rouge?" Johnny Swann suggested.

"Well—"

"Or the Monaco? Le Rat Mort? Bal Tabarin?"

"Bal Tabarin."

"How about it, lads?" Shep inquired of the others. "Shall we break down and take Nikki up on the hill?"

"Anything to please a lady," said Johnny.

"We're off in a billizzard of horse-radish," Shep announced. "Somebody pay for the drinks, and, Cary, you're coming along too."

Shep signaled his driver and they all piled in. Shep told him where to go and the driver turned his cab into the Boulevard de la Madeleine.

"I wonder did anyone ever tackle a horse before?" said Johnny.

"I knew a boy once who swallowed a goldfish," Nikki volunteered.

"Swallered a goldfish, did he? Well—well. How come he to do that?" Shep was interested.

"It was at a party. He just reached in the bowl and fished out a goldfish and swallowed it."

"Land sakes," said Shep. "What happened?"

"Nothing. Just the end of the goldfish. We all stood around waiting for something to happen, but nothing happened. He took a couple of drinks and cut in on the first couple that came along."

"What was he drinking?"

"I don't know. It was out of a flask."

"Why did he swallow the goldfish?" Bill demanded.

"I asked him afterwards, and he said he didn't know. It seemed like a good idea at the time."

They all fell quiet, thinking about the boy who swallowed the goldfish. The cab rolled through the Place St. Georges, followed the Rue Fontaine for a couple of blocks, and turned up a steep street leading to the Place Pigalle.

"You see," Bill told Nikki, pointing to a lettered bunting flung across the brilliantly lighted marquee in front of the Bal Tabarin, "it says *gala de soirée.*"

"What does that mean?"

"Well, it means a gay and lively celebration. It means there'll be a hot time in the old town tonight."

"The real idea is," Shep said, "that you can drink nothing but champagne inside. That's the point. On gala nights they add a special charge."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

EPISODE IN PARIS
Continued from page eleven

Shep bought a handful of little, red ten-franc entrée tickets at the window on the right in the lobby. They passed through the swinging doors and down the steps into the ballroom.

Nikki said she had never been in the place before. They left their things at the checkroom and went out on the floor. Bill signaled the captain and they found a roped-off table for six on the low balcony along the right by the mirrors.

The boys took the place as a matter of course, being interested only in the location of the table and the wine list. Nikki, however, still had the quality of eagerness. She looked about her with bright interest, peering here, there, and everywhere with her lorgnette.

Who does not know Le Bal Tabarin on the Rue Frochot? The dance floor, filled with a mongrel collection of Americans, Argentines, blacks and yellows dancing with red-lipped little French tarts, resembles a cabaret in the reserved quarter of a Mediterranean port. There is a bar at the left and the bowling alleys downstairs, and the artist who sketches your picture for ten francs or so.

"We'll order a bottle of champagne for our girl friend," Shep said, "and then we'll have to wangle some still wine."

"What's the matter with champagne?" Nikki asked. "I always thought—"

"You'll find out," Shep said, "if you stay with it long enough."

"It keeps coming up in your nose," Bill said.

"It turns sour on your tongue and gives you wambling of the insides."

"Hey," said Bill.

"I like champagne," Nikki said.

"Give the gal some Cordon Rouge," Shep sighed.

"Who wants to dance with a girl?"

"Cary is the best," they told her. "He hasn't got so many feet and he practically never falls down."

"DO you tango?" Cary asked skeptically. The orchestra was playing only tango music.

"I don't know. I never tried."

They stepped out on the floor and Cary took her in his arms. Nikki shivered ever so slightly.

"Bring us back a parrot," Shep called.

"Bend your back a little more—when you come forward," Cary was saying. "My, but your back is tight. Can't you let go a little?"

"Give me a minute," Nikki said. "I'm so nervous. My back always gets tight when I'm excited."

"What about?" Cary asked.

"Well, leave a lady a few secrets, won't you?"

Cary took her slowly through the first movements of the tango.

"How did you get so good, anyway?" Nikki asked.

"A girl, and I'm not too good, anyway."

"What girl?"

"I don't know her name."

"Don't know her name?"

"Shep calls her Kiss-Me-Quick."

When Nikki had overcome her original panic, she began to follow Cary nicely.

"Thank you so much," she said when the music stopped. "I enjoyed that."

"Thank you, I enjoyed it, too," Cary said simply.

"Your Mr. Lockwood is a wonderful dancer," Nikki announced when she returned to the table.

"Oh, sure," Shep agreed without jealousy. "The Duke is a fast torpedo. You should see him run the high hurdles."

Nikki could see Cary, clean-limbed and fleet, skimming over the high hurdles.

"Really?" she said. She couldn't tell when any of them were serious. "Where?"

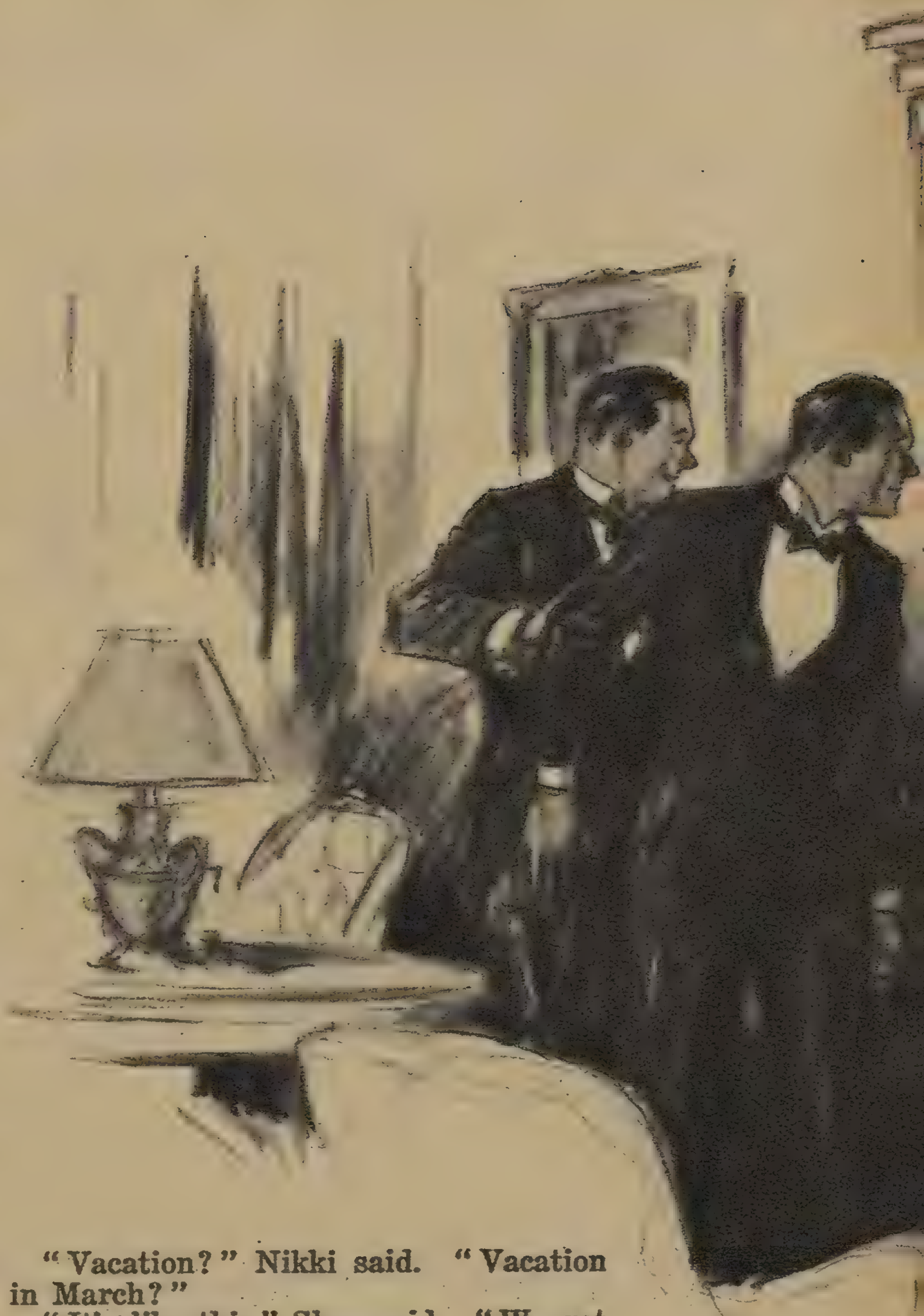
"Jolly old Oxford."

"Did he go to Oxford?" Nikki turned to look at Cary again.

"Ra-ther," said Shep. "He's up there now."

"You don't mean right now?"

"He's on his vacation, I mean."



"Vacation?" Nikki said. "Vacation in March?"

"It's like this," Shep said. "We got three terms at Oxford."

"That's nice for you," Nikki said.

"We got three kind of terms," Shep proceeded; "Michaelmas, Hilary, and Trinity."

"I'll take vanilla," said Nikki promptly.

"And Cary is between Hilary and Trinity," Shep said, "for a month or so."

"Did you go to Oxford, too?"

"Ra-ther."

"Did you graduate or anything?"

"Ra-ther," Shep admitted amiably. "Magister Artium. Magna cum lousy."

"How about Bill and Johnny?"

"They came after. Just a couple of disabled war veterians. Turned the place into an Old Sodgers' Home."

"Well, well," said Nikki. "So that's how it is."

"Cary is a Rhodes scholar."

Nikki didn't know what that was.

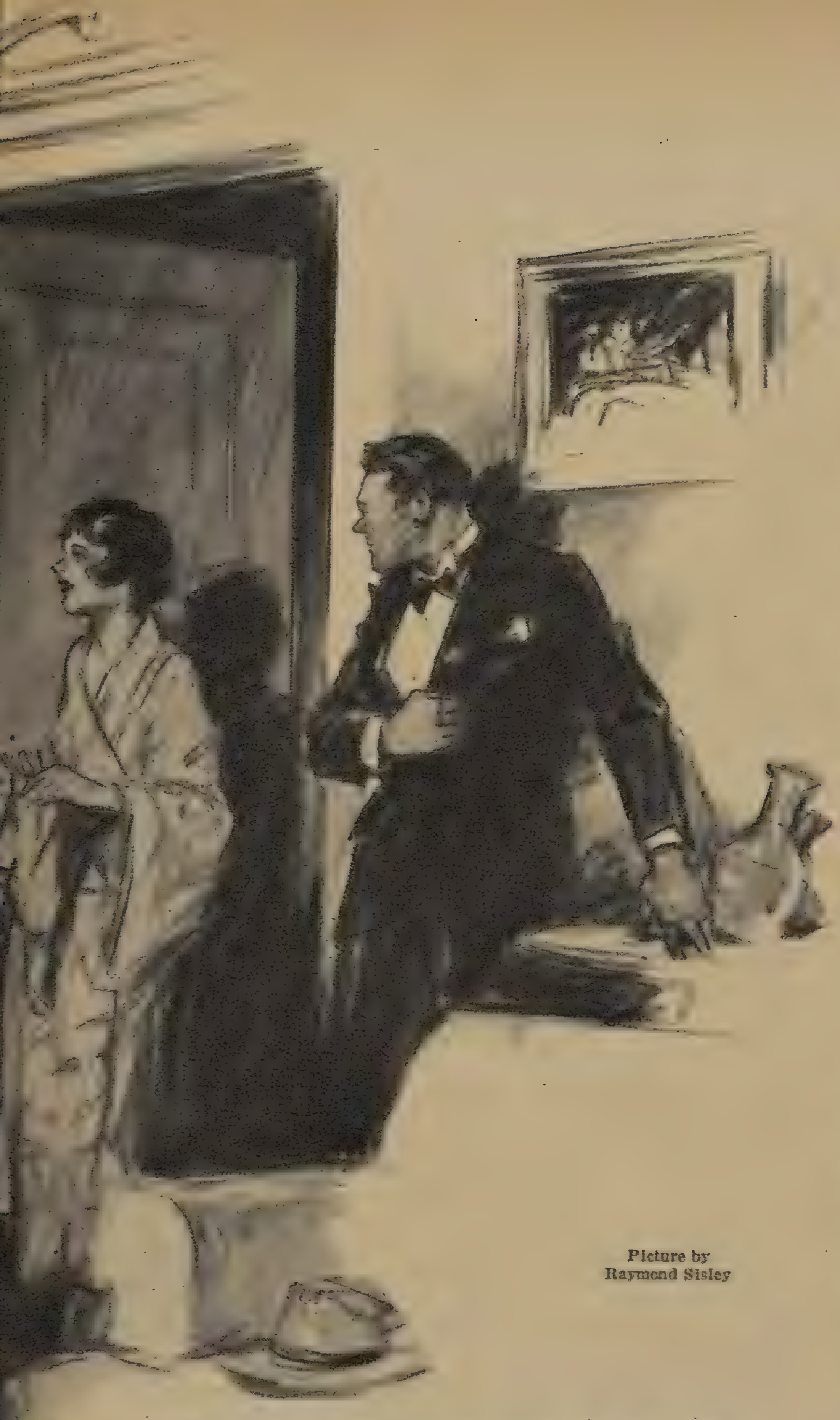
SHEP explained that it was a kind of strange specimen of American that was unburdened upon poor Oxford every year under the eccentric terms of an old will.

"And now look at him," Bill said.

"Most high-powered chap ever went up to Oxford," Shep continued. "Runs the hurdles, number two on the tennis, addresses the Union, used to play the organ in chapel—"

"Doesn't he play—" Nikki began, and suddenly checked herself, remembering Cary's fire-scarred hands.

Cary paid no attention to the discussion. The lights went down, white and blue spotlights were turned on to a large woman in white tights, who came out on the floor to dance the cancan. She danced around holding one foot in her hand over her head.



Picture by
Raymond Sisley

Nikki stood in the doorway in her white kimono. "Will somebody scrub my back?" she inquired innocently.

When the billowy creature retired after doing the split, the spotlights were trained on a transparent gauze curtain on the orchestra dais behind which posed a tableau of nude ladies.

"Why is it," Shep demanded, "that women look much harder at nude women than men?"

"You mean than men look at nude women?" Nikki asked.

"That's right."

"Well," said Nikki, not taking her eyes off the nudes, "it's on account of comparison."

"I'll tell you something funny," Shep said. "I was only four years old once—"

"What did he say?" Johnny inquired of The Washout.

"Tsaid he was four years old once."

"Amazing."

"—and my aunt had a very décolleté dinner dress—"

"What did he say?" Johnny inquired again. He was studying the nudes and didn't keep his mind on the conversation.

"Said his aunt had a low-necked dress."

"Incredible," said Johnny.

"—and she sat right across the table from me and I said, 'Auntie, I can see your knees.'"

Shep looked very pleased with himself. Nobody changed their expressions.

"Maybe I better do my match tricks," Shep said.

"You do and I'll recite," Nikki said fiercely.

"What? Recite what?"

"Poetry."

"Whose?"

"My own."

"Do you write poetry?"

"Yes. I'll send you a photograph of it if you like. Would you like a photograph of my poetry?"

Shep picked up the Cordon Rouge bottle. "What the hell's in this, anyhow?" he said, sighting along the neck. "Nothing intoxicating, I hope."

"And if you do card tricks, I'll sing," Nikki threatened.

"You sing," Shep warned, "and Bill is liable to do nip-ups."

"All hands to repel boarders," Bill said. "Here comes Johnny's friend."

"Who?"

"Little Kiss-Me-Quick."

"For God's sake, where?" Johnny said.

"She goes for Johnny," Shep explained. "Isn't she cute?"

"She looks like something that ought to be tattooed on a sailor," Nikki observed.

Kiss-Me-Quick, smiling saucily, took Johnny over to the bar and made him buy her a side-car. He did not come back for a long time.

Le Bal Tabarin opens early and closes early. Around midnight Shep suggested going to the Monaco around the corner.

A dark, furtive little youth came up to them as they reached the sidewalk.

"Would you care to see the exhibitions?" he invited. "*Très original. Très amusant. Vrai Parisien*—"

"Get the hell out of here," Bill growled at him.

LA MONACO was a later, noisier place and very crowded. The floor was smaller and there were any number of attractive, unattached young ladies about.

They drank some more wine and danced a few dances, and then, because no one had thought of anything to eat, Shep suggested taking Nikki down to Le Père Tranquille for onion soup.

"Onion soup?" Nikki queried. "Onion soup? Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Fine for the hips," Shep told her. "Make you laugh and play."

Nikki was dubious, but she came along. It was four o'clock in the morning.

On the way Shep asked Nikki if she'd ever seen the dawn crack over Notre Dame and Nikki said no, so he told the driver to drive to the Isle de la Cité.

"We got to show this gal the town," he said, "being as she's not been here so long."

"She's been here long enough to get the shakes," Johnny said.

"That doesn't take long," Shep said, "if you apply yourself."

It was still dark when they got there. They drove across the Island in front of the cathedral and got out on the Petit Pont, the little bridge across the Seine that connects the Island with the left bank. Shep stopped the cab and they all got out and sat on the wide stone railing of the bridge and waited for the dawn to crack.

The dawn came up all purple. First you could make out the dim outlines of the twin towers of the church. Then you could see the early morning figures hastening through the mist across the square. Then, suddenly, you could see the whole thing—the church and the river and the trees and the carts.

Nikki was enchanted. "You have such fine ideas, Shep," she said.

"Now we can go for our soup," Shep said.

They slipped down off the railing and climbed back into the cab. As soon as they entered the market district around Les Halles, Nikki felt excited again. The clean, intoxicating smell of fresh vegetables filled the morning air. The cab made its way through the wooden carts piled

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[EPISODE IN PARIS
Continued from page thirteen]

high with carrots, celery, watercress, onions, garlic buds, and cabbages.

They alighted in front of a little restaurant on a corner in the very heart of the market. Shep led the way up some stairs, and as soon as he entered the room he was swept into the majestic bosom of the proprietress.

"*Mon enfant!*" she cried and embraced him.

She was a splendid healthy creature in close-fitting black sateen, was Madame, the proprietress. She radiated high spirits and pleasant vitality. She combed her black hair straight back from her forehead and she had a faint dark mustache on her upper lip. Shep said it was the mustache that won the madame to his heart. He said he found it irresistible.

The Madame embraced the others, especially Johnny Swann, and led them off to a large table at the far side of the room. Shep said they all wanted onion soup, so she went off herself to attend to the matter.

"There goes the real love of my life," Shep explained to Nikki as he watched her fine figure disappear through a doorway. "She parts her teeth in the middle. In fact, come to think of it, she parts everything in the middle."

Nikki said she thought she was charming.

"She's my extra-special darling," Shep said.

"She likes you," Nikki said.

"Boy, what a bosom!" Johnny murmured. "If that bosom were placed end to end—"

"—it would require five hours to pass a given point. I know," Shep said. "There goes that licentious old man again. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Johnny."

The Madame came back in a minute bearing a ukulele in her hands. She said she had ordered the soup. She said what was she to do with the little *violon?* The young gentleman who was with them the last time left the *violon*. She kept it in her office, but he never came back. Was he coming back ever, or what was she to do with it?

Johnny Swann took the ukulele from the Madame and handed it to Nikki. "You're from Honolulu," he said.

Nikki tuned it, strummed a few chords.

"*Il marche?*" demanded the Madame eagerly.

"But, yes," Shep said. "It marches like anything."

Nikki said it was quite a good ukulele. She leaned back against the wall and began to sing a native song of the islands. Heads came up all around the room. Something in the tone of the instrument and the husky quality of Nikki's voice made them attentive.

Nikki sang in such a low voice that the girls across the room leaned forward, straining to hear the words. Mischievously, Shep signaled them to come over.

IN a minute they had a party. The Madame, seeing how things were going, ordered the tables put end to end along Nikki's side of the room, so that it made one long picnic table.

The new arrivals, girls who came in mostly in twos, came over to the table. The hat-check girls came out of the checkroom and stood listening. Shep was delighted. The Madame beamed. Nikki played and sang without the slightest trace of self-consciousness.

Nikki sang China Lady and Southern Rose and Show Me the Way to Go Home. It was all very splendid indeed.

Halfway through the last song, another voice came into Nikki's, a clear, nicely pitched tenor, following in perfect harmony. The Washout was sitting back against the wall, his eyes half closed, singing along with Nikki. He sang so easily and with such absence of effort that for a moment no one knew quite where the voice came from.

One of the girls clapped her hands and cried: "*Bravo le negre blanc!*" The girl beside her gave her a slap on the mouth and told her to shut up. A startled, hurt expression came upon the face of the slapped one. She had not meant to be insulting, she only wished to applaud the albino, of which Francis was a pure type. No one knew this better than Francis himself. Besides, he did not, at this time, take offense easily. He merely blinked at her and continued to harmonize.

Shep looked pleadingly across at Cary sitting abstractedly with his elbows on the table and his chin cupped in his hands. Cary knew that Shep wanted him to join in too; so, more in order to please Shep than any desire to sing, Cary added his barytone to the mixed duet. Shep sang tenor, and when he came in, Francis, with no apparent effort, lifted his own voice into a countertenor. and then they had a fine blending of voices:

"—well, I've been drunk for the last six months—
show me the way to go home."

Then they sang, a little uncertainly to be sure, two current song hits, My Sweet Little Alice Blue Gown and Whispering. And then the onion soup came. Shep said he was going to organize an *à capella* choir and tour the capitals of Europe. He asked Francis how come he to have such a voice, and Francis said, unblushingly, that he used to sing in a choir.

NIKKI was enchanted with the onion soup, hot and pungent and nourishing as it was. She said it had a fine bouquet, too. When she had finished, she gave back Madame the ukulele and said suddenly that she wanted to go home. Shep paid the account for the long table of guests.

"I'll take you home, Nikki," Shep said. "Where do you live?"

"Carlton."

"The Carlton? The *Carlton?*"

"I'll take her home, too," Bill offered generously.

"Let's all take Nikki home," said Johnny Swann.

Shep looked at Nikki again. The Carlton. The Carlton was a sort of rendezvous of racing people. A bit on the sporting side. Not many Americans stopped there. What was Nikki doing there?

They all said good-by to the Madame and went downstairs and out into the fresh morning air. Shep's cab was standing at the curb, the poor driver asleep at the wheel. It was five in the morning. Shep woke him up and they all clambered into the cab. There was no one at the porter's desk or at the lift at the Carlton when they came in. The electric lights in the lobby were burning pale and feeble in the watery half-light of the early morning. Shep fished Nikki's key out of her box and they decided to run the *ascenseur* themselves.

"I'll run it," Bill said.

"The hell you will!" Shep retorted. "You'd try to do tricks with it."

It was agreed that Bill could close the gates, but Nikki should operate the car.

She slid back the handle and the car jerked a couple of times, but refused to rise.

"Pull out the wheel chocks," said Bill.

Nikki tried the handle again and the car began to rise smoothly.

"Do you know how to stop her, Nikki?" Shep asked.

"I think so."

Nikki stopped the car at the fifth floor. Shep had her key, so he went on ahead to open her door. He unlocked it and switched on the light inside.

"Well, I'll be— Well, for— Why, she's got a whole apartment," he said when they streamed into her room. The magic of the night still existed in the room; the drawn curtains held out the early morning light.

"And a gramophone."

"Why, Nikki!"

Shep walked over and opened the connecting door. It opened into her bedroom.

"Hi!" he exclaimed. "Look at all the bottles! Come and look at all Nikki's bottles!"

Nikki's bedroom, enormous, wide, and high-ceilinged, glowed mysteriously in the half-light of the red-shaded lamp on her night table. Red and gold. Red and gold. Red and gold. The room might be gold in the morning, but at night it was red, deep rich red, raspberry red. The carpet was red and the leather screen by the fireplace was red and the drapes were red. The walls were gold with brocaded figures. The brass rails of the twin beds shone bravely. The counterpanes were red. Only one bed had been opened. Across it lay a flowered chiffon

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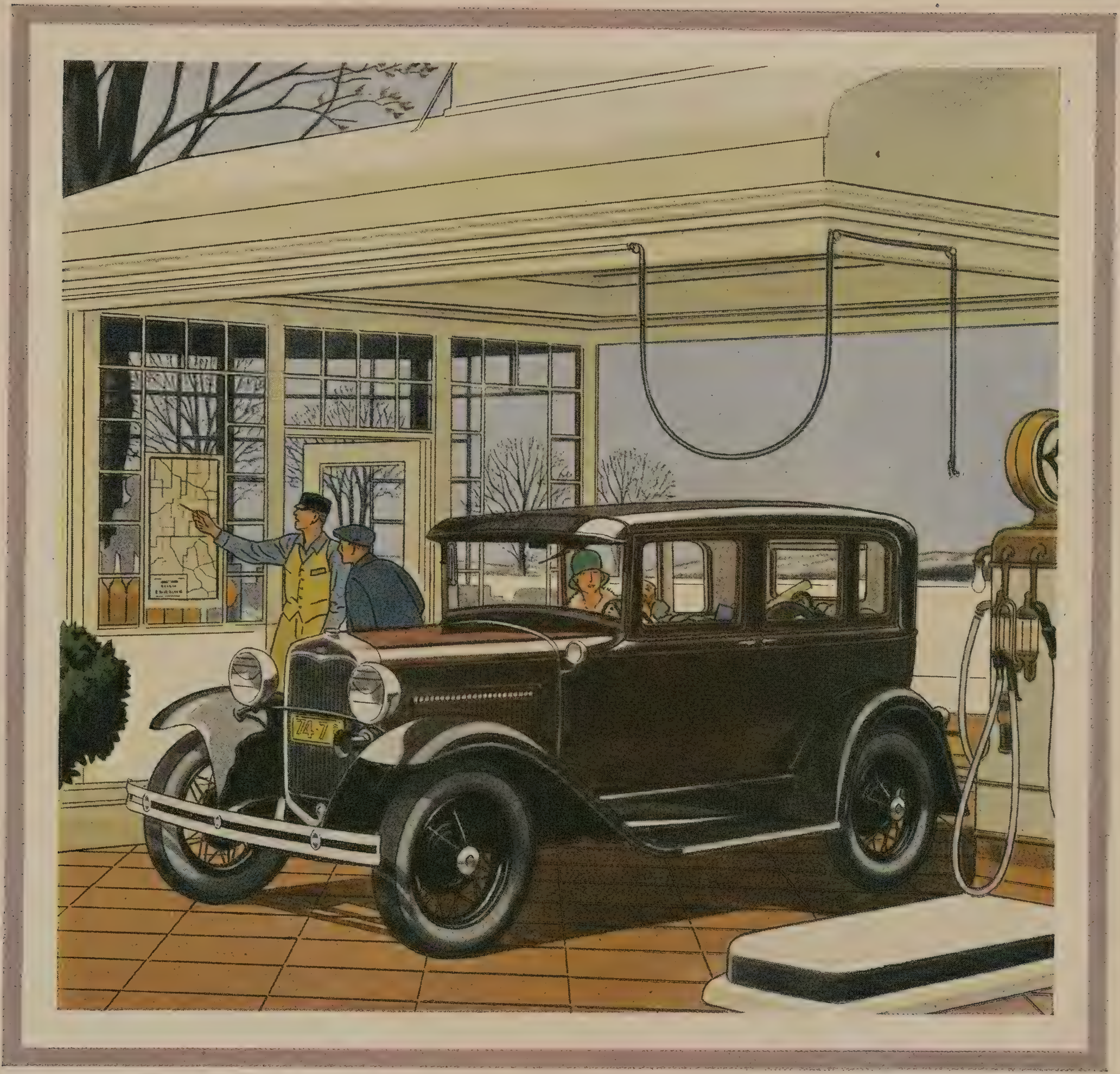

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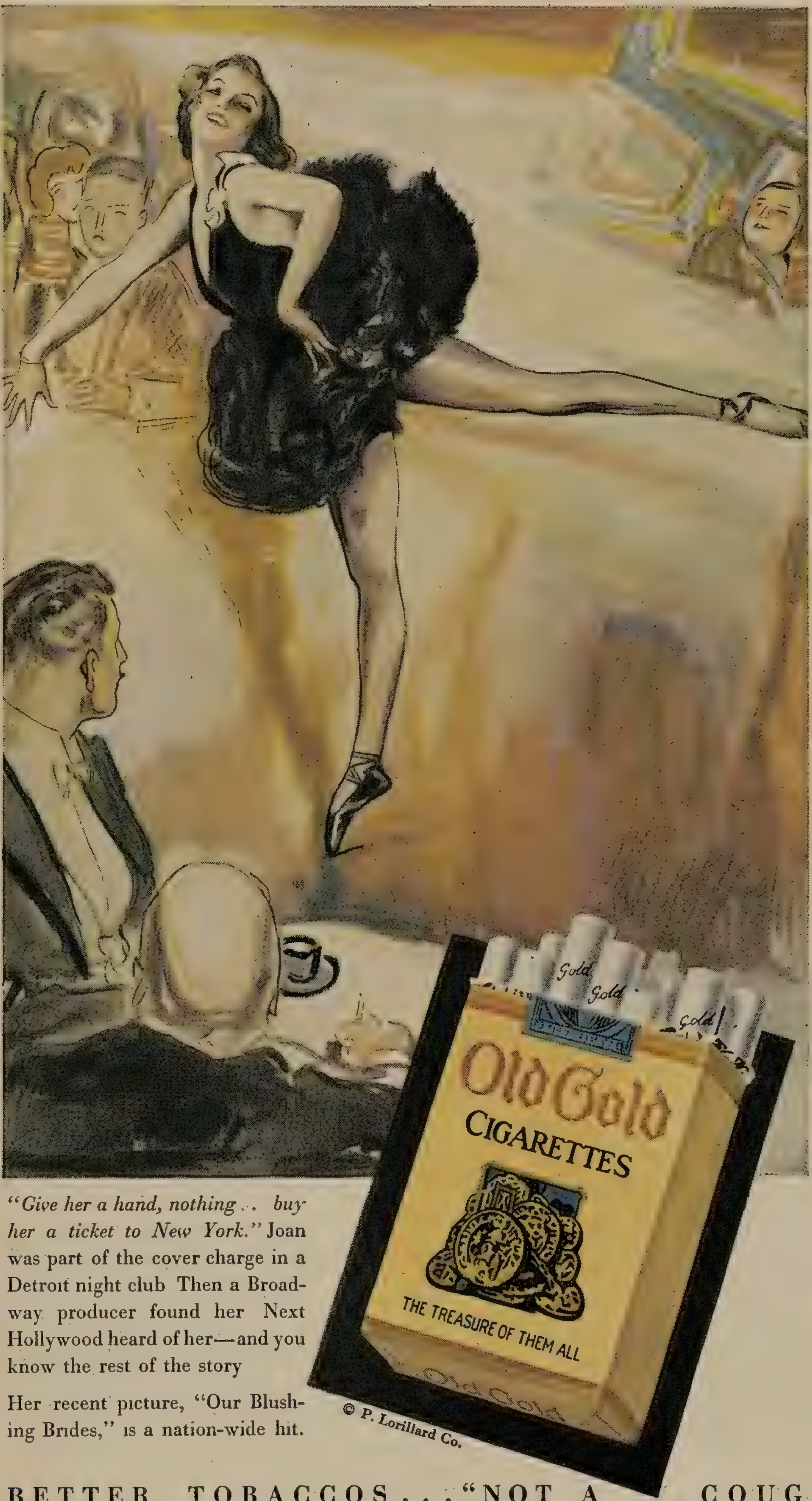
THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY



"Give her a hand, nothing . . buy her a ticket to New York." Joan was part of the cover charge in a Detroit night club Then a Broadway producer found her Next Hollywood heard of her—and you know the rest of the story

Her recent picture, "Our Blushing Brides," is a nation-wide hit.

© P. Lorillard Co.

LITTLE STORIES OF FAST SUCCESSES

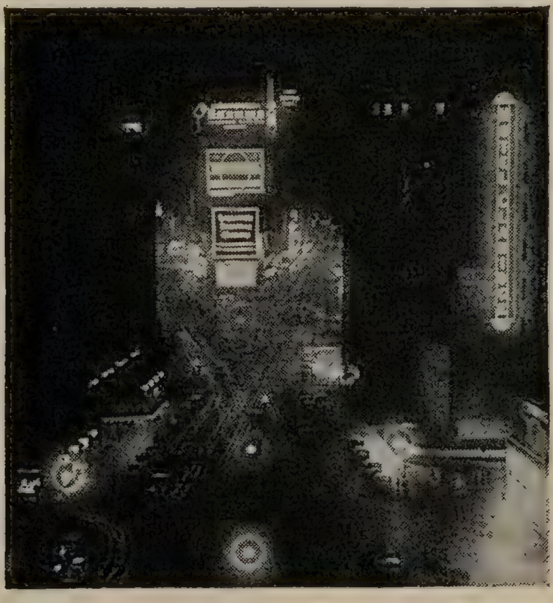
NO. 5 JOAN CRAWFORD

Joan is America's "Dancing Daughter." She danced through school. She danced through college. She danced as an "extra"... and danced to stardom. All in a few brief years.

Just as another young star, OLD GOLD, waltzed through New England in barely two weeks. Skipped down the East Coast in a few brief months. Glided through the Middle-West before the end of the winter. Won the whole country in little more than a year.

How account for such success? Ask Mother Nature. For she produced the better tobaccos that gave OLD GOLD its new taste-thrill . . . gave OLD GOLD its famous throat-ease.

Joan Crawfords and OLD GOLDS are Nature's favorites . . . that's why they dance their way to the front.



On March 23, 1927, **OLD GOLDS** made their first "bow" on Broadway. In a month they were one of the four best sellers throughout the New York Rialto.

BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

nightgown, sheer and transparent as gauze, but with a belt and a tiny lace handkerchief folded in the pocket.

Beside it lay a kimono splashed with Hawaiian birds and flowers and fishes. Two huge steamer trunks beplastered with stickers gaped open near the foot of the bed. Silk stockings and silk underthings and pink-tissue wrappings peeped from the half-pulled-out drawers; the only disorder in the room.

But the bottles. Nikki's glass-topped dressing table in the corner by the French windows was loaded with scent bottles; tall and long and narrow crystal bottles, and squat and round and square and fantastic bottles, black bottles and pearl bottles, bottles with tall green stoppers in them and red stoppers; bottles filled with pale, clear amber liquor that caught and imprisoned the rose-colored light from the lamp.

“Can you imagine so many bottles?” Shep inquired breathlessly.

Besides the bottles there were boxes—leather boxes with tassels, red and green leather cases with pale pink and blue linings. In and around the bottles and boxes crept long strings of pearls. A water-snake-skin bag and a gold cigarette case and a gold lighter lay among the bottles.

A tall glass vase filled with cut roses balanced on a side table and there were a lot of books with painted jackets lying about.

NEXT WEEK

A captivating story
of New York

They Drew the Line

By ELMER DAVIS

and a sensational article

What's the Matter with Aviation?

By BOGART ROGERS

Johnny Swann picked up a scent bottle and cried, “Ylang! Ylang!”

“Hey,” Bill growled at him, “don't be handling her things. Put that down.”

Bill started over toward Johnny.

“Caprice,” Johnny cried. “Jinko, Chypre, Borgia, Mea Culpa, Rêve de Vestale, Lys Noir . . .” He ducked behind a chair.

On the night table beside Nikki's bed was a magnum of mineral water and a glass and a red leather traveling clock with an octagonal face. On the little shelf underneath stood a tiny pair of red satin mules with gold pompons. The pompons looked kind of lonely.

“See,” said Shep, picking up the clock, “she never winds her clock. It says eleven and I've never been anywhere at eleven o'clock in my life.”

“What time are you anywhere?” Bill asked.

“Two o'clock. It's always two o'clock in my life. Listen,” he said. “Besides never having any matches and spilling her drinks, she doesn't wind her clock. I'm going in the bathroom and see if she leaves the cap off her tooth paste. Is it all right?” he asked, looking at Nikki.

“Help yourself,” said Nikki.

SHEP went into the bathroom and they heard him exclaiming again. They all peered in and saw him standing in front of a table, gazing reverently at a bewildering assortment of bottles—face lotions, hand lotions, astringents, a great round bottle of green crystals, and a huge square bottle of eau de Cologne as big as your head.

On the table, too, was a long vial of bromide tablets, effervescent, a gold safety razor, a bundle of orange sticks, a great bottle of bath salts, a jar of healing cream, a glass cylinder of red liquid dentifrice, a nailbrush, a chamois buffer, and cakes of green and yellow soap.

In a shallow pool of water in the bottom of the wash basin two turtles paddled solemnly about after a green lettuce leaf. The shells of the turtles were inlaid with brilliants.

“Well, strike me pink!” said Shep. “She's a turtle fancier.”

On the white tile floor of the bathroom, like stepping stones across a shallow pond, lay orange and rose and blue berets. Snoozing softly on a pile of colored berets in the far corner of the bathroom was a white and black wire-haired puppy with a red collar with brass studs. He lifted his head, blinked in the light, and came trotting over.

“Look at that thing!” Shep said. “What's he doing here?”

“He lives here,” Nikki said.

“What's his name?”

“Eighty-Eight Carlton.”

Shep said he was a noble animal and patted his head.

Nikki said indeed he was a noble animal, only it was hard to tie the bows on your slippers when he was around. He thought it was a game.

Nikki picked him up and put him back in his beret bed and switched off the light in the bathroom.

They went back to her bedroom. Shep opened the door to her wardrobe and peered in at a long row of gowns neatly hung on hangers, and at tier upon tier of shoes and slippers.

“DO you s'pose you could excuse me?” Nikki asked. “Because I'd like to go to bed.”

“Certainly,” said Bill Talbot. “I'll clear us all out of here. Say good night to Nikki,” he commanded. They all said good night to Nikki and Bill steered them toward the door.

He lifted up Johnny Swann, who had gone to sleep on the chaise longue at the foot of Nikki's bed, with his head buried in the dark, glossy fur of Nikki's coat, and carried him into the sitting room.

Shep went over and fixed a place for himself on the sofa. “This is a fine place,” he said. “I like this place.”

Johnny took off his dinner jacket and rolled it under his head on the floor. “I like this place, too,” he said.

“Well, I'm damned,” Bill said. “You guys think you're going to stay here?”

“Sure,” said Shep.

“Sure,” said Johnny.

The door to Nikki's bedroom opened. She stood in the doorway in her mules and a white Hawaiian kimono with red sunbursts.

“Will somebody scrub my back?” she inquired innocently. “My maid is gone.” She held out a hand towel, crushed and soaked in eau de Cologne. Shep responded instantly.

He skipped over and took the towel from Nikki's hand. She turned around and slipped the kimono off her shoulders, holding it tight and high in front. The top of the garment hung in a graceful loop across the small of her back, exposing a wide area of dazzling white skin.

Bill Talbot stood transfixed.

Nikki looked back at Shep over her shoulder.

“Scrub *hard*,” she said.

“Did anyone ever see such a back in their life?” Shep murmured reverently. “Did . . . anyone . . . ever . . . hear . . . of such a thing? Look at that back! Just look at the beautiful, beautiful thing. *Look* at that thing.”

Shep was exalted with the rare privilege of scrubbing Nikki's back. “My, my!” he said. “I could go on doing this for a long time.”

Nikki reached around for the towel. “Thank you, Shepard; that feels ever so cool and nice. Good night,” she said again and closed the door softly behind her.

Shep retired to the sofa again.

Bill, who had returned to consciousness, glared at him and at Johnny Swann.

“Are you drunks parking here?” he demanded.

“That's right,” Shep agreed amiably.

“That's right,” echoed Johnny Swann.

Bill regarded them scornfully.

The Washout had somehow disappeared.

“Well,” he said, “it's all right with me.” He stretched his great frame across the closed doorway leading into Nikki's bedroom.

Cary Lockwood switched off the lights as he went out.

Another episode in the careers of Nikki and her satellites will be narrated in next week's Liberty.

Ruth Chatterton

By

Adela Rogers St. Johns

who has won note as a writer for the pictures and about the players who make them. A native daughter of Los Angeles, she still lives near by, at Malibu Beach.

(*Reading time: 25 minutes 57 seconds.*)

ONE must hesitate to call so distinguished a person a bum. But it is her own choice. She says she's a bum and I wouldn't think of contradicting a lady. Miss Chatterton is a lady even if she is a bum.

Her pet description of herself is the more astounding in face of her reputation. Generally she is regarded as the worst snob in Hollywood.

You meet the lady who in private life is again Mrs. Ralph Forbes at a few—a very few—Hollywood parties of the more formal sort. She is always extremely elegant and gives the impression of being quite superior. If you didn't know who she was you might pick her as a splendid wife for the Prince of Wales.

But all that grandeur of hers is a defense mechanism.

Essentially, she is an *intimate* person. Unless you know her really well, you only know the actress. Her immeasurable charm works only for a very few or for a great many. Thus, the in-betweens resent her.

A bum is a person who always prefers leisure to work. Who would rather sit around and spin yarns than do anything else in the world. Who hates clocks and calendars and conventions. Who will inevitably die broke.

"What about money?" I asked.

Ruth twisted her amazingly expressive mouth.

"One can be a better bum with money," she said softly, "and get rid of more sham. Not too much money. That warps the vision. But enough to achieve leisure and simplicity and honesty."

In truth, her desires and her dreams are as simple as Garbo's.

Her favorite hour for going to bed is five o'clock in the morning. Not then, if she can find anybody worth while to sit up with her.

Her best friends are the people who never under any circumstances agree with her. Yes-people bore her silly.

One night I heard her arguing for hours with a young intellectual from New York. They disagreed about everything from the cause of the World War to the divinity of Christ.

At four o'clock the young man arose in his wrath and shouted, "You'd be a divinity yourself if you weren't such a damned intellectual snob!"

Ruth gave him a look of black rage, grew hysterical with laughter, and then demanded, "What is an intellectual snob and why do you call me one?"

"You want all your brilliant

Ruth Chatterton and Henry Miller in The Rainbow, the play that gave being

is a Bum

ideas to have a clean collar and speak with an English accent," he said heatedly. "If they haven't good manners you won't admit them as ideas."

"Bunk," said the elegant Miss Chatterton. "You're one of those moderns who go too far the other way. You think anything that's rough is bound to be a diamond and anything that's polished must be a fake. Most of you are simply too lazy to be good workmen, so you invent free verse and music that hasn't any melody and pictures that don't picture anything."

The battle was on again and only ceased when her maid came to remind her that she had to be on the set at nine o'clock. Ruth went out like a kid being sent to school, but looking as fresh as though she'd had twelve hours' sleep instead of none at all.

But the young man was wrong.

Hollywood, which knows nothing of the lady who defeated the legend about which I shall tell you presently, is wrong.

Ruth Chatterton of the present, since she has banished the specter of fame won by favor.

o her career and cradled the legend that haunted her.

The first time Ruth ever dined with us it was to renew an old friendship with Wilson Mizner.

Mizner, who is too lazy to put his genius on paper more than once a year, is nevertheless the most quoted man of my experience. There is a cult of Mizner devotees, comprising the most intellectual folk in New York, San Francisco, and Hollywood, who can go for twelve hours quoting nothing but things Bill Mizner has said.

I could not exactly picture Bill and the soft-spoken and ritzy Miss Chatterton, and I feared for my dinner party.

As dawn came through the curtains, Ruthie was sitting on the floor, her elbows planted on Bill's knees, listening to the inside story of the Becker case, the most

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN]

pungent tales of days when Bill had the first saloon at the head of the Yukon, and a vivid description of the Johnson-Ketchel fight in San Francisco, when Mizner was Stanley Ketchel's manager. The rest of the audience included Jack Dempsey, Jim Coffroth, Mark Kelly and Gene Normile, all well known figures in the world of sports, who had dropped in because they knew Bill was there.

Ruth Chatterton has an almost morbid sympathy for the under dog, a passion for the defeated, a hot loyalty to those who are misunderstood by the careless many.

Miss Chatterton in Daddy Long-Legs, which enjoyed a long run both in New York and on tour.

A young man who is a great friend of hers said to me the other day, "Well, now that I've got a job and I'm not broke and everyone isn't picking on me, I don't suppose I'll see as much of Ruthie."

For all her soft exterior, all her exquisite charm, which she can turn on and off at will, Ruth Chatterton has suffered, has fought life, tasted defeat, grabbed victory. She hasn't the boldness of a Garbo, but she goes her own way just as surely.

The story of her life, her character, her success, lies in the building up and the tearing down of that legend. If she hadn't won, hadn't proved herself, the story couldn't be told.

Ruth Chatterton was about seventeen when she first met Henry Miller, the reigning idol of the New York stage and the greatest stage director we have ever had in the American theater. He was well past forty.

"A blue-eyed princess, dryad-free," George Sterling, that great poet, was to sing of her a little later. And so she must have seemed—so young, delicate, sweet.

Yet she was no ignorant and pliable school child. Back of the blue eyes was an ardent, well taught brain. Her fiber was tough. A hot-headed, essentially individualistic, positive youngster, keen for life.

She was the fourth woman in direct line of her family to be born in New York City. A great-grandmother first saw the light of day on Avenue A, a grandmother on Ninth Street, near Washington Square, her mother and Ruth were born at 129th Street and Fifth Avenue.

But, for all that, this slim girl, with her broad forehead and her passionate mouth, was a product of the melting pot.

On her father's side she could trace her French ancestry back to 1222.

"And not a respectable one in the bunch," she says pensively. "A lot of them were hung. But they were rather grand, just the same."

PERHAPS it was to counteract this fighting, fantastic blood that Ruth's French paternal grandmamma married a Church of England clergyman.

On her mother's side was a long line of high-bred and cultured English. But again a grandmamma upset all calculations and married an American farmer in southern New York state who could neither read nor write. A man who loved the soil and tilled it and thought after the pattern of Walt Whitman.

When, after school and a little stock experience, Ruth Chatterton returned to New York, there was a necessity to earn a living.

"I was," says Ruth, "the best delicatessen shopper in New York. No one ever got as much for twenty-five cents before or since. Mother always sent me because I daresay I looked hungry. I bought ten cents' worth of meat in a paper box, and ten cents' worth of potatoes in another, and the five cents went for vegetables or sometimes for dessert. Life was a grand adventure, because that was our only meal and somet[illegible] didn't know where that was coming from. Also, I washed well. And dried the things on the mirror and the bathtub."

One bit came her way during that first year.

Then dazzling fortune swept from heaven and snatched her up.

The Miller management was seeking a girl to play the lovely leading part in Henry Miller's next starring vehicle, The Rainbow. One day Gilbert Miller, who acted as his father's assistant, noticed in his outer office a girl with exactly the face he had pictured.

"My father will call you tomorrow to make an appointment," said young Miller.

Sleepless nights and agonized days of waiting. Hope began to fade. At last the telephone rang and Ruth was talking to the great Henry Miller.

"I owe you an apology, my child," he said. "I've been so busy. Will you forgive me?"

"Of course," said the breathless young voice. "I didn't hardly dare to hope you'd ever call me."

"Then you think you'd like to play this part?"

"I'd adore it." Hope throbbed now. "Oh, Mr. Miller, do you think I can?"

"I like your voice," said Henry Miller. "It's a very charming voice. You'll do nicely. Come tomorrow morning for rehearsals."

TWO voices had met and spoken across the miles and lighted a spark. Miller had engaged her without ever seeing her because of her voice over a telephone, yet for years people were to say that every intonation, every syllable she uttered, was his.

"I don't think he ever did see me until the opening night," Ruth told me. "He gave me very few directions, except as to mechanics. He wanted me to be natural and simple."

When Gilbert Miller asked his father how he liked the girl, the star said, "She must be all right, because I haven't noticed her."

On the opening night of The Rainbow a strange thing happened. Surely no one in that audience had ever heard of Ruth Chatterton. Yet when she made her entrance, the house rocked with a burst of applause such as might have greeted Bernhardt. The girl stood dazed before it, while the audience stared and cheered and Henry Miller looked at her for the first time.

Miller engaged her without seeing her.

A first-night audience applauded her initial steps upon the stage.

Yet almost at once the legend began to grow: Little Ruth Chatterton was Miller's great find. He had coached her secretly for months to the smallest flicker of the eyelash. Perhaps this was partly because Miller fell in love with her and made no secret of the matter.

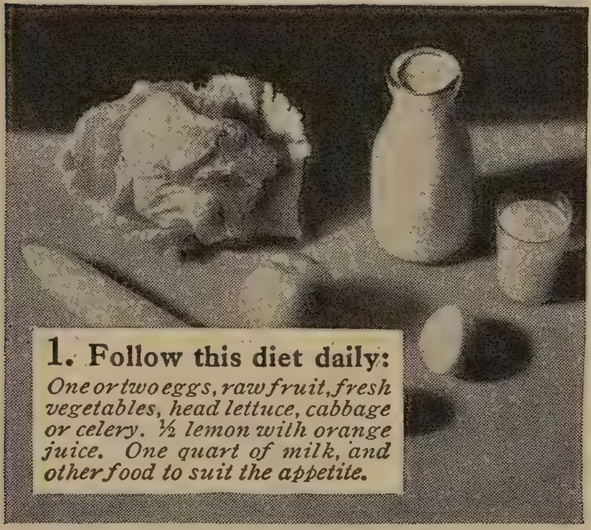
He was a man of amazing magnetism and vital force. When he was in a room he dominated it completely. Women on both sides of the footlights had idolized him and spoiled him. He was the hero of several love affairs with women as famous as himself. His mind was vigorous and dramatic, his wit was lightning. Born in London, he knew the world and people. And when he was pleased with life and its ways he was one of the most fascinating companions who ever lived.

Naturally Ruth Chatterton, in spite of the years that divided them, fell in love with him. He was everything strong and brilliant and sophisticated that she had dreamed of in a man.

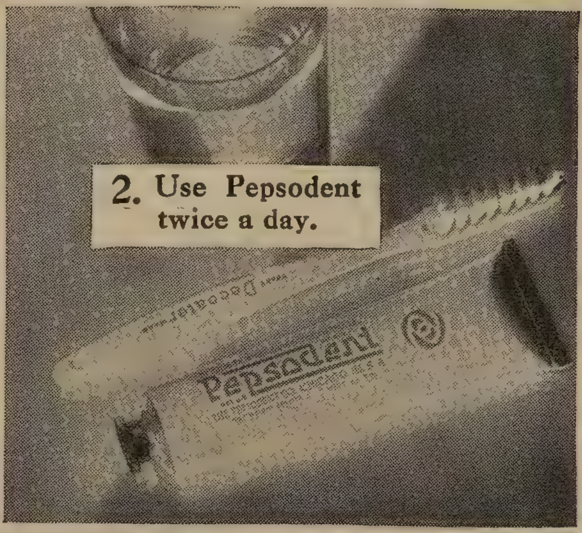
What she didn't know was that he had a rotten disposition and the temper of a fiend. His outbursts are part of theatrical history and his cold, angry sarcasm was feared by every actor on the New York stage.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

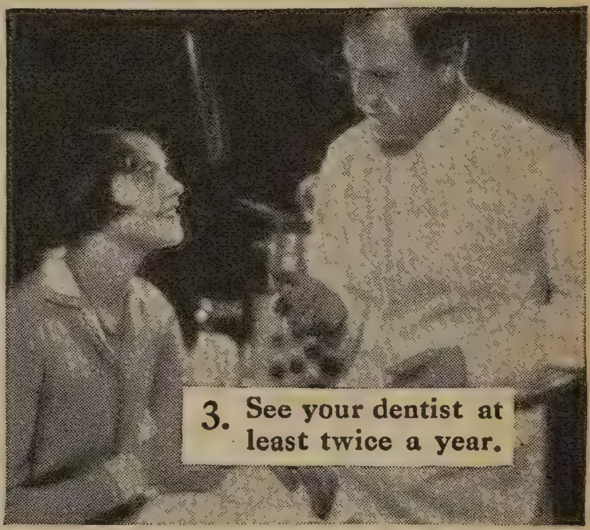
Do these three things . . . to have strong, healthy teeth



1. Follow this diet daily: *One or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery. ½ lemon with orange juice. One quart of milk, and other food to suit the appetite.*



2. Use Pepsodent twice a day.



3. See your dentist at least twice a year.

Eat correctly...See your Dentist ...Use Pepsodent twice a day

These are the three rules to follow if you seek lovely, healthy teeth

EACH day new discoveries are made in dentistry. Now it's found that the proper diet aids greatly in building natural resistance to decay and gum disorders. Above is shown a list of foods to be included in the diet.

Remove film from teeth

There is another highly important thing that you yourself can do to keep teeth strong and healthy. On your teeth there is a stubborn, clinging film. That film absorbs the stains from food and smoking—teeth turn dull.

Film harbors the germs that cause decay and other troubles and glues them to the teeth. To protect teeth and keep them lovely, *film must be removed each day.*

To do that more effectively than by any other method except your dentist's cleaning, Pepsodent was developed. That's why it is called the special film-removing tooth paste.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE . . . yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

Try Pepsodent today—it is an important adjunct in possessing lovelier, healthier teeth.

* * *

Amos 'n' Andy America's most popular radio feature. On the air every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7:00 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time. 10:00 p. m. on stations operating on Central time. 9:00 p. m., Mountain time. 8:30 p. m., Pacific time.

Pepsodent

—the tooth paste which presents you with the Amos 'n' Andy radio program.

Film is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . and to cause unsightly stains.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

This was the man who loved and was loved by young Ruth Chatterton.

Soon New York recorded one of the great romances of the theater.

Miller patently idolized the "blue-eyed princess." It was, in real life, something of the story of The Rainbow, of Daddy Long-Legs. Miller's subjugation by this sweet and innocent young girl and his break with all other ties were discussed at every smart New York dinner table where the famous actor was a favorite.

And little by little was built this Svengali-Trilby legend.

Everything Ruth Chatterton did was credited to Miller. As years passed and she grew in popularity with a large public, more and more was repeated the assurance that Miller had made this girl because he loved her.

Jealousy is not unknown among the girls who struggle for place and power behind the footlights. Many there were who said, "Well, anyone could succeed with Miller back of them. Look at the plays he gets for her!"

But the truth was different.

There were a few always, close to the situation, who knew and have spoken.

Henry Miller influenced Ruth Chatterton in many ways. From her long association with him came a priceless knowledge of the theater. Around him gathered great playwrights, leading artists, publishers, famous stars.

Much he taught her. And for her he did a great deal. But by no means all.

De Mirjian photo

Miss Chatterton and Ralph Forbes, her husband, in A Man with a Load of Mischief.

Henry Miller had promised the girl that she should be starred when the long run of The Rainbow closed. He had signed a contract with her for two hundred dollars a week, an infinitesimal salary for a Broadway star. But he had no play in which to present her.

Ruth Chatterton found Daddy Long-Legs for herself. She bought the book in a railroad station in Boston for a dollar, saw a play in it, and persuaded Miller to have it dramatized.

Later, faced once more with an impasse where plays were concerned, little Ruth went to London and after eight months of waiting came back with Barrie's Mary Rose in her pocket. Barrie had grown very fond of her during her visit. They were friends and used to talk far into the night about the theater and what it could and should mean. Though she did not appear in London, this young American actress made friends of her own among that brilliant professional society of which so much has been written.

IN the course of a summer stock engagement in San Francisco, Ruth tried out a play called Come Out of the Kitchen. An actor who played in the cast told me the following story:

Ruth didn't like the opening of the third act. She maintained that she couldn't go from the emotional climax of the second act straight into comedy without losing something. So Miller told her to write an opening for the third act herself. The next morning she came to rehearsal with a dozen sheets of St. Francis Hotel stationery, scrawled over in her rather childish writing. It was an opening for the third act, and a darn, good one. The play ran for a year in New York.

With her knowledge of French, Ruth read all the plays of the French dramatists, past and present, and herself translated several for Miller's use and for other managers.

But these things were known only to the few. To the many, even within the intimate circle of the theater, Ruth Chatterton continued to exist only as the Galatea of Miller's creative fancy.

Nor was their romance altogether a happy one. As Miller grew older, his temper became more and more uncertain. Always a dictator, he became a tyrant. They quarreled bitterly. When he was angry, his biting tongue spared no one, Ruth least of all.

But through the years the delicate young girl had grown in courage, in endurance, in tolerance. Her love became at last an ache—an ache of loneliness and of sadness, because it neither gave nor brought happiness. She had become a woman of understanding and capacity.

AND she began at last to fight for some measure of freedom. Her spirit, always bright, blazed forth. Where for years she had accepted Miller's dictums, she began to stand on her own feet. Her admiration did not change. Nor her loyalty. Her love melted from that of a sweetheart into that of a daughter, long-suffering and faithful.

But she resented deeply his autocratic ways. Her mind, capable always of thinking about herself as clearly as about others, told her that she must combat this if she was to survive at all.

Their final break occupied columns of the New York press for days and Ruth Chatterton took accusation, insinuation, and insult in complete silence.

With a certain calm dignity she went her way, and allowed the world to say that, in order to take a younger lover, she had thrown aside the man who had made her.

Chatterton's marriage to Ralph Forbes, a handsome young Englishman, close upon the announcement that she had severed her professional connections with Henry Miller, brought about this storm.

Chatterton never once opened her lips.

Miller fostered the idea. On the opening night of his next play, he made an unbelievable curtain speech, which is a matter of record. He told the audience that they were seeing him probably for the last time. That he had received a terrible blow from which he would probably never recover.

Two nights later he closed the play, which was a success.

It was the kind of story that makes great reading, great talking.

Yet the truth was, as every member of the Chatterton company knew, that Ruth had scarcely spoken to young Forbes until after the final break with Miller.

For years she had endured and tried to beautify a love affair filled with unhappiness. She had tried to mate herself with genius and the attempt had at last worn her out. Ten years of uncertainty, of quarrels, of clashes, were breaking her.

In the end, she rebelled.

An entire company of New York players saw that rebellion.

Chatterton had developed a real and impassioned love of the theater. Above all things, she adored experimenting. That was why she loved translation, wanted to get away from comedy. The "bum" in her grew tired of certainty, of the same old thing. Never having done a musical comedy, she thought it would be fun to try it.

The Magnolia Lady was its name.

The play was under Miller's management, but he never came near the theater during the weeks of rehearsal.

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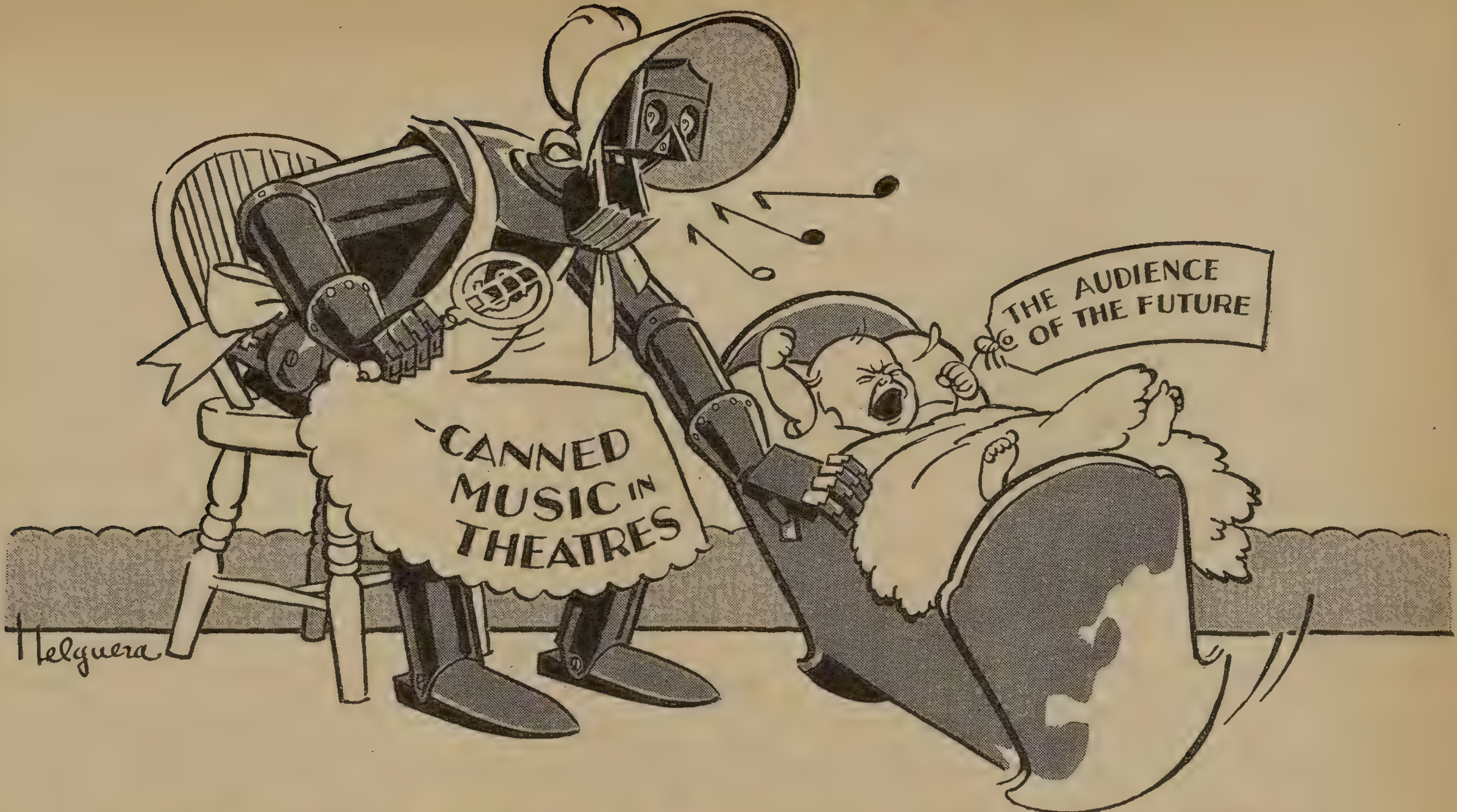

THE ROBOT'S LULLABY

"AND what's become of the 'Songs My Mother Taught Me'?" murmurs the infant, stirring from a nightmare. "I don't like this new nurse at all, and I want my really, truly mother back again."

Shall the soothing, refreshing inspiration of Living Music be superseded in our Theatres by the shoddy substitute of mechanical reproductions?

Music Lovers by the millions are saying "No!" to this preposterous imposition. The Music Defense League has grown amazingly during the past few weeks.

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JOSEPH N. WEBER, *President*, 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

"You know what I'd do as well as I do myself," he told Ruth. "Go ahead and do it. I'm busy."

So Ruth Chatterton, assisted by Hassard Short, put on the piece.

In the company was a leading man named Ralph Forbes, making his first New York appearance. But Miss Chatterton was much too busy to notice him. Besides learning her own part and songs, rehearsing, directing, she was taking a singing lesson every morning and three dancing lessons a day.

Three days before the dress rehearsal, Henry Miller appeared for the first time. In ten minutes he had ruthlessly destroyed the whole carefully prepared structure. The dance numbers were silly. The singing was nauseous. The actors were terrible. They'd have to go back and begin all over again. Better still, they might call off the whole production.

The company stood aghast before such a possibility. They had worked hard for weeks. They had been enthusiastic, happy, sure of work.

Everyone looked hopelessly at Ruth Chatterton, who stood deadly white and silent before the tirade.

"No rehearsal tomorrow," said Miller. "I'll see later what I'm going to do."

"I don't think we can do that," said a very small voice from behind the footlights. "I don't think so, Henry. I think first of all we'll have to have a conference. I must have some say about this."

"We'll have no conferences," said Miller. "You'll do as I say."

"No," said the girl; and though every member of the cast gathered around her could see that she was trembling violently, her voice and her eyes were amazingly steady. "You can't do that. Other people have money in this show. We've all worked so hard. We think it's good. You can't do a thing like that to us. I won't let you."

Miller could not speak. He stalked out of the theater and Ruth stood like a frozen statue and watched him go. But her chin was up and her eyes were blazing.

Anne Caldwell, her friend, stepped to her side.

"Darling," she said, "it will be all right. He doesn't mean it. He's just angry."

"Oh, no," said the star softly, "that is the end. I can't stand any more. I told him if he ever got angry and—shouted at me again I was through. I am through."

That was the end.

Ruth Chatterton never saw Henry Miller again. On his birthdays she sent him flowers without a card and to his friends he said, "Do you think they might come from Ruth?"

WHEN she knew that he was dying, Ruth Chatterton telephoned him from Cleveland, where she was playing. A nurse told her that he was too weak to speak.

"Will he know what I say to you?" asked Miss Chatterton.

"Oh, yes," said the nurse.

"Then tell him it is Ruth and she sends her love."

Thus their last word, as their first, was over a telephone.

She went back to New York to sit for an hour at the back of the chapel on the morning of his funeral. She prayed that wherever he was he might at last know that she had not been ungrateful or disloyal, and that he had never lost his place in her heart.

But with their public separation had come dark days.

It had never occurred to Chatterton herself that her fame was built largely upon the belief that Miller controlled and directed her. Her friends knew what she was, what she could do. The public had always loved her. As always, she missed the in-betweens.

Managers didn't want her. The few things she tried were failures.

As a matter of fact, she had lost something and not yet found her own substitute. Like a golfer who is nervous on a new course in a championship contest, she pressed. Her charming mannerisms and her delicious way of speaking, her husky voice and her glamorous charm, upon which so much of her success had been founded, actually became affectations of a serious order.

The attacks she had sustained had confused her.

She believed in herself, but no one else would believe in her.

Also, she was in love. With all the sweetness and faith of a girl, she was in love for the first time with a man of her own age, a man of her own kind. This was entirely different from the dazzled and dominated love of a young girl for a man of fifty.

When she saw at last that New York would have none of her—and the blow was a bitter one—they came to Hollywood.

BUT Hollywood didn't care a hoot for Ruth Chatterton. Who was Ruth Chatterton, after all? The talkies hadn't arrived. And Ruth's quiet manners, her lack of those social standards new enough in Hollywood to be important if amusing, gained her a rating as a snob.

Because she was grave unless there was something about which to be gay and silent unless she had something to say, they said she was superior. I remember I said so myself, until I was fortunate enough to get her alone one day and mention San Francisco. I hate to think of all the amazing talks, the joyous laughter, the mental stimulation I might have missed if Ruth hadn't melted when I happened to declare my passionate love for the city of the Golden Gate.

While she was waiting for work, the bitterest blow of all befell her.

She and her husband separated.

It was in the cards, but she'd never dreamed of such a possibility. She had not dreamed that she would face the problem that almost every successful woman faces when she marries a man who isn't on her own plane of fame and earning capacity. It takes a very big, a very exceptional man to be normal under those circumstances.

© P. & A. photo

Where people both troubled and blithe talk with Miss Chatterton far into the night. Her home in Beverly Hills, near Hollywood.

Ralph Forbes is a dear. A gentleman. A companionable, well read, intelligent young man, whose heart is in the highlands a-chasing the deer or in Africa a-chasing big game.

But he wasn't that rare exception.

Not until he himself had scored a great success in pictures did his wife know how he had always resented the actress Ruth Chatterton, always been coldly jealous of the Henry Miller legend.

There was no other man, no other woman, in that separation.

Because she needed money quite desperately—she hasn't one ounce of sense about money and never will have—she went on a Pacific Coast tour in The Green Hat. Forbes played opposite her. At the end of the tour she did not go back to the home they had made together. She couldn't. She left and took a house by herself.

Ramon Novarro was her closest friend in those days. That delicate spirit of Ramon's understood her spiritual turmoil.

Ramon told me that Ruth Chatterton was fighting to become her own woman, as she had never been. As an athlete uses a training season to get into condition, she used those idle months to settle her own mental viewpoints. She is an omnivorous reader and seldom reads fiction. She is an excellent musician and she and Ramon spent

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

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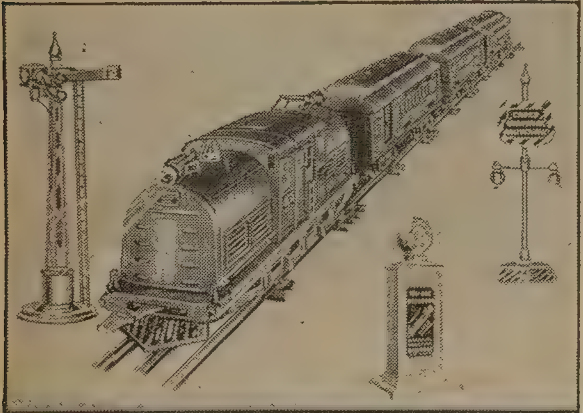

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RUTH CHATTERTON IS A BUM
Continued from page twenty-four

many quiet evenings with their music.

All the time she was trying to get work.

A test of her had been made and shelved at Paramount. Emil Jannings was looking for a woman to play the leading rôle in The Sins of the Fathers. No one seemed to suit him. At last they ran the Chatterton test for him.

That night he walked into a roomful of people, went over to Ruth Chatterton, got down on his knees, and kissed her hand.

"You are a great actress," he said. "You will play this part or I will not do the picture. That is final."

Jannings ignored the legend. He saw a woman who had been beaten, who had suffered, who had come to the place few women reach—a woman who stood alone.

"If I've been a success on the screen," Ruth Chatterton said gravely the other day, "it is all due to Jannings. No one can realize what he did for me."

Ruth Chatterton in her talking picture success, Sarah and Son.

In the first place, his appreciation of her work and his confidence in her, relighted her confidence in herself. More than that, he helped her painstakingly in camera technique. He explained to her the difference between screen work and the stage.

That was a break. But it was more, for Ruth Chatterton was willing to learn. She didn't look down upon motion pictures, as the majority of stage actresses who have come to Hollywood do. It wasn't just a medium for making a lot of money quickly. She *is* lazy. But she has a characteristic that offsets it: What she does, she wants to do well.

GRADUALLY she climbed. There was a peculiar intentness in her work at that time. A nameless purpose which keyed her up.

When I saw Sarah and Son I felt I knew what that purpose was. Ruth Chatterton had beaten the legend. She had triumphed over the tradition that without Miller she wasn't a great actress. In that superlatively fine performance she had proved beyond a question that those people who thought she was dependent upon Miller were wrong. That's what she set out to do and she did it.

There are so many things to tell about Ruth.

More men adore her than any other woman in Hollywood. Of course she and Ralph Forbes are together again and very happy. But that doesn't keep men from adoring Ruth. She knows so perfectly how to handle them, how to win and hold friendship.

I remember one story that someone told me about her in London.

Haddon Chambers, the playwright, was considered something of a Don Juan in those days.

One night at a dinner party where he sat next to her he said in a low, persuasive voice, "I never see you except when there are so many people about. Why won't you come one night and have dinner at my little place all alone?"

WITH a sweet smile, Miss Chatterton said in a voice that everyone at the table could hear, "Why, Haddon, of course I'll come one night and have dinner at your little place all alone. Why shouldn't I?"

The table rocked with laughter, and Chambers, really a brilliant and accomplished man, laughed, too. From that time on he was her devoted friend.

I wish I could tell you about the night she drank drink for drink with George Jean Nathan all night, and at the end was as sober and fresh as a flower. She did it to prove to him that one can rise superior to mere liquor provided one has food for the mind. But someone might misunderstand, and Ruth seldom takes even a cocktail.

And I wish I could tell about the time she fired the cook. As a rule, Ruthie doesn't know she has a cook. She isn't interested in anything domestic. But this cook, who was a marvel and could serve the most delightful meals, got a little too much to drink one night and ruined a small dinner party that Ruth was having for Louis Bromfield and his wife.

So Ruth fired her.

That night when she went up to bed she found a little note pinned to her pillow with a rose. It was an apology from the cook and the rose did the work. She stayed.

Ruth admits that she doesn't care much for women. Talk with them doesn't stimulate her. As a rule, if you drop in at Ruth's, you will find her deep in discussion with a man friend.

Jim Tully regards Ruth Chatterton as the most wonderful woman in the world. Sidney Howard, the most brilliant of our American playwrights, is another of her ardent admirers. Emil Jannings would eulogize for hours if you mentioned her name. Louis Bromfield and Gene Markey and Charlie Chaplin and Frederick Lonsdale, who wrote Spring Cleaning and The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, are frequent visitors in Ruth's library. When she is at the beach you see Ronny Colman and Bill Powell sitting before the Chatterton shrine.

I honestly believe that Ruth has more devoted men friends than any woman I have ever known.

AND the backbone of her character is loyalty. If she is your friend, nothing can shake her. You might get into trouble, do something she disapproved, lose your reputation, and even become uninteresting and tiresome, but Ruth would stick just the same. Her home is always open to any friend who happens to be out of luck at the time—and is usually occupied by such friends.

A man who knows her well told me that he once did something that Ruth had every reason to regard as a pretty disloyal trick. Yet the next time he saw her she greeted him with the same gay friendship.

When Elsie Janis' mother died, it was Ruth Chatterton who stood by and not only comforted Elsie with quiet wisdom, but who attended to all the unhappy details of those terrible hours.

She says she's a bum. And that's because she doesn't take life very seriously any more.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—What was the most recent territorial acquisition by the United States?

2—When is a disease said to be endemic?

3—What is a lapidary?

4—What measure is used to denote the height of a horse?

5—What is the source of "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb"?

6—What state capital is named for a martyred President?

7—What does *ad libitum* mean?

8—What is jet?

9—What was the first state added to the original thirteen?

10—What does chimerical mean?

11—For whom is America named?

12—What disease is called the "white plague"?

13—From what is linseed oil obtained?

14—What is an idyl?

15—How many miles in a league?

16—What is the holy city of the Mohammedans?

17—What is a milliard?

18—What are genre paintings?

19—How many gallons in a bushel?

20—What is the largest city on the Mississippi River?

(Answers will be found on page 54)

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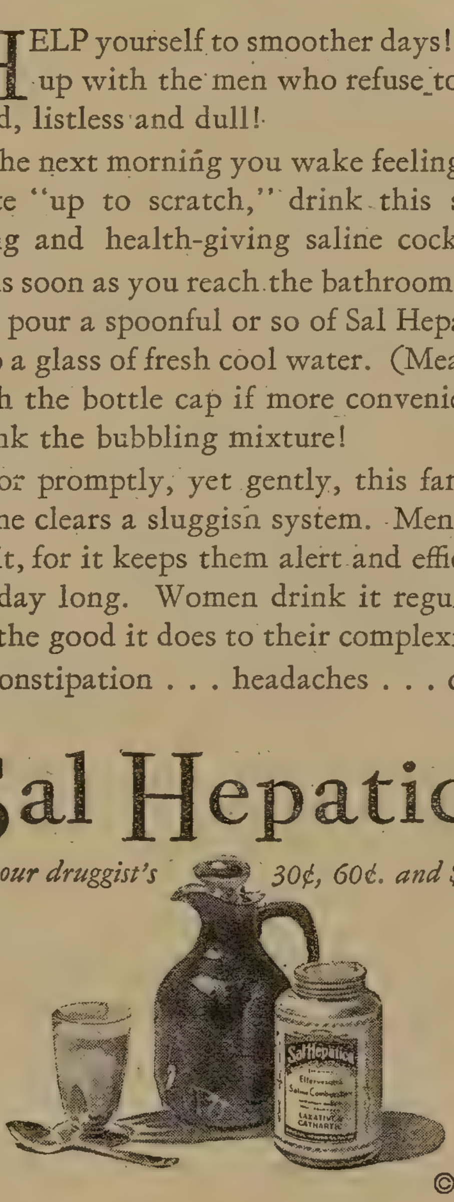

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Jailbird

The Story of an Hour of Reckoning

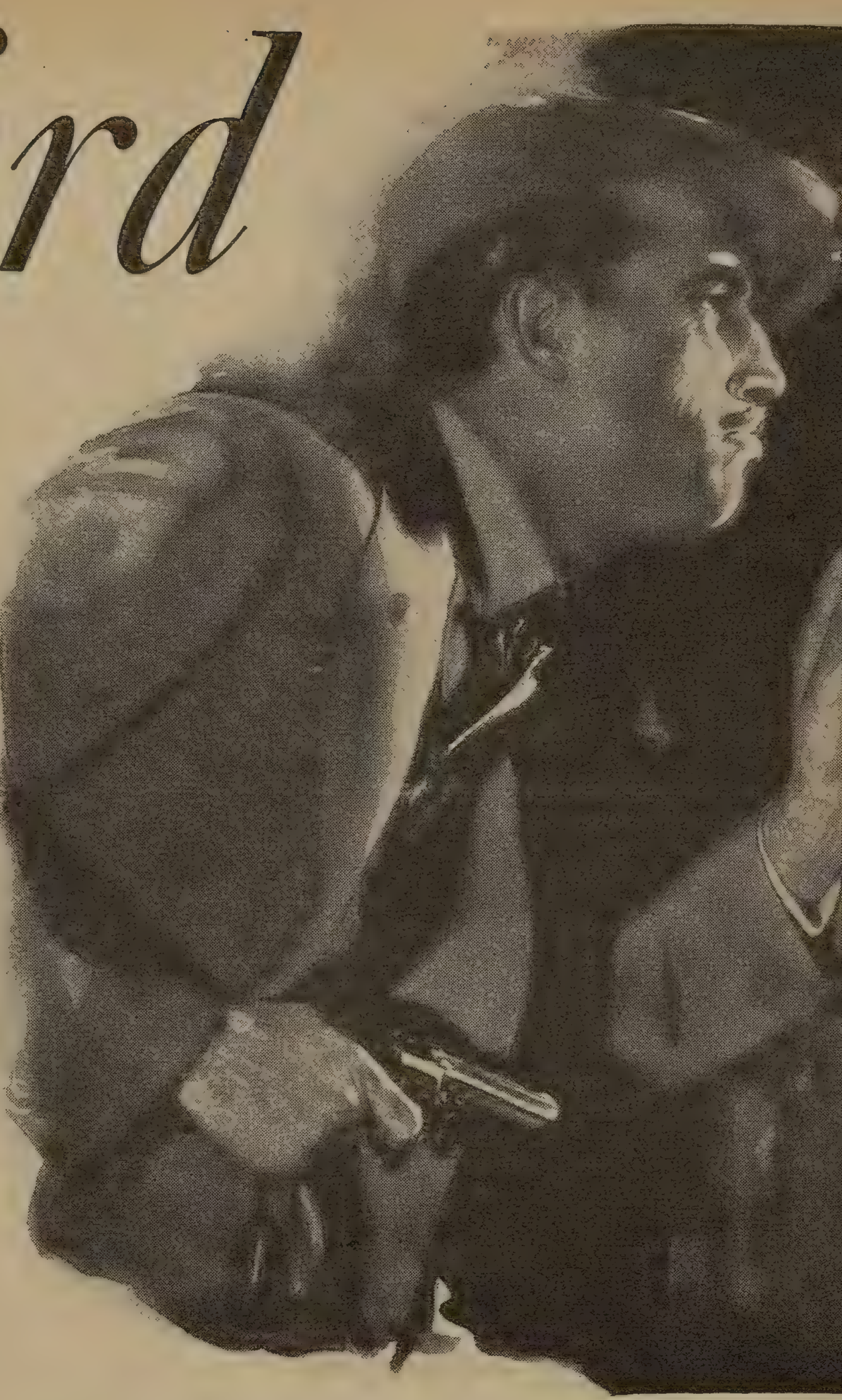
By

ZONA GALE

distinguished author of Miss Lulu Bett, the Friendship Village tales, and many other novels, plays, and short stories. She was married in 1928 and lives in Portage, Wisconsin, her birthplace.

Picture by G. PATRICK NELSON

(Reading time: 9 minutes 50 seconds.)



Here was he shut in the closet of a dying woman.

STEALING along the upper passage of another man's house, well after midnight, Mallory heard a light sound and stood flat against a wall, listening. An arc lamp without revealed the threshold to a dark room. The faint sound was repeated, and Mallory slipped within the dark room.

Now he could hear footsteps approaching in the passage. He felt his way along the wall of the room, avoided a dresser, and touched a door that gave, being partly ajar. By the odor of garments, he knew that he had reached the haven of a wardrobe, and he stepped within.

The garments, hanging stuffy and inert, pressed round him in the darkness. There were the feel of woolen, feel of silk, a fluff of fur against his hand; boots were close to his feet, as if these contained the feet of others pursuing him. These things bore an odor of stale cologne, stale food, liniment, fur, bodies. These things were not aloof, harmless, or inviting, as they appear in shops, but these garments and boots meant bodies, the bodies of those who would pursue him if he were known to be here.

He heard the steps pause in the passage, then turn into the room. A switch clicked, and light flowed.

Through the crack of his closet door Mallory peered. In the bed a woman lay, of middle age, her face of ghastly pallor and shadow. Beside her, wrapped in a dressing gown, a man was stretched, who struggled up, blinking in the light, his hand over a hand of the woman. But she did not open her eyes or move.

The woman who had entered was robust, wholesome, and drunken with sleep. She asked: "Any change?"

"Her breathing's different," the man said. "I was listening to it—I must have dropped off." He got up and stepped about stiffly, the heels of his bedroom slippers dragging, his hair standing out at the back. "She breathes different," he said. His unshaven chin dropped a little, and he looked up in an extremity of helplessness. "It's tough," he said, transferring his attention to himself.

The young woman was bending over the bed, touching the hand, the forehead, of the sick woman. She did meaningless things—smoothed the coverlet, moved bedside bottles, changed the handkerchief thrown over the lamp shade. She said:

"You go and get some rest, father."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," the man told her irritably. "Mother wouldn't want me to leave her."

He took his place in a chair by the bed, and leaned to look at his wife, his chin in his hand.

"Then I'll lie down again," the daughter said. "You can call me."

But faced with the immediacy of being alone again, the man looked up, his eyes helpless.

"Don't you think we ought to rouse her?" he asked. "If she should go—without knowing us any more—"

"Let her sleep," said the daughter kindly. "Surely it's best not to trouble her poor head. Call me if there's the least change."

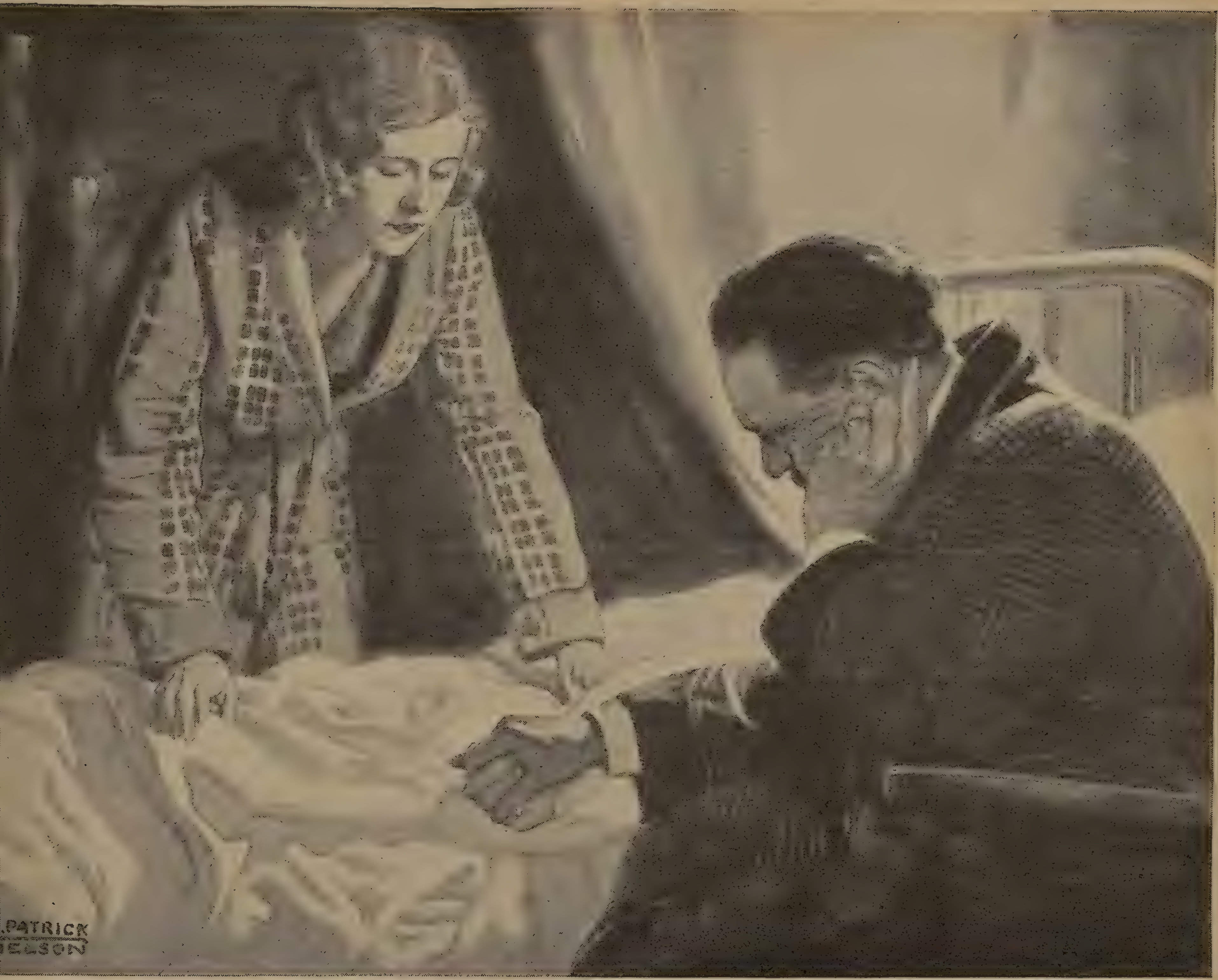
"Leave the light," said the father. "Then I'm sure to keep awake."

He sat by his dying wife, with the light burning so that he should keep awake. That was for his body's sake. But he looked at her and looked, and that look was from their life together, and was charged with something between them.

In the closet Mallory was as motionless as the sick woman, and his breath came more quietly than hers. What the hell? Suppose she died on him? Or suppose she didn't die? Was he to stay in the clothespress until they left the house for the funeral?

One of the first things they had taught him in the prison was to know the family before he started the job. But a month out of prison, and no work, gave a man no choice. He and Lucky had meant to go straight, but they couldn't go straight and starve. He had tried that second-floor window and it had yielded. He had known no more about the place than that.

And Lucky was waiting now in the alley, expecting bread and meat and a little loose change. And here was he himself shut in the closet of a dying woman. If he walked out now, the old man would rouse the house, and you couldn't shoot the husband of a dying woman. Be-



If he walked out now, the old man would rouse the house, and you couldn't shoot the husband of a dying woman.

sides, he had never shot any one. He had never been that hungry.

The man was smoothing the woman's hand, holding it in one of his hands, smoothing it and looking down at it. Those two must have been married for thirty or thirty-five years. More than once the man must have watched beside her in sickness, and she beside him.

Mallory remembered his father sitting beside his mother when she was ill—that was years ago. His mother had died while he was in prison. His father must be somewhere. It couldn't be so easy for the old man to get a job any more, at his age. Carpenter, he was. There was peppermint somewhere in this closet. Peppermint and moth balls.

THE man got up and wandered about the room. There was lace on the coverlet, the window curtains were of lace, and on the dresser there were perfume bottles. These seemed strange, the woman being so sick. He picked up little objects—her watch, her rings. You wouldn't think that a watch could look so useless. He stood before a framed photograph which must have been of her and him in their wedding clothes. He looked and he looked. Perhaps he was remembering or perhaps he was only thinking of the tailor who had made his clothes, but he stood there very long. He moved toward the closet door and Mallory's heart paused, and pounded as the man passed on. Those two in their wedding clothes—way, thirty-five years ago: and now see them.

Mallory felt a sharp pang, wondered why, and recalled that Dorothy had made her wedding dress and had had it folded in its box beneath her bed when he had been arrested. That had kept recurring to him more than anything else when he got his sentence—that Dorothy's wedding dress was ready. He had never written, nor had he answered her letters. He wondered if she was married now. No girl would wait five years, or look at him again. Not peppermint—camphor. This was the smell of camphor, like the smell of the flat bottle in the bathroom at home. Abruptly he felt a sickness for the safety of that warm white bathroom at home.

The man stood in the middle of the room, listening. What did he hear? Was Lucky trying to follow, to investigate the delay? No, but the man must have been thinking of himself, for now, looking over shoulder, he tiptoed to the bed and stooped above the woman.

"Kitty."

She did not move.

"Kitty—old sweetheart."

Now he stooped lower and kissed her, stroked her face, lifted her hand, gave her shoulder a light touch. "Kitty! It's Peter."

At this the woman opened her eyes—Mallory could see her eyes, wide and hollow. The man kissed her lips, sweetly, eagerly, as if she were beautiful.

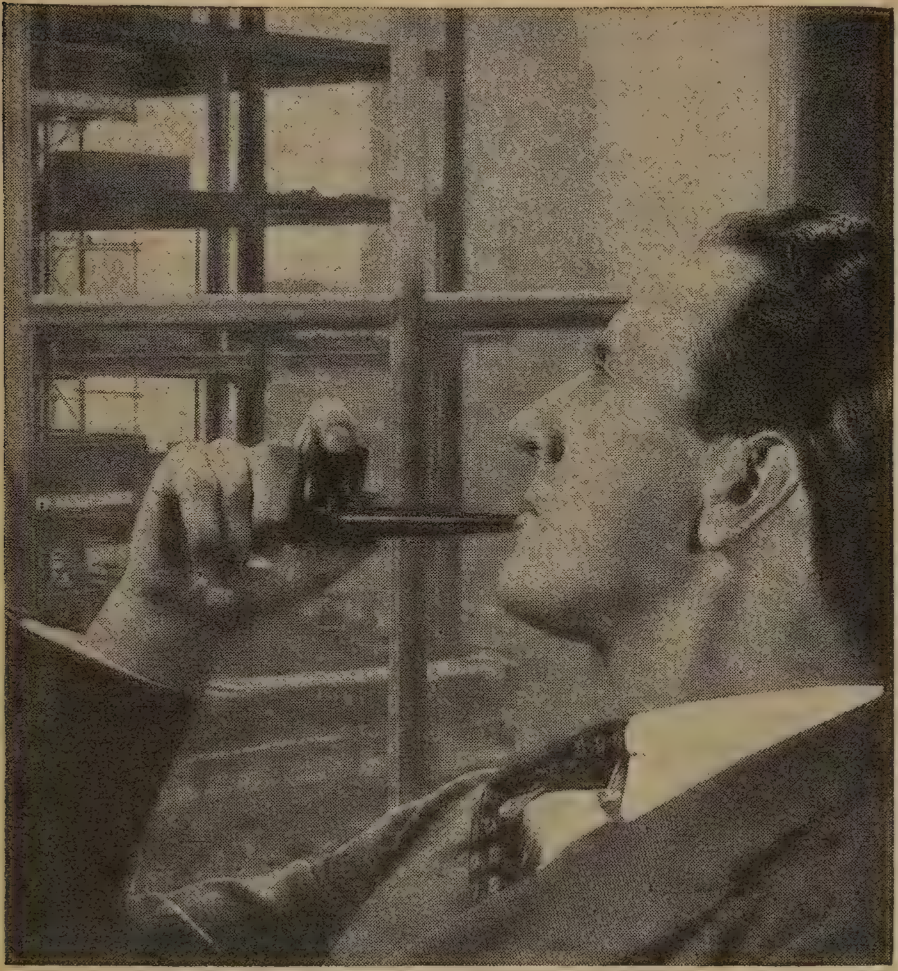
"Know me, dear?" he asked. "It's Peter. Point to Peter, darling!"

She lifted one hand, a finger extended, and pointed; but the hand fell on the coverlet.

"Drink this, sweetheart," he went on. "Help make you well. Drink—for Peter."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

NOTHING TELLS THE WHOLE TRUTH ABOUT TOBACCO LIKE A GOOD PIPE



"There's my *pipe dream*"

HOW many towering skyscrapers, how many books you've liked, how many bold achievements in business, were in the beginning just pipe dreams!

There *is* something about good, fragrant tobacco glowing away in a good pipe that somehow does smooth the kinks out of a man's brain . . . lets him think straight and clear. Maybe that's why so many men who get there in business, so many of the world's leaders in so many walks of life, go into conference alone with their pipes when they have a tough problem to think through.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

She shook her head. There was to be no more drinking, no more eating. All that was done.

He understood, dropped to one knee by the bed. There was not much left to say now.

"Peter loves you."

Slowly, with vast effort, she lifted her hand and laid it on his head. His head dropped to the pillow, close to hers, and he spoke to her softly, indistinguishably.

Through the crack of the door Mallory watched. Good God, those two! Thirty years, thirty-five years? And now no more, save love.

How would it have been with Dorothy and him, Mallory wondered—in thirty, thirty-five years? How would it have been by now? A home, of his making. A place to go, to be warm, safe. Dorothy waiting, children waiting. So many men had a life like that.

His own boyhood had been like that—mother, father, brothers. He had done one little thing, and all the rest had followed. Now it was too late.

A sharp strangling sound came from the bed. The woman's face had changed. The man sprang to his feet, ran and called into the passage: "Louisa! John!"

Instantly the daughter was there, and almost as soon a man was at her side, awake, alert, capable. Seeing that shrunken, solid-colored face, the younger man stepped to the passage and telephoned softly. But they all knew nothing could be done. Even Mallory knew that.

He waited with them, agonized as they agonized. Who had been with his mother when she had died? Who had done things for her, telephoned, spoken with her? His father, his brothers, a stranger?

THE doctor arrived. He was still fumbling at his needle when the man Peter said tensely:

"There . . . There . . ."

All the same he kept on mumbling to her pitifully:

"Kitty—Kitty. Here's Peter—right here. . . ."

She lay in the terrible preoccupation of the dying.

"There," said Peter again.

The doctor nodded, looked at his watch, and turned away. The daughter and the son stood up. But Peter remained where he was, looking in his wife's face, stroking her hand on which his tears were falling. When they tried to lead him away, he drew a great breath, that then came surging from him like blood. He said over the absurd name as if it were the name of his angel: *"Kitty!"*

As if the air unrolled, Mallory looked out on new things, called old. Here was life. He himself had had no life. Such things—love, death—these were life. And here he was in a closet, with Lucky waiting in the alley.

His resolution shook him as death shook these others. He would tell them and they would understand him—this man Peter, John, the woman, the doctor. They knew life as it was, as he had never known it. They would understand him. They were suffering too.

In a preoccupation as extreme as had been that of the dying woman, Mallory pushed open the closet door and stepped into the room.

"Don't be scared," he said. "I'll not hurt you . . ."

He was interrupted. The woman Louisa shrieked.

"Don't, please," he said. "I've been watching you. Good God, it's made my life over."

"Watching us!" said the man John. "Doctor . . ."

They rushed forward together and pinioned his arms.

"Father!" John cried. "The police—telephone—quick!"

Mallory stood still.

"You don't need the police," he said. "Don't you understand? I know now. I can go straight now, because . . ."

"How on earth did he get into that closet?" Louisa cried hysterically.

Mallory looked at Peter.

"You," he said. "It was you that showed me. I've had no life—I've even had no death. I'm going to find them."

"You're going where you belong," said the man John. "Father, can you hurry?"

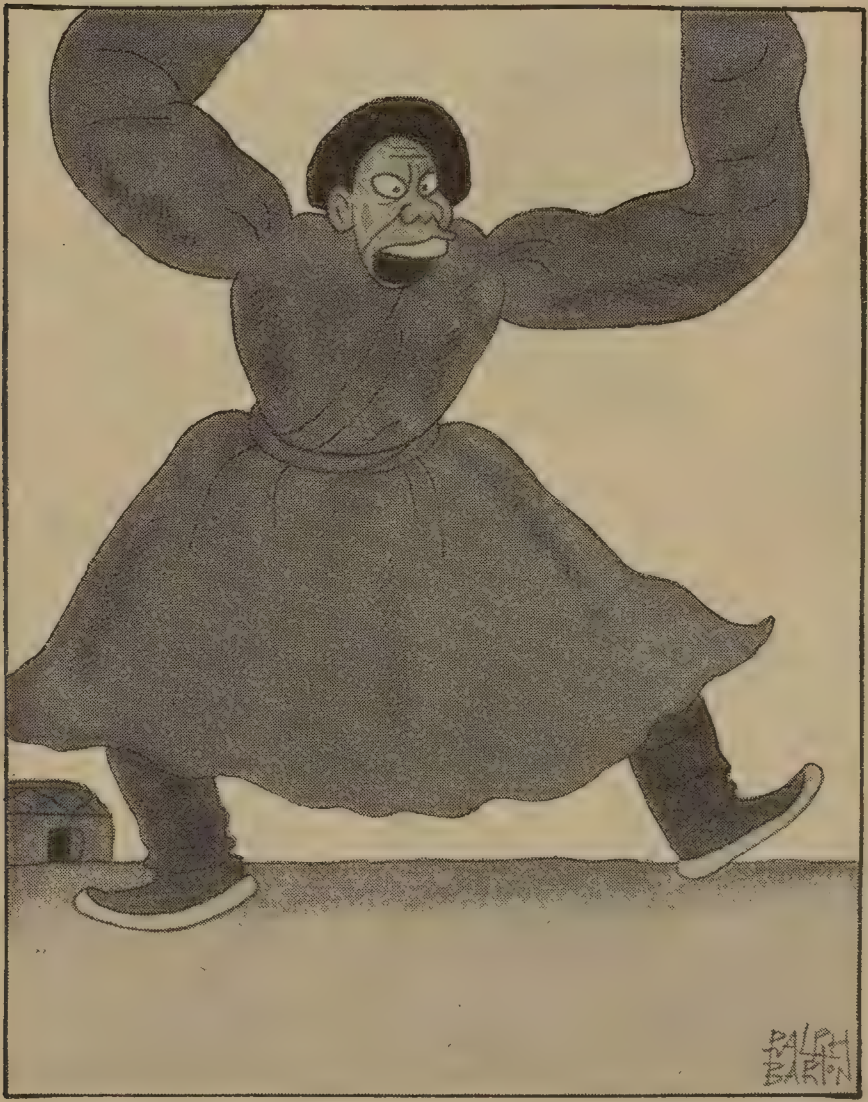
Peter got into the passage. "Police—send the police!" he quavered into the telephone.

THE END

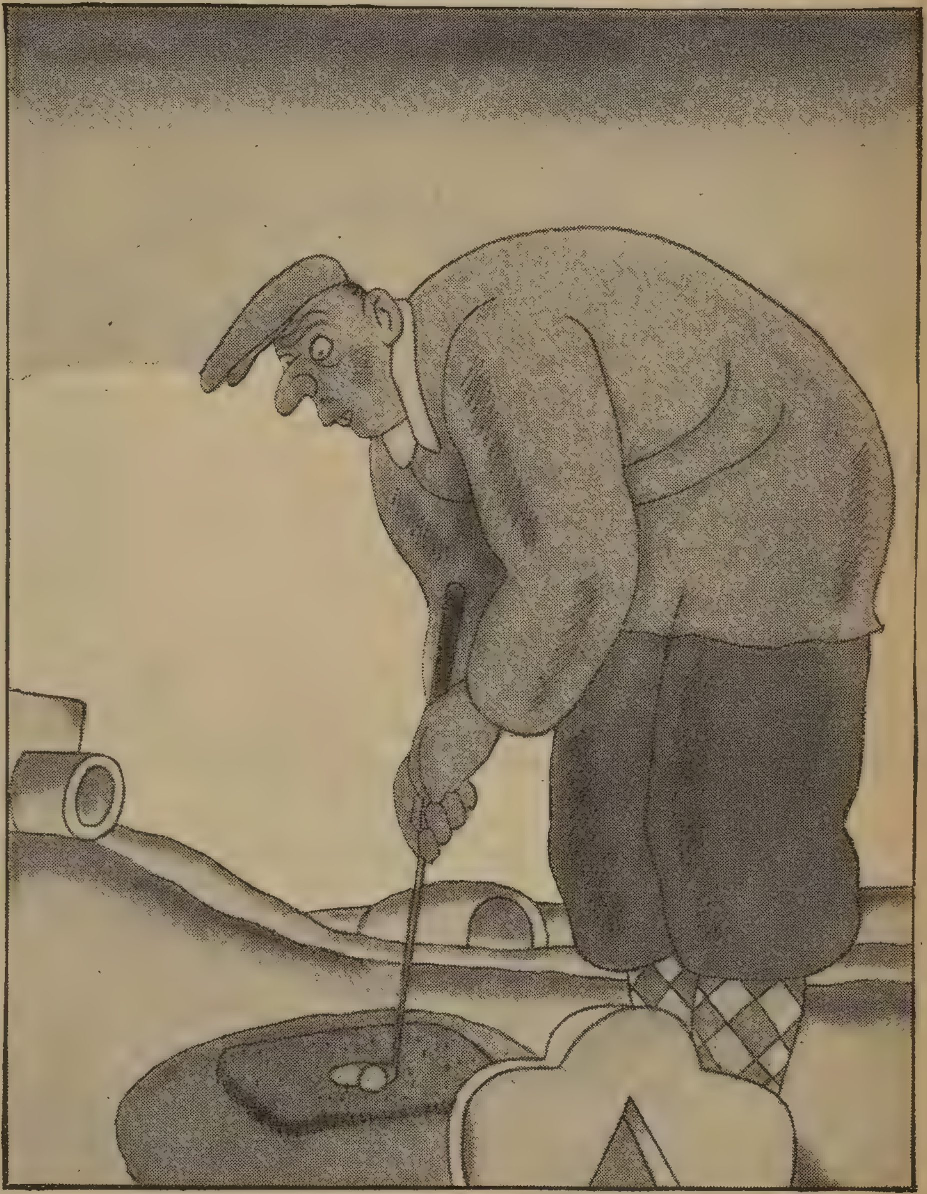
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

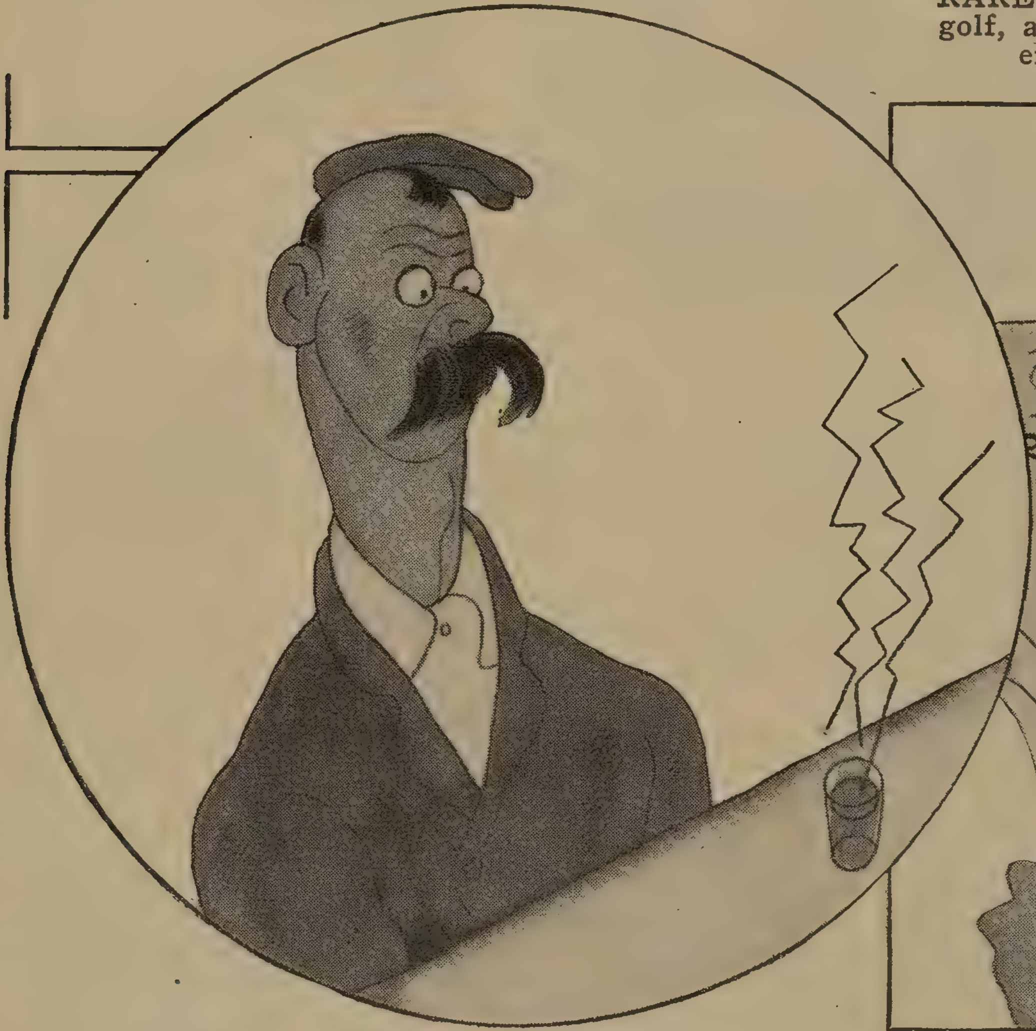
By RALPH BARTON



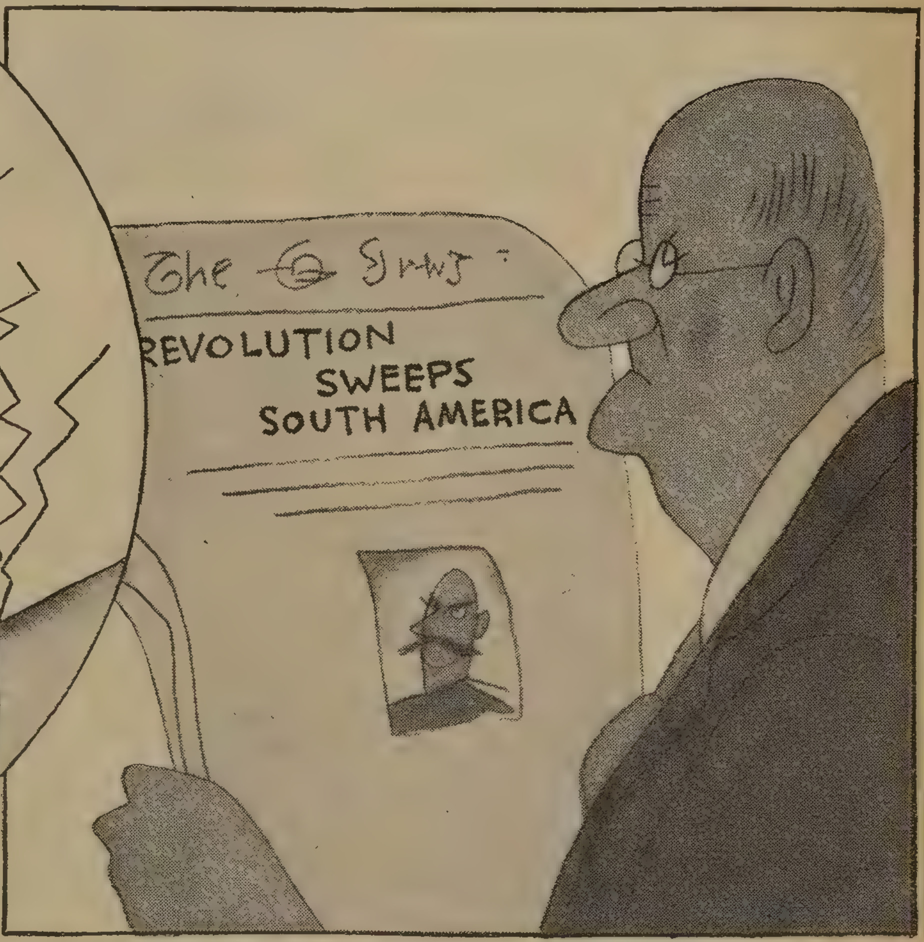
CHIH-TUNG, litchi-nut vendor of Fing-yui, Gobi Desert, learns that the Republican administration is responsible for the world-wide business depression.



RARE OLD PRINT showing a man playing miniature golf, a game which, as some of us remember, once enjoyed a wide popularity in this country.



HENRY FORD says his employees in England must not drink beer, but this page doubts if he will ever induce the British workingman to drink the sort of stuff our workingmen have become accustomed to.



A MAN picks up a newspaper of 1903 by mistake and doesn't notice the difference.

Mostly About

Adolescent, Comic, Melodramatic, and Otherwise

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

(Reading time: 8 minutes 5 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good. 3 stars, excellent.
2 stars, good. 4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ YOUNG WOODLEY

CAST

David Woodley	Frank Lawton
Laura Simmons	Madeleine Carroll
Mr. Simmons	Sam Livesey
Ainger	John Teed
Mr. Woodley	Aubrey Mather

Produced by Elstree.
Directed by Thomas Bentley.

YOUNG WOODLEY was produced as a play in England and later in this country, and created a good deal of discussion. The theme is a problem of adolescence and it is sympathetically and rather delicately handled by the author, John Van Druten, who, when he wrote the play, was close enough to his own school days to realize the drama of the schoolboy's love for the wife of the headmaster.

The movie is well done. It was made in England by a British producing company and of course all the players are English. The cast is excellent, Frank Lawton being a particularly good choice for Woodley, and Sam Livesey is fine as the headmaster.

Technically, this British film is not up to our standards, as the lighting is not effectively handled and the dialogue not always clear. But dramatically it is fine.

★ ★ ★ ONCE A GENTLEMAN

CAST

Oliver	Edward Everett Horton
Mrs. Mallin	Lois Wilson
Bannister	Francis X. Bushman
Van Warner	King Baggot
Junior	Emerson Tracy
Colonel Breen	George Fawcett
Jarvis	Cyril Chadwick
Reeves	William O'Brien
Wuggins	Charles Coleman

Produced by Sono Art-World Wide.
Directed by James Cruze.

This is a delightful comedy about a perfect butler who goes vacationing to New York and who has a perfectly grand time visiting and being entertained by his employer's friends. He goes to the Gotham Club to deliver a message from Van Warner, his employer, to Colonel Breen. The colonel has just sailed for Bermuda, but a friend of his, Bannister, thinking Oliver is a friend of the colonel's, introduces him to all his friends and invites him to stay at his home on Long Island.

Horton is perfect as the perfect butler and his love affair with the lovely Mrs. Mallin, charmingly played by Lois Wilson, is both touching and amusing. There is a young fellow named Emerson Tracy in this cast who gives a delightful performance of the irresponsible Junior Bannister, whose escapades are gallantly kept from his father by the combined efforts of Mrs. Mallin and Oliver. Francis X. Bushman, Sr., as Bannister, is a little too theatrical in his performance. George Fawcett is diverting for the few moments he appears as Colonel Breen. The screen play was adapted by Walter Woods from a story by George F. Worts. James Cruze did a good job in his direction of it.

Those Three French Girls—Yola d'Avril, Fifi Dorsay, and Sandra Ravel.

Helen Twelvetrees and Ricardo Cortez in Her Man, which Cortez helps make entertaining.

★ ★ HER MAN

CAST

Frankie	Helen Twelvetrees
Annie	Marjorie Rambeau
Johnnie	Ricardo Cortez
Dan	Phillips Holmes
Steve	James Gleason
Eddie	Harry Sweet
Al	Stanley Fields

Produced by Pathé.
Directed by Tay Garnett.

This is a good old-fashioned melodrama about the poor bad girl who never had a chance until she fell in love, when, presto! she is regenerated. The story is familiar stuff and there are no surprises in the treatment of it here, but, for such as it is, it has been very well directed and, except for one part, excellently acted, so that it turns out to be good entertainment.

Helen Twelvetrees' performance is the exception, but her beauty is so appealing that it is hardly necessary for her to be much of a histrionist. Ricardo Cortez as Johnnie more than makes up for the deficiencies of the piece. His performance dominates the play. Phillips Holmes shows greater promise here than he has heretofore. Marjorie Rambeau gives a faithful performance of a drunken dance-hall habitué. James Gleason and Harry Sweet serve as a refresh-

LOVE

Lois Wilson, Emerson Tracy, and Edward Horton in Once a Gentleman.

Madeleine Carroll and Frank Lawton in leading rôles of the English play, Young Woodley.

ing antidote to the melodrama of the piece as a pair of drunken sailors on shore leave.

★ ★ THOSE THREE FRENCH GIRLS

CAST

Charmaine	Fifi Dorsay
Larry	Reginald Denny
Owly	Cliff Edwards
Diane	Yola d'Avril
Madelon	Sandra Ravel
Earl of Ippleton	George Grossmith
Yank	Edward Brophy
Parker	Peter Cawthorne

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Directed by Harry Beaumont.

This semimusical comedy was constructed especially for the movies and to fit the talents of the Misses Dorsay, d'Avril, and Ravel, for whom the piece is named. Reginald Denny, in the rôle of a wild young Englishman, endeavors to imitate the inimitable Chevalier. Owly and Yank are a couple of Brooklynites revisiting the western front for the first time since 1918. They meet Larry in jail with the three French girls and all walk out together and descend on Larry's uncle, the Earl of Ippleton, in his château near Paris. George Grossmith, as a silly and amorous English diplomat, is amusing. The girls are pretty. The comedy is mostly derived from risqué situations.

★ MADAM SATAN

CAST

Angela Brooks	Kay Johnson
Bob Brooks	Reginald Denny
Trixie	Lillian Roth
Jimmy Wade	Roland Young
Martha	Elsa Petersen

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Directed by Cecil B. De Mille.

Madam Satan has Kay Johnson as the star.

This is a typical De Mille production. It is glittering and showy in its general effect, but on close inspection its tin and tinsel give the show away.

It is the old, old story of the too chaste wife and the misunderstood husband who seeks consolation elsewhere and gets it; of the friend who saddles himself with a wife for a night to oblige the erring husband; and of the wife who realizes when it is almost too late that she has lost a husband she loves, and of her resolution to outvamp the vamp in recovering him. There is a scene of a party on board a dirigible that is most lavish and absurd.

An effort was made to burlesque the plot, but only Roland Young, as the husband's friend, seems to have succeeded in the effort.

Do you know that—

Kay Hammond, who plays with great understanding the part of Mary Todd Lincoln in Griffith's Abraham Lincoln, played her first screen part as the crippled wife in The Trespasser?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—Outward Bound, Whoopee.

★★★—The Office Wife, Africa Speaks, Her Wedding Night, What a Widow, Sweet Kitty Bellairs, The Squealer, Love in the Rough.

Another HEADLINE HUNTER Adventure

The Death of Mickey McGuire

By FLOYD GIBBONS

OFICINA PARTICULAR
LGO 10.97 Mts
LGTH 36 Ft.

Floyd Gibbons at the door of the traveling office made for him at Pancho Villa's order.

(Reading time: 20 min. 26 sec.)

IT'S fifteen years since we buried Mickey there in Mexico. But how long it seems now!

Were it not for my notes, newspaper clippings, and photographs corroborating memory, I might think it was all a dream, a sweet, savage, comic, tragic, crazy, mad, sad dream. . . .

There was something amusing about the way the Villa army, forty thousand strong, moved . . . a woman for each man, the soldier living like an Indian chief, the woman doing the work like a squaw; women hunting the food, killing the food, cooking the food. There was savagery in the women fighting women for men, men fighting men for women. Box cars with soldiers piled on top or riding the rods, sheep, goats, chickens, other live stock carried along. What a comedy that was!

Then there was my life in the brewery, the wall of which was the wall for the executions.

Those quiet, tight-lipped, cool prisoners had the courage to die. They faced a firing squad as calmly as an experienced speaker faces an audience.

Tragedy there—real tragedy—with a dash of comic opera!

Romance in the grave—a crazy, sad sight that!

Mickey McGuire—bombing sheep in bombing tests. There was a man who had a full life, but a short one. He had his quota of laughter and danger, the dregs of both. But not a tear for himself. His was a heart of gold, the heart of a lion. Even Villa admired him.

But let us get back to where we left off last week, back to Aguascalientes, the base where Villa was reorganizing for another attack on General Obregon.

And what an organizer Villa was! Unable to read or write, yet he was a great believer in the use of modern machinery—railroads, airplanes, bombs, telephones.

Why, his entire army of almost forty thousand not only moved around the country on trains but the trains became their homes. It always seemed to me that every man in the Mexican army had at least one woman traveling with him. To many of these peon women the revolution had offered the first opportunity of their lives to ride on a train. They were called *soldaderas*, and frequently they carried arms.

Many of them had their children with them on the train. They were the commissary department—the quartermaster corps of the army.

In the looting of captured towns, villages, or rich haciendas, they were just as ruthless as their mates. When food was issued, it was they who prepared the meals. When it wasn't issued, it was usually the *soldadera* who obtained it. She pounded the corn meal and baked the *tortillas*. She boiled *frijoles*, and added the *chili* and the *carne*. It was she who chopped the onions, and grated the hard goat cheese that seasoned the greasy interior of the *enchiladas*—these are sort of pancakes with ground-up meat rolled together in the shape of a cigar.

And they were fighting women—these women of the Mexican revolution. They went to war with their men. Each cared for her man when he was wounded—or she buried him if she could find his body on the battlefield. And for her man she fought other women, as her man fought other men to keep her.

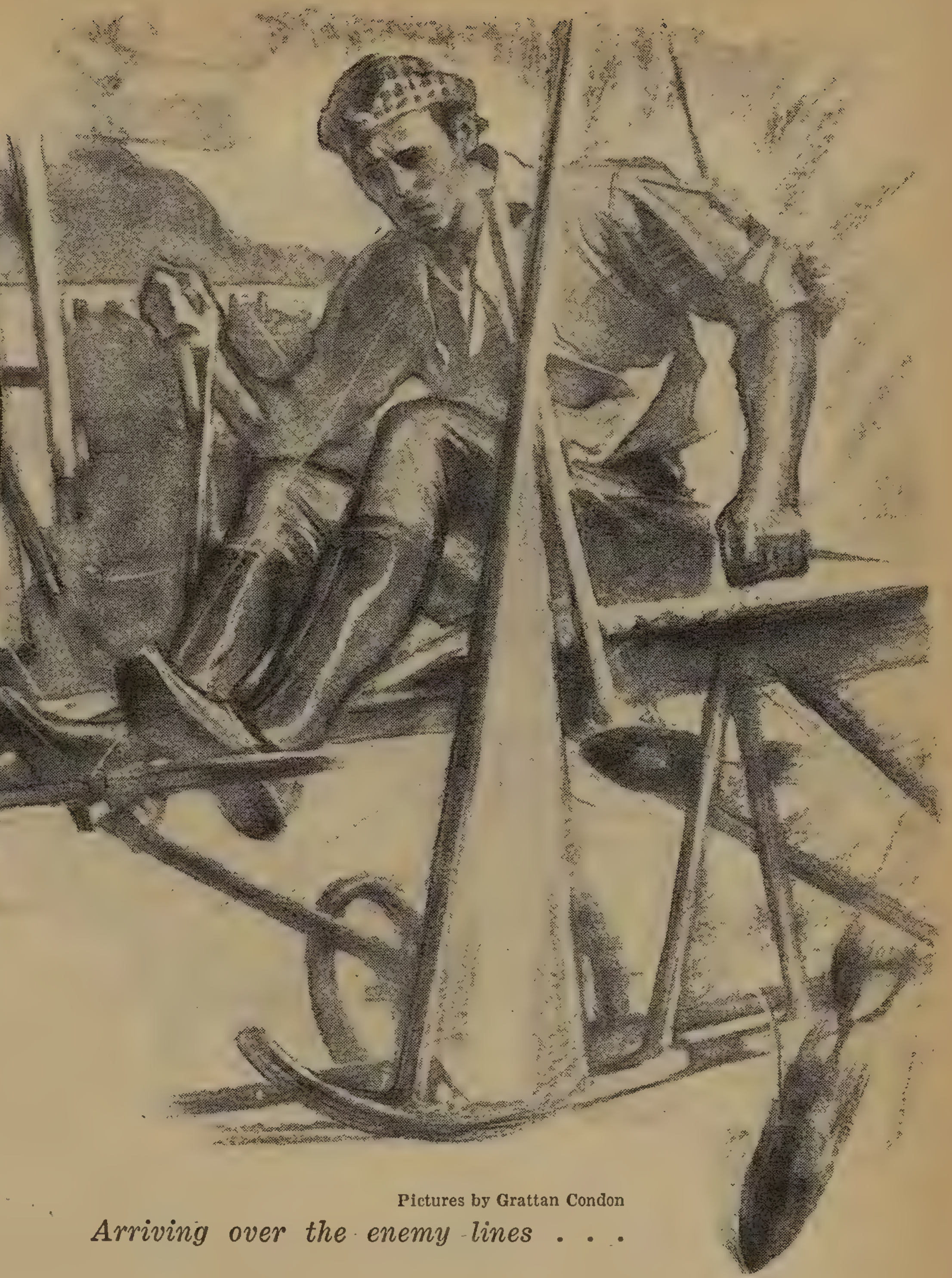
At night, in the cold, on the swaying tops of the box cars, the soldier and his *soldadera* shared their scanty blankets as the trains plunged and rocked along over the revolution-torn tracks.

The troops rode on box cars, the horses inside. And the men and women and children with their saddles and camp baggage rode on the roofs or on the rods beneath the cars. The latter place was considered the more choice. Wires or ropes were laced back and forth between the rods, and blankets or sheets of corrugated iron laid over them. Another blanket would be tacked to the car door, and falling down on the sides would screen the underneath Pullman and make it in effect a stateroom, somewhat dusty, but quite private, and at night not so cold as a perch on the roof.

THE women cooked on the roof tops or on the pallets slung underneath the cars. The Mexican women could build a fire in either of these difficult positions while the train was in motion. Inside the cars the women fortunate enough to be attached to dignitaries who possessed interior accommodations placed mud bricks on the floor for the fires.

It was not an unusual sight to see chickens with strings about their legs perched on the brake beams or roosting on the running board in the middle of a car roof.

Mickey McGuire in his open-air flying seat.



Pictures by Grattan Condon

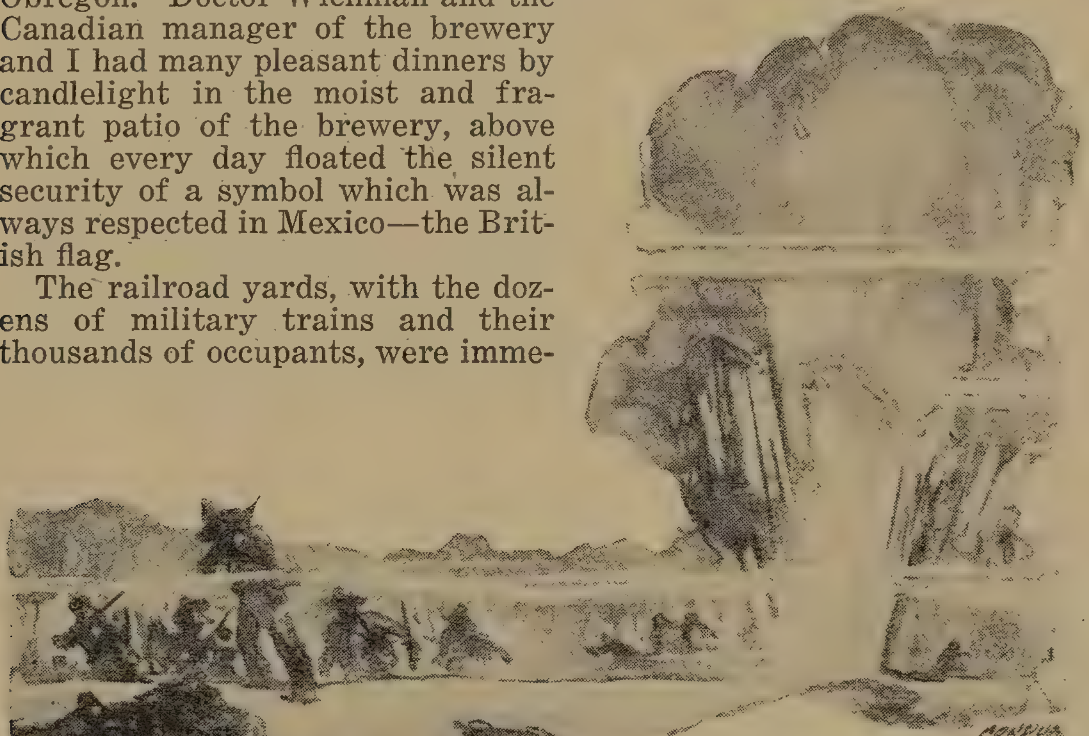
Arriving over the enemy lines . . .

Goats and young sheep that had been kidnaped from wayside fields were carried along in the same way until slaughtered, after which the fresh carcasses adorned the sides of cars or the pieces of jerked meat were hung up to dry on ropes running from one end of a roof to the other and propped up with poles. This rope would also support blankets for shelter from the sun, and the family washing.

While in Aguascalientes, I lived in a brewery on the outskirts of the town. It was run by a Canadian who lived in the place and saw that it was kept clean. The filth of the troop trains in the railroad yard was so vivid in my mind that I didn't hesitate a minute when the Canadian invited me to share his living quarters in the one-story brewery, which was also an ice-making plant.

Just at this time, as I told you, Villa was reorganizing his army to move south once more against his old foe—Obregon. Doctor Wichman and the Canadian manager of the brewery and I had many pleasant dinners by candlelight in the moist and fragrant patio of the brewery, above which every day floated the silent security of a symbol which was always respected in Mexico—the British flag.

The railroad yards, with the dozens of military trains and their thousands of occupants, were immediately in back of the brewery. To the left were the outskirts of the city. To the right was a broad, level, treeless plain on which burros hobbled and donkeys tried to browse on such fodder as abandoned camp fires, tin cans, and the discarded rubbish of old camp sites.



. . . he would be met by a blast of rifle fire from the ditches.

The brewer's bedroom, in which he had installed a second bed for me, was located on the side of the house toward the plain. But, like all Mexican houses, it had no windows in the outer wall. The windows and doors faced inward on the patio, or central court. The bedroom was on the ground floor.

THE brewer told me that it was perfectly safe to sleep in his bedroom because the outer wall was thick adobe brick. I asked him what difference that made, and he explained that, inasmuch as the wall happened to be located farthest away from town, it had been found convenient as a place of execution by the army.

I was awakened by a blast of rifle fire shortly after dawn one morning. Plaster fell from the ceiling of the bedroom and a frightened rat scurried away from the wall at the head of my bed. The brewer and I both sat up in bed as I demanded what had happened.

"Put your shoes on and I'll show you," he said. Still wearing pyjamas, we walked across the patio and out the front gate of the brewery. We rounded the corner of the wall and saw a crumpled figure lying at the base of it. At the same time, a squad of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Villista campaigners and their soldaderas bivouacked beside one of their apartment houses on wheels.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

soldiers, marching four abreast and preceded by a captain, came up the road. In between the two files of soldiers walked a man, and the rear of the party was brought up by a fifteen-year-old boy who carried a large battered bugle. A group of curious peons followed some distance behind. They turned the corner of the brewery wall. The captain drew his sword, at the same time commanding the riflemen, who took a position in a line facing the wall. The captain then made a polite gesture to the prisoner, who walked forward and stood two or three feet from the crumpled form lying at the base of the wall. That wall was pock-marked with bullet holes.

The condemned man did not look to be over twenty-five years old. He wore blue overalls and shoes, but wore an ornate brass-studded leather belt that marked him as a soldier. Over his arm he carried a bright-colored serape, and he wore a straw sombrero.

As though divesting himself for the attentions of a barber, he removed the serape and the sombrero, and tossed them to the ground in front of him. Then, as though by an afterthought, he removed the ornate leather belt and, with a shout, tossed it to one of the peons that had followed the firing squad. His manner in doing this was much the same as a man taking a train would toss a parting present to some friend he was leaving behind.

A word from the captain and the bugler sounded a flourish. The brewer and I looked on while the captain read from a folded paper that he had carried in his belt. A hobbled donkey—rather frayed and moth-eaten—was attracted sufficiently by this early morning scene to hobble painfully to the line of riflemen, where he stood dumbly watching proceedings.

THE condemned man accepted a cigarette from the captain and puffed on it hungrily, filling his lungs deeply with the smoke. He looked around into the faces, not only of the riflemen in front of him, but of the small group of onlookers, including the brewer and myself, and the funny thought went through my mind that he must have wondered why we were thus clad in pyjamas for his going-away party. But there was no question in his eyes. It seemed to me they carried something of pride. It might have been that of the actor called upon for the first and the last time to play his great rôle.

In his carriage was something of assurance and confidence that he was the center of the stage, and in all that was happening and about to happen he was the principal. I could detect nothing of rancor, hatred, or bitterness in his attitude toward the men about to kill him.

In answer to an invitation from the captain, the condemned man spoke a few sentences and concluded with the words: *"Compañeros, adios."* And then he waited as the captain gave the orders. Loaded rifles leaped to shoulders, their barrels concentrated on the man's chest. He looked into the muzzles, and shouted: *"Viva Villa!"*

AS the rifle blast rang out, the bugle sounded. A look of suppressed pain—but tight-lipped and no whimper—went across the man's face. His shoulder muscles seemed to contract sharply from the impact of the lead that riddled his breast. Then the body fell limply backward against the wall. It lay there as plaster dust sifted down in a fine white powder on the upturned face. The captain returned his sword to its scabbard, and stood over the body with his pistol in his right hand. He placed the weapon at the head and gave the *tiro de gracia*—the mercy shot.

At the blast of the rifle fire, the hobbled donkey, startled by its suddenness, jumped and hopped away. The men of the firing squad went forward and removed the shoes of their victim—the pockets were searched also. A shallow grave was scooped beside the wall, and the body placed in it. The firing party left, followed by the peons. The brewer and I, having breakfast—*huevos con chili*—in the patio fifty feet away an hour later, heard the sound of weeping. We went to the outer wall and saw two women and a sniffling dog bending over the opened grave. One of the women sobbed as she brushed particles of earth from the dead features, and we saw her take a few strands of the matted black hair. While she pushed the earth back into the grave with her feet, the other woman scratched with a round chunk of blue chalk a cross on the wall above it.

That night a great silver barrel of a moon spilt a milky radiance across that plain of rubbish just beyond the brewery, and in the shadow of that very wall that had provided the double tragedy of the morning, we heard a soldier singing his heart to his *soldadera*—or maybe it was the *soldadera* of another that he was wooing—and as he strummed the accompaniment on a guitar, we heard the strains of Adelita.

During the two Mexican battles about which I previously told you, my sleeping quarters on Pancho Villa's military trains had been on the floor in the general's tele-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

FIND THE TWIN TOWERS

QUALIFY FOR THE OPPORTUNITY TO WIN $3700.00

An illustrious Chicago artist presents below his dream conception of the coming Chicago Centennial World's Fair. When he had completed his drawing, to his surprise he found he had drawn two of the towers exactly alike—IDENTICAL TWIN TOWERS. There are well over two dozen towers here. Many of them look alike. But—only two towers or buildings among those numbered are exactly alike—exactly alike in size, shape, width and design. How quick is your eye? Can you find the TWIN TOWERS? Be careful now. It will not obligate you in any way, or cost you anything to try for the Grand Prizes which will be awarded according to the contestants' standings when the final decision is made.

If you can find the twin towers, send the numbers together with your name and address. Twenty-eight hundred, fifty dollars, or a brand new 90 h. p. airplane, and actual flying instruction to be paid as first prize, with an extra prize of $850.00—you can win this by being prompt—making a total first prize of $3700.00 cash if you prefer. In addition to the first prize there are dozens of other well-chosen prizes which will be given to the winners in this unique "advertising-to-the-public" program. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. Solutions will not be accepted from persons living in Chicago, or outside of the U.S.A. Mail your answer today.

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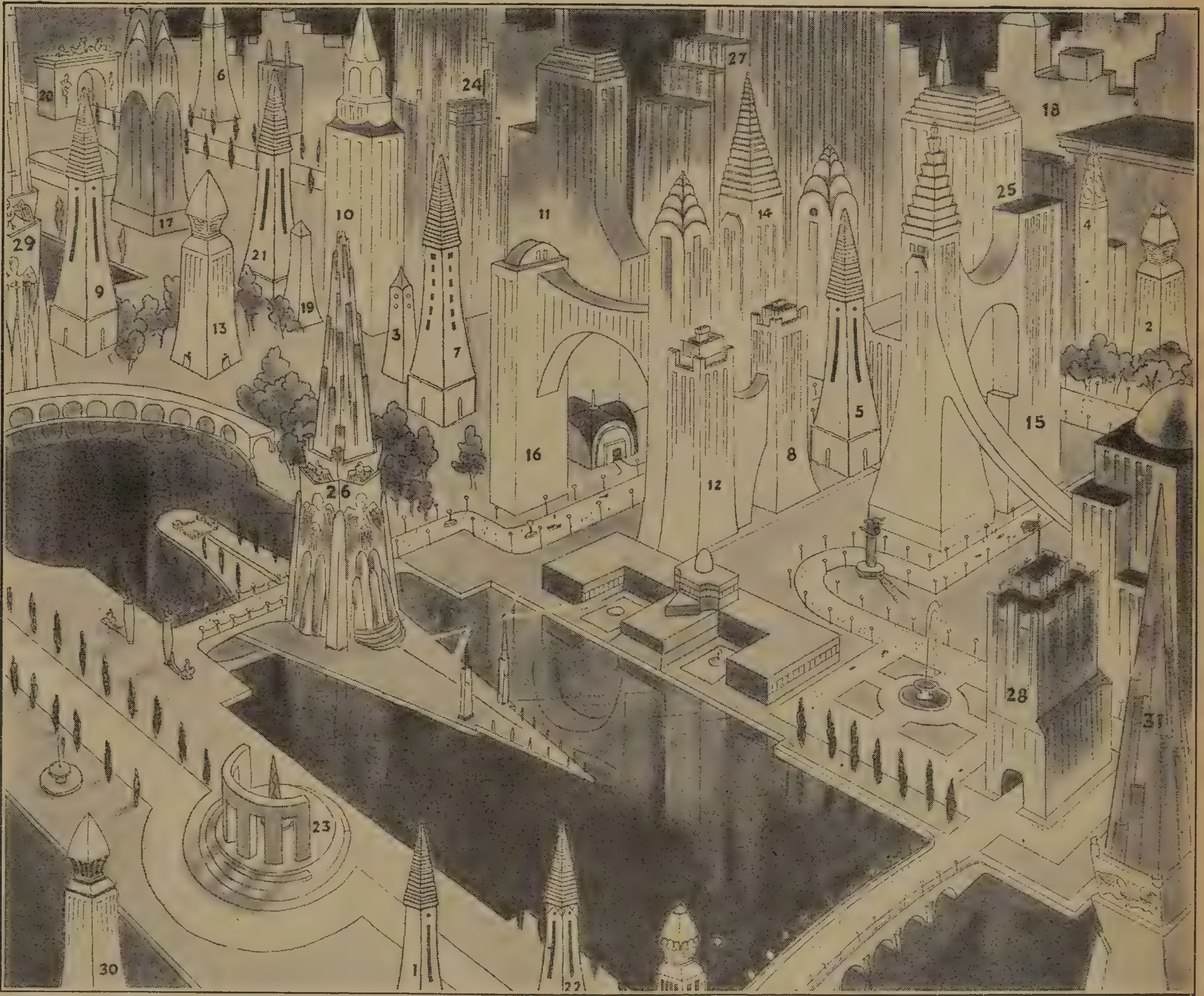


ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF CHICAGO CENTENNIAL WORLD'S FAIR

"2 extra shaves?

I'd make it 3 or 4, Jim."

NOAH BEERY

Famous Star of First National Pictures

"Since when have you become so cautious, Jim? 2 extra shaves? I'll say that's conservative . . . I made the test as you asked me to. I get 3 or 4 more shaves per blade with Mennen. Good shaves, too—every one of them cool and clean—without any 'cuts' or 're-takes' . . ." So says Noah.

. . . . Well, maybe I *am* "cautious." But my guarantee has no ifs and no buts . . . Try Mennen. Count the shaves. If you don't get *at least* two more good shaves from every blade I'll refund you the full purchase price . . . .

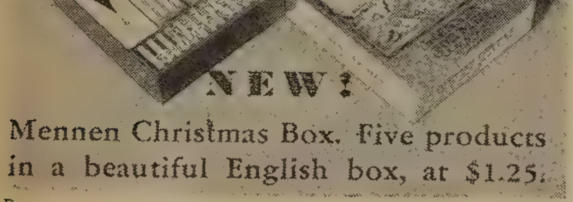
Mennen shaves are *good* for your skin. The lather floats out pore-embedded dirt. That dirt is one of the chief causes of blackheads, pimples and other blemishes. Wash it away—and you have a really clean, clear skin.

. . . Two Mennen creams to choose from: (1) *Menthol-iced* with its triple-cool tingle; (2) *Original*, with the famous, smooth quick lather.

Jim Henry
Mennen Salesman

MENNEN SHAVING CREAMS

2 KINDS: ORIGINAL—MENTHOL-ICED



Mennen Christmas Box. Five products in a beautiful English box, at $1.25.

THE DEATH OF MICKEY McGUIRE
Continued from page thirty-six

graph car, in the company of some of the general's *dorados*. Accommodations were none too good, so while Villa was reorganizing his army in Aguascalientes, I asked him for a freight car of my own. He granted the request immediately, gave the necessary orders, and the chief of his transport department walked through the railroad yards with me while I picked out the newest and cleanest freight car I could find. It was a big 60,000-pound box car belonging to the Northern Mexico Railroad. We commandeered a switch engine and shunted the car into the railroad shops, where orders were given to provide me with any material or labor necessary to transform the car into a real side-door Pullman.

We went to work with a will. There was a certain amount of pride and egotism in back of General Villa's generosity. I was the only war correspondent with him and my presence indicated—at least to him—that my dispatches might be a lasting chronicle of his military achievement. The first order for the reconstruction of the car was given by General Villa himself. He had painters put a proper sign on the side of the box car. There was a large three-foot circular sign that read: "La Tribuna, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.," beneath which, in boxcar letters, were the words: "Oficina Particular del Corresponsal Especial"—meaning, "Private Office of the Special Correspondent."

The large aperture made by the sliding side doors of the car was screened in with fly screening, and further equipped with a sliding screen door. Windows were cut near both ends of the car. Two partitions were built in across the width of the car. This made a center compartment which was a reception room, dining room, and business room. On the other side of one partition was my private sleeping compartment with a typewriter desk and bookcases on the wall. Also a very nice mirror that had been torn bodily out of the ladies' dressing room of a Pullman car.

YOU know those long leather divans in the smoking compartments of the old-fashioned Pullman cars. I mean the kind whose backs folded outward so that they could be made into two bunks—they were very fine and expensive pieces of furniture. The colonel in charge of the interior decorations in my private car ripped two of these out of a Pullman and fixed them in the general reception room of my box car. One was attached to each one of the wooden partitions and they provided excellent sleeping facilities for a staff of four people. One bunk was for Bob Dorman, an American photographer; another for an American interpreter who also sold automobile tires to the army and whose name escapes me at present. The other two bunks were occupied by two Chinese servants who spoke no English and very little Spanish. The Chinaman who was the cook we called Schultz and his assistant answered to the name of Muldoon.

Villa gave me a special train order so that my car was attached to a passenger train, and I made a hurried trip to Juarez, where we loaded up with supplies — American supplies, purchased in El Paso, Texas. Then back again, down into the interior, to join Villa at Aguascalientes for his drive against Obregon.

I arrived in Aguascalientes several days after the burial of Jack Mayes—a San Francisco aviator who flew for Villa. A dead motor caused his plane to crash in a garden in Aguascalientes, and when Jack was pulled from the wreckage it was found that his neck was broken. He was buried there beside that garden wall. And it was there that I met his friend and fellow flyer—Mickey McGuire.

MICKEY was about twenty-five years old. He stood about five feet four, weighed a slight hundred and ten pounds, and had a face with the map of Ireland on it from ear to ear. He had a broad grin full of teeth, and blue eyes full of dancing imps. He had youth and courage; he loved life and people; he had a heart the size of a pumpkin, and danger was as necessary to his existence as salt.

Mickey came from Grand Rapids, Michigan, and he called himself the Wild Irish Rose of the Sky. Remember, this was back in the early days of aviation, when flyers wore checked caps with the peak turned backwards. Mickey liked sporty-looking salt-and-pepper suits and red-striped shirts, and whenever possible he wore a flower in his buttonhole.

After joining up with Villa, he affected a more military attire, and manifested a preference for green silk handkerchiefs that he wore around the neck.

He lived in the aviation cars, which were carried on a special train. There were several other flyers with him, and one ex-sailor from the American navy. This sailor knew how to make aviation bombs. They would be made out of three-inch Schneider shells with concussion fuses on one end, and a band with a sort of a weather-vane flange on the other end, like feathers on an arrow.

The planes Villa had were old B-model Wrights, the old kind in which the pilot sat on an exposed seat out in front and warped the wings with two side levers. The planes rolled on light bicycle wheels.

Mickey gave Villa his first demonstration of these planes at León, to which place he moved his army for the oncoming battle with Obregon. León is many miles south of Aguascalientes. It is located in a broad valley, which has an altitude of some four or five thousand feet. I mention this altitude because it greatly increased the difficulty of launching the planes with the low-powered motors then obtainable. Mickey complained about the planes being underpowered, but he offered to give Villa a demonstration of their effectiveness as bombers. Villa himself arranged the test.

A flock of several hundred sheep was driven into a field several miles from the town, and Mickey was ordered to fly there, drop a bomb in the flock of sheep, and return to the air field. Villa and his staff stood on one side of the field as Mickey flew over, unable to get the plane more than three or four hundred feet up into the air. He dropped the shell in the center of the flock, and blew a thousand pounds of mutton and wool all over the landscape.

Villa applauded the success of the test, rode back to the air field, and congratulated Mickey—told him that he was *muy valiente*, and said, "To-morrow it will not be sheep but Carranzistas that you will blow into the air." And for many days thereafter Mickey would fly southward from León—only a matter of five or six miles—to the enemy lines. These lines were not trenches dug by the army. That was too much work. They were large, deep irrigation ditches that traversed the valley from side to side.

I HONESTLY believe Mickey McGuire did the first aërial bombing that was ever done in America. There were no special or patent bomb racks to hold the three-inch Schneider shells. Mickey simply lashed them to the side of his seat with clothesline. Then, with his black-and-white check cap on backwards, a side lever in either hand, and a stiletto clinched in his teeth, he would speed up his puny motors, and launch himself into the air.

The weak motors did not permit him to get more than four or five hundred feet off the ground and the speed of the plane was hardly more than forty or fifty miles an hour.

Arriving over the enemy lines, he would be met by a blast of rifle fire from the irrigation ditches. Every Carranzista for half a mile on either side of his flight would stand up and blaze away.

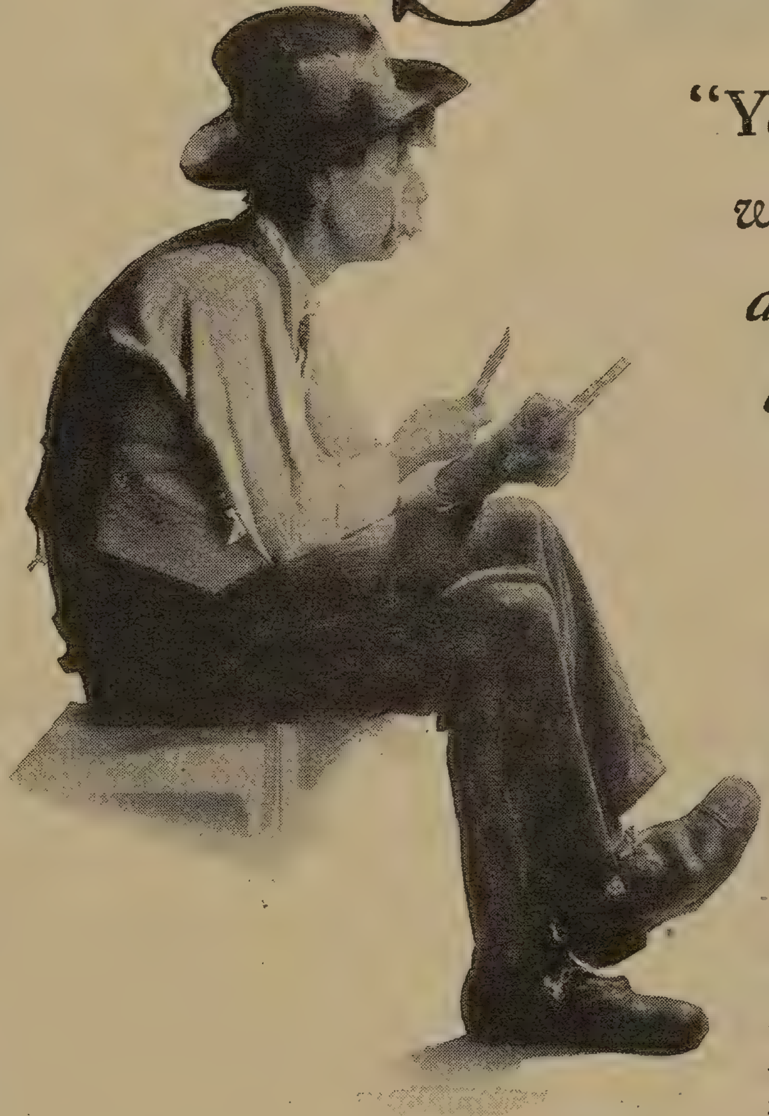
Mickey would hurriedly take the stiletto from his mouth, cut the clothesline, drop the bombs, and fly back to the field in León. His plane usually had from one to a dozen bullet holes through it, but some miracle seemed to pull him through unharmed.

How we would celebrate his returns! Schultz and Muldoon would cook up a swell banquet in my car and Mickey would bring his three troubadours—three minstrels—who played the guitar and sang while we dined.

Mickey had adopted a Mexican boy —a *muchacho*—and he rigged the kid out in a smart uniform and leather puttees. The boy was about eight or ten years old and he and Mickey maintained a burlesque military discipline. They stood up and saluted each other upon meeting, and Mickey would ask the boy, before us, who he was.

And the *muchacho*, with his hand stiffly at the salute, would reply: "Yo soy jefe del estado mayor de la

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



"Chic" Sale—
The Specialist
says
"You can't tell what's inside a BOTTLE by the way it Sloshes"

[Continuing a NEW SERIES by the Famous Author of "THE SPECIALIST" and "I'LL TELL YOU WHY"]

THERE ain't anything more disconcertin' than feelin' around in a dark closet or medicine cabinet and gittin' the wrong bottle. Chances are you'll git the hair tonic and drink it down. Of course you know you are wrong when you taste it, but it's too late then.

Well sir, as long as there are bottles we'll make these little mistakes. You can't tell what's inside a bottle by the way it sloshes. The safest way is to git these little chocolate tablets in a tin box. It ain't only safer, it's cheaper. Ordinarily after you empty a bottle you can't use it again, but you can put fish hooks in a tin box.

"Chic" Sale

"FEELIN' around in the dark" is a poor policy when it comes to selecting a laxative.

It's a far safer policy to follow the lead of medical science.

And there's real medical authority behind the laxative ingredient of Ex-Lax, "those little chocolate tablets."

You can take Ex-Lax with perfect confidence. Ex-Lax is gentle. Ex-Lax is safe. Ex-Lax is not habit-forming. Ex-Lax won't gripe you. Ex-Lax will never embarrass. Ask your druggist for Ex-Lax—take one or two tablets tonight—and see how much better you'll feel in the morning!

Keep "regular" with
EX-LAX
The *safe* laxative
that tastes like Chocolate

Free SAMPLE COUPON
THE EX-LAX COMPANY, Dept. L-1130
P. O. Box 170, Times Plaza Station
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Kindly send me the free sample of Ex-Lax.
Name...
Address...
City.............................State..............
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GLOVER'S Mange Medicine for treating Sarcoptic Mange. Kills mange mites and germs. An antiseptic, stimulating the healing of inflamed skin.

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GLOVER'S

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DOG MEDICINES

119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

THE DEATH OF MICKEY McGUIRE
Continued from page thirty-nine

brigada McGuire." Meaning, translated: "I am the chief of staff of the McGuire Brigade."

Although Mickey spoke no Spanish and the kid spoke no English, the two were inseparable.

At night, after our celebrations in the railroad yard, we would hire a private streetcar to go the two miles to town to hear the band play in the plaza. These cars were about twenty feet long and were drawn by horses. The *muchacho* and Mickey's three musicians would pile in. We would charter the car for the evening, and take on free what passengers we chose. By a slight movement of our weight, Mickey, on the front platform, and I, on the back, could derail the car very easily. This incident usually spilled the musicians, but everybody would laugh as we piled out and lifted the car back on the track.

And so Mickey lived and danced and fought in those last days and nights of his life. I rather believe he suspected that his life was to be a short one, and I could hardly blame him for wanting to make it a merry one.

ONE hot afternoon I was working at my typewriter in my car in the railroad yard when I heard a crying boyish voice screaming: "Señor, Señor Corresponsal!" I looked through the fly screen on the side door of the car into the tear-wet face of the little uniformed chief of staff of the Brigade McGuire.

"Meeky—Meeky," he repeated between sobs, as he climbed into the car. Mickey had been shot down. Returning from a successful bombing expedition over the enemy line, he had managed to bring his plane back to the air field although he was suffering intense pain from a bullet wound through the breast and was fainting from loss of blood.

His bullet-riddled plane had crashed and Mickey had been taken from the wreckage unconscious.

To get to the hospital cars at the other end of the yard as quickly as possible the interpreter and I and the boy ran along the tops of the box cars. Climbing down, one of my spurs caught and I took a backward dive to the ground below, seriously spraining a wrist. We pushed on to the operating car. There I learned that Mickey had a fractured skull, and that his right leg was broken—this in addition to the bullet wound.

The surgeon in the car proposed immediate amputation of the broken leg. I protested violently. I believed that the shock would at once result in death and I insisted that the operation be held up until Dr. Wichman could see the boy. Dr. Wichman was six miles away, at the front, but my interpreter put his request through by telephone to General Villa himself, and the general issued the orders that withdrew Dr. Wichman to León.

UPON Dr. Wichman's arrival an hour later, Mickey was removed by stretcher to his bunk in one of the aviation cars.

Dr. Wichman and I, with cotton and toothpicks and forceps, removed the splintered bone, teeth, and dirt from Mickey's broken jaw. When I spoke to him he could only answer by a groan, but in that groan he indicated that he knew me. Wichman said there was only one chance to save his life and that was to get a special train and rush him back over the mountains to the big railroad hospital at Aguascalientes. My interpreter arranged this with the head of Villa's transportation, the aviation car occupied by Mickey was cut out from the train, a caboose was hooked on in back, a passenger locomotive in front, and with the right of way cleared for us as a special train we took Mickey McGuire on his last train ride.

He died two days later in the hospital at Aguascalientes, and we buried him there in that garden beside the grave of Jack Mayes.

Next week Mr. Gibbons will tell of the valiant, futile charge of Villa's army in the battle that dashed the general's hope of conquest.

Liberty is offering

$100 Apiece

for Short Short Stories

THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 220 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

Double Indemnity

A Short Short Story

By

JAMES R. CROWELL

newspaper reporter, editor, and foreign correspondent, the latter work taking him throughout Europe and South America. He lives in New Jersey now, and for the last eight years has devoted himself to magazine work. Two of his serials have been published as books.

(Reading time: 5 min. 13 sec.)

FOR the meek Mr. Clarence Willoughby, so shy that his little mustache seemed to suffer chronic embarrassment and his Adam's apple to offer everlasting apologies, the trumpet of Gabriel had this day tooted its funereal swan song. It was the end of the world.

Bright and early tomorrow the sheriff would walk into The Village Book Mart, which Mr. Willoughby had nursed these twenty-two years at the barest of profits, and evict the frail and inoffensive person of Mr. Willoughby from the dearly beloved premises forever. When that cataclysmic moment arrived, Mr. Willoughby was quite sure he would die. So now, after many hours of troubled thinking, he had determined to take time by the forelock. He would beat the cruel law by dying before the sheriff arrived.

Mr. Willoughby was quite resigned. He had gone over the whole calamitous situation from beginning to end. Total liabilities, $4,994.81; total assets, $53.47 in the bank, $3.75 in his pocket, plus the stock of old and new books, value indeterminate. In more ways than one, he had reasoned, it was better to make his exit from the misunderstanding world at this time. He had had his measure of happiness. For twenty-two years he had spent twelve wonderful hours each day among his books, from 8 A. M. to 8 P. M. Without them life would be a barren waste. Books were all he knew. He would be an encumbrance on society, a drag on both Mrs. Willoughby and their fifteen-year-old son, Anatole France Willoughby.

Best of all, the reconciled Mr. Clarence had concluded, he would be worth more dead than alive. Somehow or other, he had always managed to keep the premiums on his five-thousand-dollar life-insurance policy paid. Mrs. Willoughby would get that money, and the creditors could not touch it. It would help to finish the education of Anatole France. At least, he hoped so. Anatole had been a bit of disappointment. He was always talking about the big jack—whatever that was—the big jack there was to be made in bootlegging. His interest in literature stopped with the tabloids. His great chum was the Speevak youngster, who had just been run in for his brazen, single-handed stickup of Morris Perlman in Mr. Perlman's Bon Ton Jewelry Store, up in the Bronx.

It was beyond Mr. Willoughby why Mrs. Willoughby was always insisting that Anatole would do greater things than Mr. Willoughby had done. Sometimes he wished Mrs. Willoughby would read more and spend less time in the company of Dingle, the vacuum-cleaner salesman.

NIGHT had fallen. Mr. Willoughby walked for the last time among his delightful old friends. He said goodby to Chaucer. He nodded farewell to Spencer. He bade adieu to Keats. He shook hands with Hugo, Hawthorne, Zola, Thoreau, Conrad, Epictetus, Emerson. When he came to Anatole France he lingered. He drew Anatole, his greatest favorite, out of the rack and patted him on the back. It had been his ambition to make his own Anatole like this Anatole, but the complexity of modern life had interfered.

On the way out he passed a table containing shopworn copies of the latest books. They were his best sellers. He plucked Peggy the It Girl from the pile, and, with a display of temper really foreign to his gentle disposition, flung her to the rear of the store. There was a crash, and Mr. Willoughby knew that Peggy had bumped Plutarch into oblivion from the dusty pedestal where he had been standing securely for more than twelve years. Too bad—he was very fond of Plutarch.

Mr. Willoughby locked the front door of his basement shop after him. Reaching the pavement, he glanced around, a trifle bewildered. He had forgotten something. Oh, yes; come to think of it, he had not decided on the ways and means, only on the end. Really quite negligent of him—it was a detail requiring immediate attention. He pondered. A gong clanged. Looking up, he saw a northbound street car approaching. Good! He liked to ride on street cars—it was so exhilarating. He would ride. He would rest while he thought while he rode.

COMFORTABLY seated in the street car, Mr. Willoughby studied the various popular methods of quitting life, matching the relative merits of one against the other. Gas, he had always understood, was rather nice. But where, outside the kitchen ranges, was gas to be found in this provokingly modern city? No, gas was out. Well, then, what about taking a quiet little stroll out to the middle of Brooklyn Bridge and dropping down into the East River? No, they might never find him, and in that event there would be trouble about collecting the insurance.

Of course, there were always bullets—

There *were* bullets. Bang, bang, bang, bang! Mr. Willoughby distinctly heard bullets. They were whistling all about the very car in which he was riding. One of them had just shattered a window opposite to him. And people were shouting. And the six other passengers had flattened themselves in the aisle for safety. And outside in the streets everybody was scurrying hither and thither. And police whistles were blowing. And a rat-faced little fellow, with smoking gun in his hand, had just this minute jumped on the rear platform of the car. And now he was moving to the front, shrilling a command to the motorman to put on more power.

Mr. Willoughby gasped, not from fear, but from sheer joy at the superb plan of action which had unfolded itself to him at lightning speed. Into the car had stalked Death, to help him out of his perplexities. He would spring upon the rat. The rat would shoot him. It would be a violent death, and involuntary. And there in his insurance policy—he could almost see the very wording itself—was the clause which provided double indemnity for his heirs in case he met with violent death. Ten thousand dollars for Mrs. Willoughby and Anatole, instead of five. . . .

The rat was in front of him. With muscles made live and virile by exultation over this great stroke of fortune, Mr. Willoughby pounced from his seat, his eyes opened wide to take in their last view of mortal things. A bend in the tracks—the car lurched. With a terrible smack, Mr. Willoughby's head plowed into the rat's chin, and they fell to the aisle, locked in each other's arms.

Mr. Willoughby looked down at the prostrate form under him. The rat was still out cold from the impact, and Mr. Willoughby still straddled him, scratching his head in wonder. A cop bustled into the car.

"Who caught him?" he demanded.

"The runt—all by himself," a passenger informed him.

"Lucky guy! Ten thousand dollars reward for that bird."

Mr. Willoughby hoped he could put Plutarch together again.

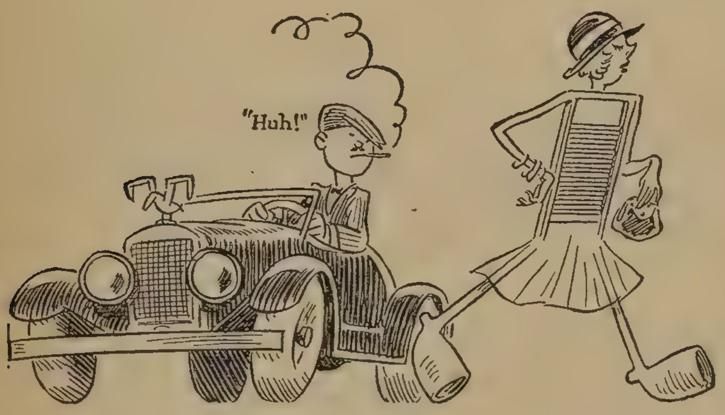
THE END

Vox

Let's See—What Brought This Up, Anyway?

New York, N. Y.—For anyone whose mentality is not below par, there should be very little, if any, difficulty in telling a good girl from a bad girl, even though both do " paint, pet, and smoke."

Why should we, after spending a large part of an evening trying to entertain some man, be inconvenienced to the extent of walking home just because he thinks it his prerogative to investigate our morals? If, as " Male Reader " implies, he is desirous of finding a " good girl," why place her in the embarrassing position of feeling she should walk home?



Besides, we all haven't " pipe-stem legs and washboard chests," believe it or not.—*Anne Redding.*

You Don't Know Your C. O.

Sacramento, Calif.—The story by Cornell Woolrich, entitled " Soda-Fountain Saga," in my opinion was subtle and delicately written.

In fact, I am still somewhat puzzled as to how a dose of castor oil can foil a bank holdup.

But perhaps Cornell Woolrich's logic is sound. Anyway, the wardens of the penitentiaries could try the idea on their discharged cons by giving them a shot of c. o. Maybe it would deter them from starting in where they left off.—*R. L. C.*

Time Out for a Little Science

Montreal, Que.—I have studied asthma, bronchoscopic, dermatology, fractures, gastro-intestinal troubles, general medical, laryngology, metabolism (diabetic), neurosurgery, neurology, orthopaedic, ophthalmology, psychiatry, paediatrics, pneumothorax, gynaecology and a lot of other surgical things. You might think I'm crazy to have studied so many things, but I find your editorial of the October 11 issue a bit crazy too.

You're wet. Why? Because you're getting paid to write wet verse. If alcohol was good for the brain and body, why doesn't boxers and runners use some? I, too, would work for bootleggers if I got paid for it.

I am a teacher of the above-mentioned and my students sometimes read your magazine, but if you persist in knocking a good thing like prohibition I will use my influence on telling them some things.—*(Prof.) Mike Murphy.*

Tucson, Ariz.—I have been making a scientific study of boobery in the United States. Among other things I am gathering statistics as to the exact number of boobs in this country.

I was at a loss how to ascertain the number until it dawned upon me that all the boobs would be reading Liberty. So I looked up the magazine and saw on the front 2,250,000 readers. So I listed 2,250,000 boobs in my notebook.

However, if there should be any readers of Liberty who have a reason to suspect that they do not come under this classification I would be glad to hear from them and withdraw their names.—*Prof. Richard Stoney.*

Yes. For Example, How Did He Sit Down?

Topeka, Kan.—Some five or six years ago the Kansas newspapers published an item about an experienced wolf hunter outfitting himself (in Minnesota, as I remember) with an all-leather suit studded with nails, points outward. A picture of him in the suit accompanied the item.

With the suit he proposed to hunt wolves in Canada, throwing himself into the wolf pack armed with a knife but no firearm.

His experience was that firearms frightened the wolves to a distance, which prevented him killing a maximum number.

I have never seen any further account of him. If he went through with his proposed venture, an article on it should make very interesting reading.—*H. R. Zimmerman.*

See Page 80, October 11 Issue, Page 63, October 25, Etc.

Jackson, Miss.—I have been a reader of Liberty for many years. In all these years, I have been waiting to see a Mississippian carry off one of your great prizes. But not yet!

Now, I'm wondering if there is a prejudice between Liberty and Mississippi—or if we are really such " numskulls and dumb-doras " that we are not capable of doing such a stunt.—*A Mississippi Delta Queen.*

Into the Past

Leonia, N. J.—You conclude your editorial of October 18 on the 100 best novels by saying that not one of them is not worth reading. I take exception to one, Harriet Beecher Stowe's " Uncle Tom's Cabin." This work gives an utterly grotesque and pernicious picture of slavery as it then existed in the South. Never did a female skip over cakes of ice pursued by ferocious dogs with a child in her arms; the bloodhounds used to trace fugitives were inoffensive creatures.

The author of this book never spent more than a few days in the South, and either ignorantly or deliberately greatly helped to fan the flames that finally produced the most disgraceful blot on America's history—the Civil War.—*Walter Ball.*

Where?

Yakima, Wash.—
I'm a Liberty fan sore and blue.
My limericks didn't get thru;
My kid's sayings were bright,
Funny faces a sight!
Now I'm kickin' as Vox Poppers do.

That story of Viña Delmar's
Deserves some of Kate Cameron's stars,
But Katie herself
Should be put on the shelf;
She's too simple for this land of ours.

Your " mag " as a whole sure is swell.
That's all that I have left to tell,
Excepting to say,
I'll buy Liberty today,
But your contests can just go to ——
—*Laura Carbuhn.*

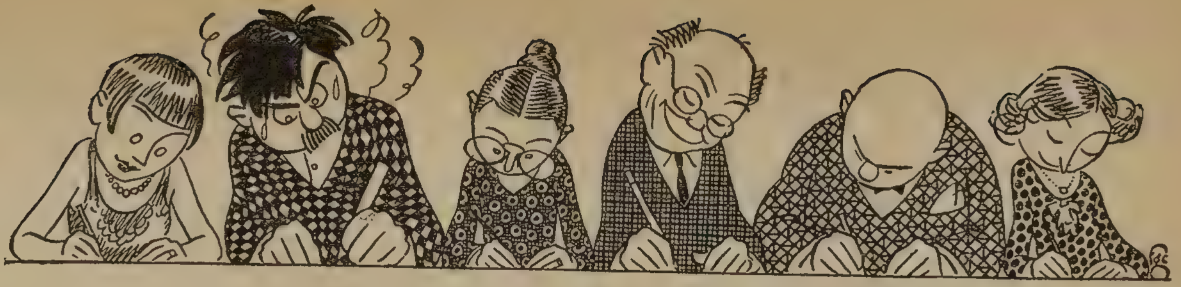
Plenty

Oakland, Calif.—I was so pleased to see the article on " Little Noise Abatement." I have tried to have such noises stopped, such as newsboys calling out the papers at six-thirty Sunday morning.

Then after they yell their head off they skip around the corner, and, if you arise to get a paper, they go so fast around, you are expected, I suppose, to run in your pajamas after them.

Seven or eight is plenty early enough for them to go around the residential district.—*Mrs. J. Clark.*

Pop



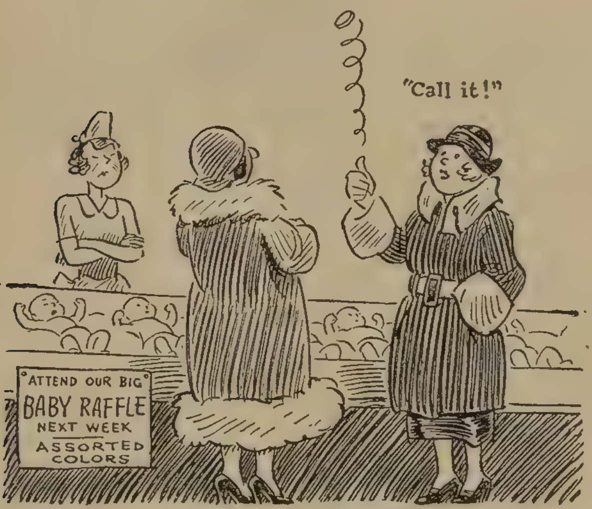
Apropos Grace Robinson's "Whose Baby Am I?"

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—What if the babies did get mixed! Nurses have too much responsibility as it is, without trying to control identity of little bundles of gelatine that *have* no identity.

The parents got a baby, didn't they? That's what they wanted, wasn't it? What's the diffs?—*Maternity Nurse.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Why all the rumpus about the babies? If Pa Watkins had been wise he'd never have said anything about the name label.

They could have settled the whole thing by matching to see which mother got which baby.—*Joe Duffy.*



Well, Yes and No

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Just wondered how my score stood on your 20 questions. Have kept track of same since first appearance. My average is 17 correct answers out of 20, or 85%. How am I—good or bad?—*Cæsar Augustus Pomeroy.*

It Is a Pleasure to Be Commended, Sir

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Several of our members have called attention to your splendid editorial in the September 27 issue of Liberty on "The Sport of Flying."

The aircraft industry is particularly appreciative of this type of comment. Aviation seems to be a subject about which almost everyone ventures an opinion, and yet few really have enjoyed the "sport" or "art" of flying.

It is a pleasure to commend you for your splendid editorial.—*William E. Berchtold, Aëronautical Chamber of Commerce of America, Inc.*

It Ought to Be Plain Sailing for Us from Now On

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Your magazine gets my goat. Why don't you make it one thing or another? The cover is dedicated to childish, puerile, asinine subjects with no sense, rime, or reason, and the contents devoted to lust, rape, gangsters, crime, and illicit love. Either devote your cover subjects to fit the reading matter or change your reading matter to fit the Sunday-school type of cover. You are a "Wolf in Sheep's Clothing."—*W. Williams.*

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—What is this Liberty going to do? Consolidate with the Detective Magazine? If you are, put it on the cover or leave out some of those crime stories, such as Floyd Gibbons, Pancho Villa, Corsair, and that Heist Guy.

You've even got Bert Green writing about these Reno dames pulling each other's hair out.—*L. P. Jones.*

HOPKINSVILLE, KY.—Thanks for giving us Floyd Gibbons again. He is the best ever.—*Kentuckian.*

FLUSHING, N. Y.—I believe the two million and a half readers of Liberty contain at least quite a number of men—"he men" with whiskers in the palms of their hands.

For heaven's sake, why don't you pick out a few short shorts with guts in 'em? No one cares about old ladies who threaten to poison themselves because they are old and still less do they care for a loose skirt who double-crosses their employer for firing her.

Give us something that men with copper insides can enjoy—rum runners, shooting, baseball, football, shooting detectives, crooks, or what have you.

So says one who has helped keep you alive, as witnessed by a stack of old Libertys—3 feet thick.—*Henry Seibel.*

It's Certainly Tough

BOSTON, MASS.—Why do you annoy me by telling me how much time I am supposed to need to read a story or article? "Not for Love" by Herbert Dalmas sounds O. K. Then: (Reading time: 24 min. 36 sec.). The idea! I will not be told how long a story takes to read. Then I say, "I wonder how near right the estimate is?" Look at my watch. Yea, even have I risen from a bed of ease to find said watch. Then I read and forget to look at my watch when I have finished, or, looking, forget what the time was when I began.

It annoys me, Mr. Editor; I don't want to be reminded of time when I'm enjoying Liberty.—*Saresta F.*

All Right, If You Say So

ROSEBURG, ORE.—Well, well! So, in one of your recent Libertys a "man" (such saps) asks you why you filled up your magazine with Jeanne Eagels and Mabel Normand. Well, take my advice; you have lots of admirers of Jeanne and Mabel. Don't quit, for heaven's sake!—*An Admirer.*

Please Get an Eyeful of This Week's Cover—Both of You

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Liberty is a 50-50 magazine—good and bad—which is all I believe anyone could expect for one little nickel.

In my estimation two of the best features are Vox Pop and the cover designs by Leslie Thrasher. Please keep both of them up.

Although I don't understand one thing; that is, what has become of the newcomer on the cover? Did Lil and Sandy conveniently leave him home alone until he gets old enough to go to the seashore with them?—*Birmingham Stenographer.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Please get some pleasanter covers for your magazine.

Why do you always have to have kids hurting each other, etc., as if it were something funny? I'd like something a little more inspiring.—*"Office Wife."*

P. S. Do you think we are all morons like yourself?

Must Be a Great Place for Dictionaries

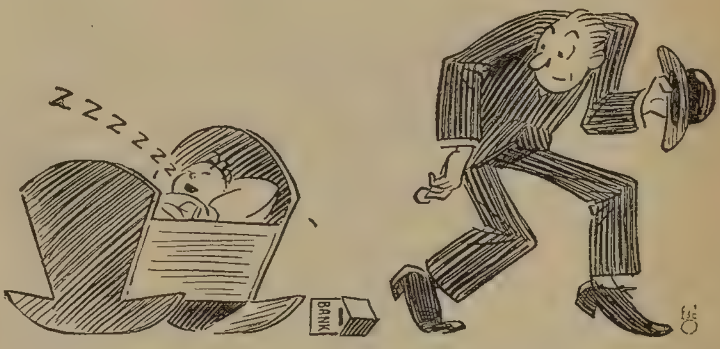
EDMONTON, ALTA.—I have just finished reading Beatrice Grimshaw's story "Ema, Ema, E!" and am wondering just what the natives of the South Sea Islands subsist on. She says in one paragraph:

"They were very generous with their magazines, as they were with all other kinds of food."

If the dusky natives of the South Sea Islands like magazines for a diet, there would be a good chance for Liberty to increase their circulation another million.—*Froth Blower.*

Like This?

TRUCKEE, CALIF.—I wish to goodness those Vox Poppers who ridicule Liberty would be caught as they rob the baby's bank and sneak out each week for Liberty, devouring it from cover to cover.



I further wish that each week thereafter, just at the moment they got the tiniest, tantalizing glance at Liberty's cover, it would be snatched from them, and openly enjoyed before them.

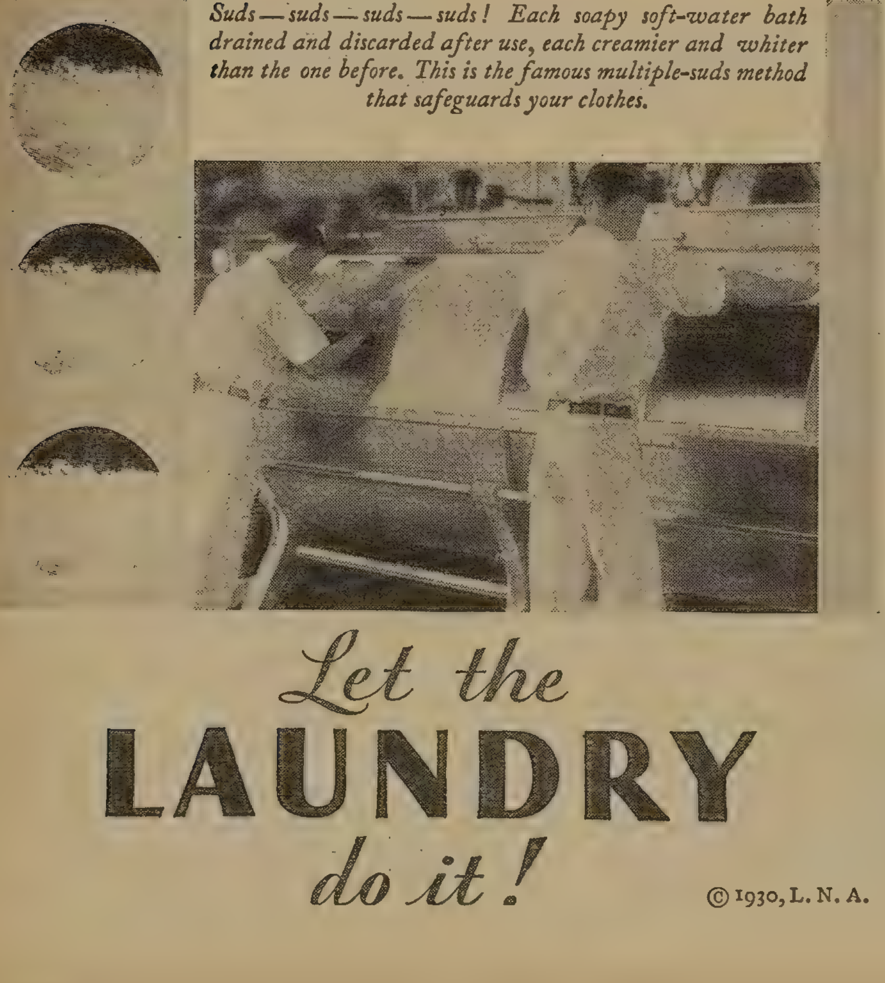
If it didn't cure—at least it would kill.—*A. C. Ahnquist.*

paying the price for HER MOTHER'S MISTAKE

How often the new home manager endures this wearying, bothersome task . . . when millions of women have found a way to let modern science lift the load!

SOMETIMES a well-intentioned mother will advise her newly married daughter against using the laundry. Perhaps because of a mistaken notion that laundry service is expensive. Perhaps because of an unfounded prejudice that "laundries are hard on clothes." And if she does not investigate for herself, the new home manager may go on week after week, doing her own washing. Paying the price in tired muscles, a disordered home, for her mother's mistake.

Actually, today's laundry service is amazingly thrifty! The damp or wet wash, for instance, costs but a few cents per pound. And the up-to-date laundry way, using only rainsoft water and the multiple-suds method, means safe, gentle washing plus absolute cleanliness. Try the present-day laundry in your community this week! *Sponsored by the Laundryowners National Association of the United States and Canada.*



Suds—suds—suds—suds! Each soapy soft-water bath drained and discarded after use, each creamier and whiter than the one before. This is the famous multiple-suds method that safeguards your clothes.

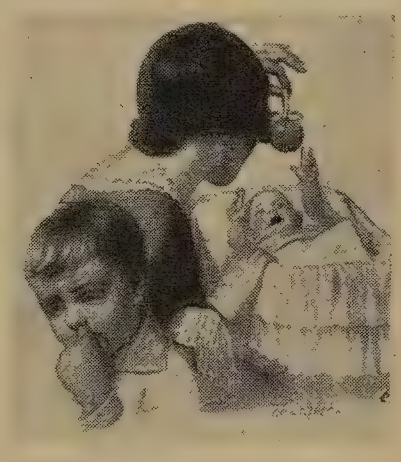
Let the LAUNDRY do it!

©1930, L. N. A.

Nose Out of Joint

A New FOR THE LOVE o' LIL

FOR three months the neighbors had been parading into Lil's front yard, up the steps, along the green hall runner and into the sunny nursery to admire the new baby. They speculated upon the ultimate color of his eyes, made mean remarks about the way his ears stuck out, and bemoaned his flat head.



This week's cover picture.

"I should think that doorbell would break," Lil told Nannie as she shuffled by the sitting-room door.

"Hang out an aquarium sign," Nannie mumbled. Then she opened the door and said with a blast of energy, "Nobody's home an'— Oh, have you got a present? Come in, Mrs. Smithers!"

"Yes, I have a present," Mrs. S. laughed in her loud voice that always gave Lil's ears the creeps. "A hotsy-totsy blanket with yittle blue wabbits."

"With what?" Lil called out.

"Yittle blue wabbits," Mrs. S. baby-talked, and she unwrapped a fuzzy blanket and shook it in Lil's face.

"Just what I needed," Lil fibbed. She had six blankets. "And such nice quality." This was a fib, too. Flynn's was advertising blankets like that for $1.89.

"I would've been around to pay my respects long before this," said Mrs. S., sniffing to see if she could smell any signs of afternoon tea, "but I was jealous. You with two fine boys and I with only a girl."

"I should think Gwendolyn would be harder to manage than six boys," Lil laughed. "Don't you get sort of panicky?" She was leading the way to the nursery door.

"Panicky? When she starts getting me in a panic, she'll get a good paddling! One that'll sound like rugs being cleaned on the clothesline."

"Gwen's a very pretty child," Lil said. She'd squelched her so many times to her face that she felt like standing up for her behind her back. "Why, when she's a subdeb, she'll be a raving beauty."

"*Raving?*" Mrs. S. laughed in an arena voice.

"Tiptoe in," Lil whispered.

"I can't," Mrs. S. whispered. "My heels are too Frenchy." Then, "You precious sleeping cherub!"

The cherub's eyes popped open. He began to kick. He cried like a squealing toy balloon. And he looked just as happy as a gargoyle with a grouch.

"Did I wake you up?" Mrs. S. asked him, bending over the crib and flashing her diamond ring. Then she sat down in a rocker and began to rock. "Tuck the new blanket around his tummy," she directed. "Maybe he's cold."

"Cold?" Lil asked, trying to keep her temper. "He's not cold. He's mad." She had to shout this last remark, the baby was making such a noise.

"Gwen punched me!" little Ulysses came bawling into the room. "Then she hurt my feelings."

But he might as well have been a fly on a church ceiling. Both women were sweetly waving and cooing at the baby.

"He'll smile in a second," Lil said, holding up a pink rattle and jangling it. "There, he *is* smiling!"

Poor little U. wasn't. Gwen had punched him in the jaw and hurt his feelings, but nobody would pay any attention to him. His nose was out of joint.

(Next week's cover adventure: Football)

Problems of Conduct

What Would You Do?

$100 Each Week for the Best Question
$200 Each Week for the Best Answers

Here Is This Week's Question

for which $100 has been paid to
LOUISE M. FRICKER
9350 Savery Avenue, Detroit, Michigan

Suppose you were happily married, and had four children, three boys and a girl, whom you had adopted when they were babies, and had brought them up to believe they were your own. One boy and the girl were always together, and when they were grown up loved each other devotedly.

Believing that their love was more than that of brother and sister,

1. Would you tell them that their dearly loved mother and father were not their own and that they were free to marry each other?
2. Or would you keep your secret, sparing your four children the doubt and anguish it would bring them, but at the same time preventing the boy and girl from living the happy married life to which they were entitled?

Answers to this question must reach us before midnight, November 22. They should be as short as possible—brevity will count in their favor. In no case should they contain more than 1,000 words.

THE RULES

1. Liberty invites its readers to submit problems of conduct similar to the problem which appears on this page. One of these will be published each week, and for those published $100 each will be paid to the persons who send them in.

2. Liberty invites its readers also to submit answers to these problems as they are published. For the answers which, in the judgment of the editors, are the best submitted each week, $200 will be paid, the $200 to be divided among the senders, and these answers will be published.

3. Problems and answers should be written on one side of the paper only—typewritten if possible—and should be brief. Problems stated in 150 words or less are preferred. Answers should not in any case contain more than 1,000 words, and should usually be much shorter than that. Brevity, always, will count in their favor.

4. It is understood that the decision of Liberty's editors will be final, both as to prizes awarded for problems and those paid for answers.

5. Entries—both problems and answers—should bear the sender's full name and address, and should be sent to PROBLEMS, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ENTRIES OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.

HOW would you answer the question on this page? Can you suggest a better one, or one as good? Try your hand at either—or both. As indicated in the rules below, Liberty is paying $100 each week for a suggested problem of conduct, and offering $200 for answers to each of these problems.

* * *

This week we are publishing four answers to the problem which appeared in Liberty for October 11, and dividing $200 among the senders, whose names appear below. The problem was:

What would you do if you were a man and you married a girl because she was going to have a child—

But you didn't love her—

And just before the baby was to be born the doctor told you that it was impossible to save the lives of both mother and child, but that one could be saved, and put the decision up to you?

The Winning Answers

By C. W. HAWKSLEY
444 Fortieth Avenue,
San Francisco, California

THE mother or the baby?

I believe I would be ethically justified in demanding that the child be saved. A fresh life is a new chance at happiness and usefulness to the world.

Perhaps I am prejudiced by my strong desire for children and my belief that present-day science and knowledge of child psychology give a modern baby wonderful opportunities. My own sense of being half responsible for the existence of this particular baby would make it precious to me.

My lack of love for the mother would make me distrustful of future

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

2
1
3
4
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Dr Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

happiness for her or me in marriage. My best bet, it seems to me, to salvage "my honor rooted in dishonor" would be to save the child.

By JAMES LEE HYLES
2314 Alaska Avenue,
Dallas, Texas

A HARD, difficult decision to reach! But because the child was a part of me—blood kin, the strongest tie—I think I would choose the child; and feel like a murderer the rest of my life for sentencing the girl to death.

This is a hard but just decision, in my estimation. I believe the child should come first because it has no say-so in the matter. It did not ask the gift of life—but the girl did risk, and knowingly, the penalty of death.

Boiled down, someone must pay. Why pick on the child? Isn't it the least to blame?

By WINONA M. GILLILAND
33 East 32nd Street,
Indianapolis, Indiana

IF I were a man who had married a woman whom I did not love, because she was going to have a child, and if, just before the birth, the doctor told me he could save the life of only the mother, or only the child, and left the decision to me, I would unhesitatingly tell him to save the mother.

I should come to this decision, not only for the sake of the mother and myself, but for the sake of the child. At best, the life of a motherless child is not a happy one, even when it is the child of a dearly beloved wife, and one whose coming was eagerly desired. But to be the unwanted child of an unloved woman, and to be denied even the love that this woman would probably give it, that, to me, would be too great a load to place on the shoulders of an innocent baby.

After the woman's ordeal was over, she and I could separate, if we wished, and I would be spared having to bring up a child whose every breath would be a reproach to me.

By MRS. HOPE REEDY
Box 152,
Florence, South Carolina

IF I were a man and had married a girl because she was going to have a baby—but I didn't love her—and just before the baby was born the doctor told me he could not save the lives of both mother and baby, and left the decision to me, I would reason thus:

I would not want to be branded a murderer by my conscience and my decision must be such as to give me the greatest peace of mind.

There is no thrill over the coming of a baby under such circumstances. I cannot think of it as a human life. To me it is not a reality. And the mother?—But this is what I would do:

We are married and the girl is not disgraced in the eyes of the world. When the affair is over we can live our lives apart. Should her young life be snuffed out because of a sin not altogether hers? The little grave of a baby I had not learned to love would not haunt me like the grave of a girl I had wronged, even though I did not love her. I would tell the doctor to save the mother.

Answers to the question in Liberty for October 18 will be published next week.

Poems You Ought to Know

Faith

By THOMAS CHATTERTON

[Thomas Chatterton was born in Bristol, England, November 20, 1752. After a meager education he tried to make a living in London by writing for newspapers. Reduced to destitution, he committed suicide in a lodging-house room, August 24, 1770. He had started to write poetry when he was twelve years old.]

O GOD, whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom globe surveys,
To thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill;
But what the Eternal acts is right.

Oh, teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy power,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

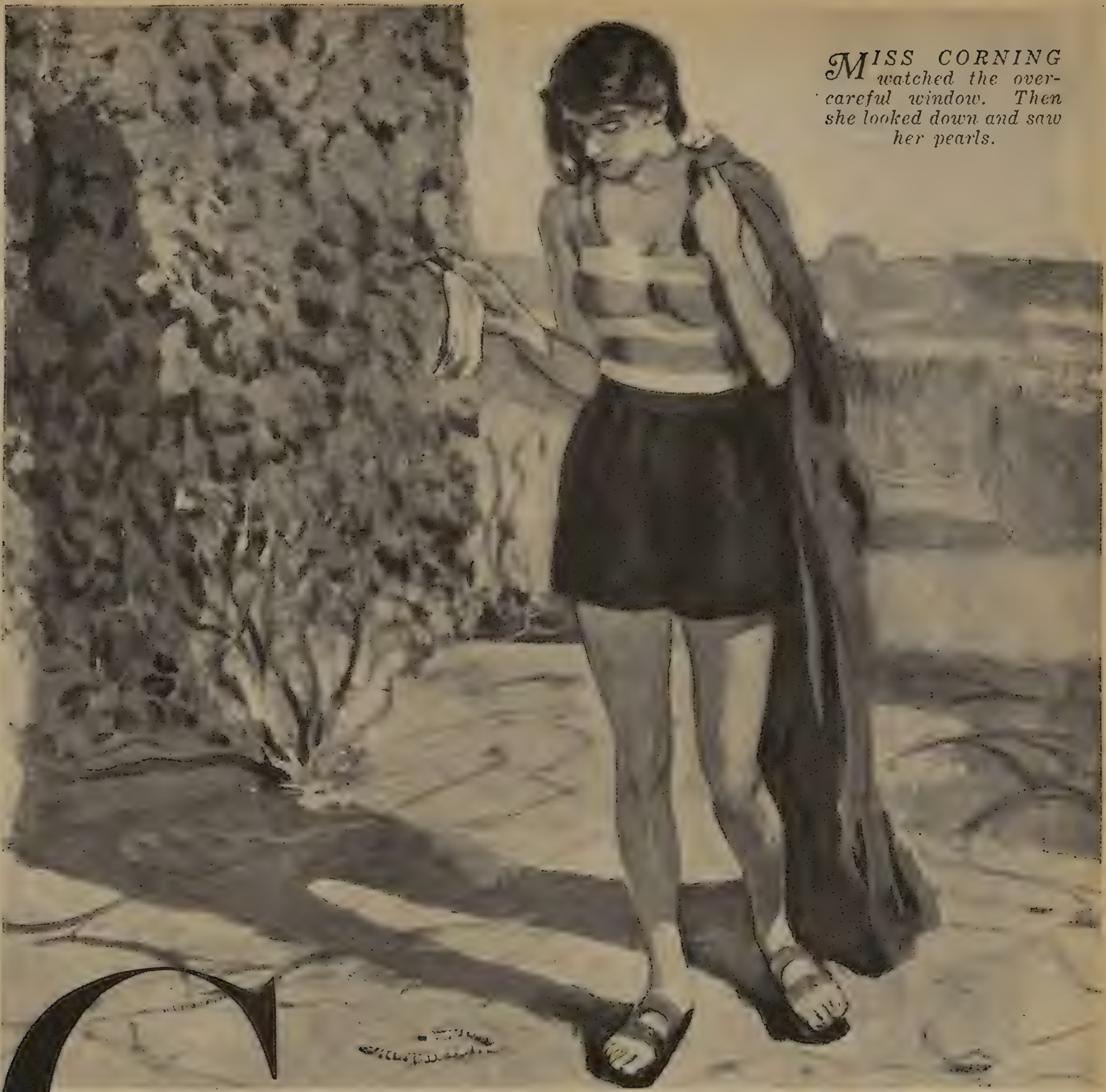
If in this bosom aught but thee
Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And Mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain,
Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

But ah! my breast is human still;
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resigned,
I'll thank the inflictor of the blow,
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my east, my sun, reveals.



MISS CORNING watched the over-careful window. Then she looked down and saw her pearls.

Corsair

The Love Story of a Modern Buccaneer

(Reading time: 30 min. 14 sec.)

THIS is the story of John Hawks, former football star who turned to ocean hijacking. While attending a house party on shore one night he was astounded to find some pearls which the heiress, Alison Corning, had mysteriously lost, resting in his own pocket. You can begin here and still enjoy what follows.

By

WALTON GREEN

Pictures by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

PART NINE—HAVANA-BOUND

JOHN slept but a few hours. When he awoke the sun was high. As he began to regain consciousness he experienced the subliminal uneasiness of the person who has gone to sleep on an unpleasant occurrence. What was it? Oh, yes—the pearls.

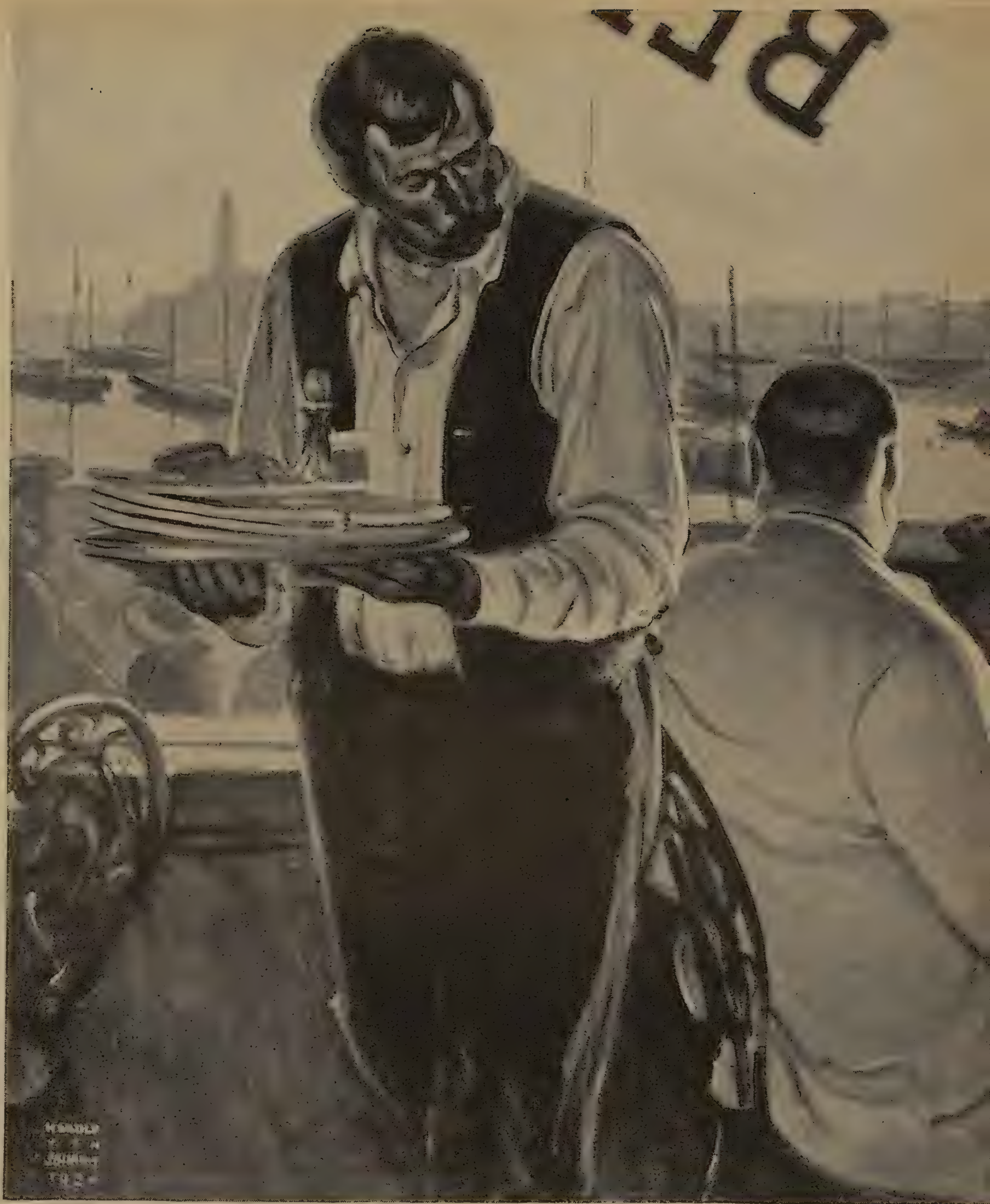
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

CORSAIR
Cont'd from page 47

He glanced at the projecting ledge of trim over his door frame, where he had laid the necklace lengthways. Fool place to put them. He ought either to have hidden them completely, or else roused the household the moment he discovered them. How explain keeping them overnight? Dog tired he had been; too mentally spent to decide what to do. But that wasn't enough.

Damn Slim and his pickpocket friends. And how, in heaven's name, had the woman ever got them into his pocket? He'd not been near her. Perhaps through Hermann himself. Ah, yes—the nudge in the ribs when Slim had come alongside him.

Confound him! Did he think that partners in liquor meant partners in sneak-thievery?



Slim looked coldly across the harbor, and changed the subject.

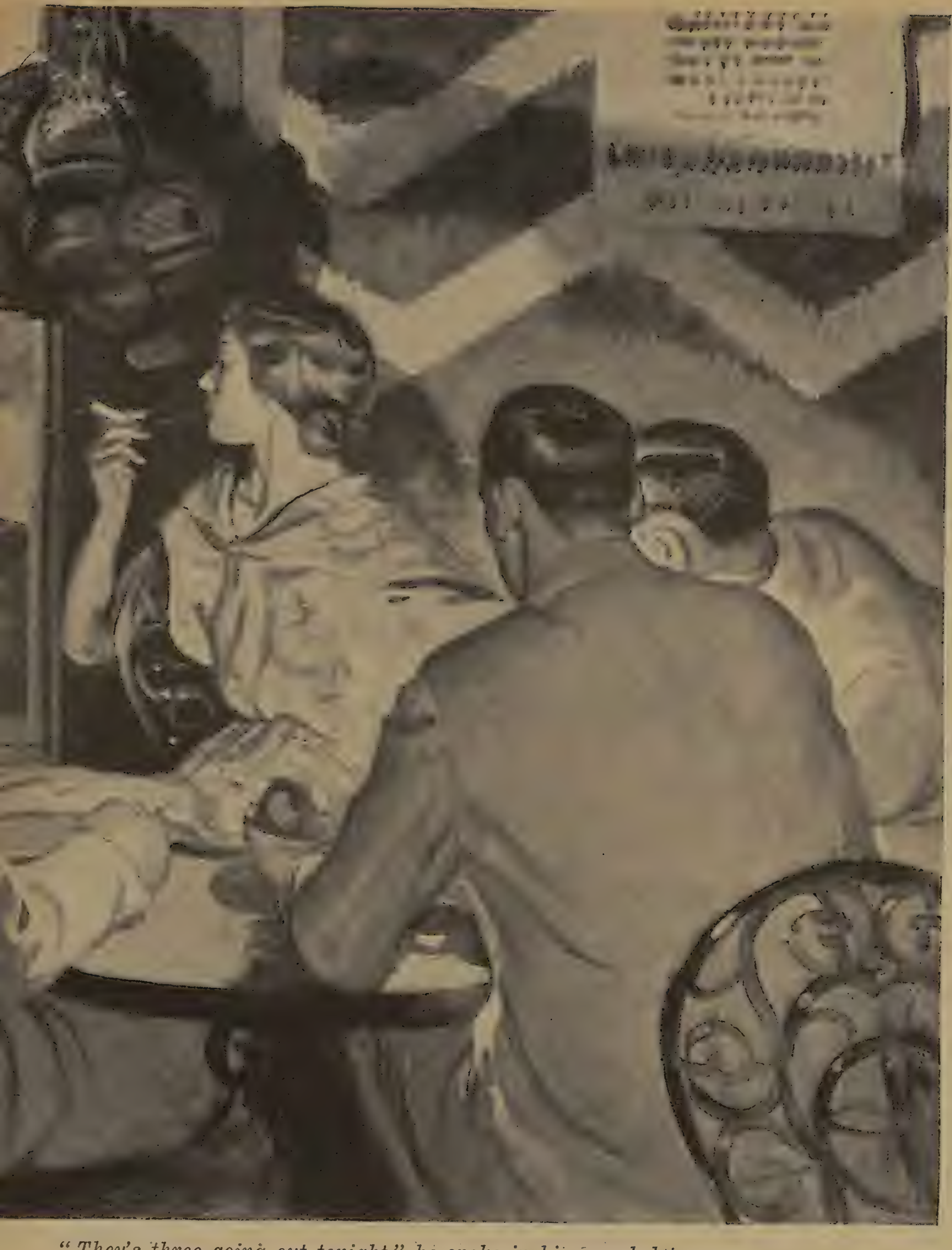
BUT now he must decide something, and quickly. Where lay his duty, his loyalty, his own selfish interest? How could he get the pearls back to Alison without involving Slim, without placing himself in a distinctly questionable light? Alison, of course, would believe him. But how about the rest of the crowd?

For the first time in his racketeering career, John Hawks was having the implications of his conduct brought home to him. Up to now everything had been adventure and direct action, action against men who were as antisocial as he, men whom he could look down upon with the torpid conscience of the thief who wars upon other thieves.

Antisocial John had become, and cured of his sentimentalism and mawkish righteousness; as antisocial and straight-seeing as the downtown crowd who had trained him and discarded him. But his sense of fair play—the sporting obligations of man to man, and gang to gang—was still thoroughly alive in him.

Confound it, there must be a difference between kinds of robbery, between whom and how you robbed. Not in theory perhaps. In theory he'd admit there was no ethical distinction between robbing the lawless or robbing the God-fearing; no distinction between selling liquor and buying it. Tell that to the marines. Theory didn't count in the face of fact. And the fact was—as he was beginning to realize—that it is morally meaner to be a professional seller of liquor than an amateur buyer. That was it, damn it!—the difference between amateur self-indulgence and professional self-interest. A gentleman might get drunk, but he wouldn't be a bartender; might gamble, but he wouldn't be a croupier; might sleep with women, but not traffic in them.

As for this Long Island crowd, they'd taken him up, made much of him, condoned and tolerated him for the diversion of their modernistic and sensation-seeking womenfolk. But that did not dissipate his own sense of cheapness. Society bootlegger, that's what he was. All the rage just now, bootleggers were. Some were born to it, and resigned from their clubs after they'd been caught and sent to jail. Some, like himself, were self-



"They's three going out tonight," he spoke in his guarded tone.

made. Don't get caught—that's the answer. Stay out of jail and get into clubs—later.

Yes, that was the answer. Don't get caught, and don't be cheap. Be big and bad and bold. No question of right and wrong involved; just a matter of how the inner man feels. For if there are any standards left in this day of feverish individualism, that inner standard must be the one to cling to.

Out there on the farm, before he had started, it had all seemed very simple. The conviction had been borne in on him that the great ones of the earth are essentially predatory and invariably antisocial. Easy enough, all that, on the farm, and still absolutely sound. But he had envisioned the grand and glorious finish, without thought for the mean and petty shifts that far too often dim the luster of final achievement.

John had learned a great deal. He had learned that to be great is oftentimes but to be a little more good than bad, a little more strong than weak, a little more wise than wicked. But he had not yet learned to take the intervening meannesses and badnesses in his spiritual stride.

Specifically, for instance, the necklace episode mortified him deeply. He was a hijacker—a pirate, if you like—shameless but robust, wrong but decent, ruthless but not mean. A pickpocket was mean. Hell! Was there no ethical shade between a robber and a card sharp? Was there no clear line between Chub the millionaire adventurer and Sophy Kolof the sneak thief? Where did Robin Hood leave off and Raffles begin?

ROBIN HOOD? Fiddlesticks! Of course he was no Robin Hood, or anything like it. No use trying to dramatize himself. A buccaneer in flannel trousers, a corsair in a dinner coat—that was the best he could claim for himself, and let the devil take the consequences. But not a Raffles either, by God. All mixed up and queer it was. Conflict of moral issues. He smiled sheepishly at the thought. Chub would see it, reason it all out in a minute. But hanged if he'd take Chub in on it. Bad enough as it was.

Well, he'd made his bed, and he must lie in it. Lie out of it, too. That was the next thing before him.

Yes; but how? How get the necklace back? Of course he might go up to the city and send it to Alison by mail. That would be simple. But, no. He didn't want the infernal thing about him a moment longer than he could help. He might be hurt in an accident on the way to town and the pearls found on him. He must get them out of the room; get rid of them at once.

He got out of bed and walked to the window. Still early—early at least for a Long Island morning after the night before. No sign of guests. It would be two hours yet before anyone was down.

His room overlooked the terrace where they had dined the night before. Ah, just the thing! They could readily have been overlooked in the dark, and the first person on the terrace this morning would find them.

He tossed the pearls in the general direction of where he judged their table had been. They fell on the bright green morning grass. To his guilty eye they loomed large and white as a new clothesline. Guiltily and softly he

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

CORSAIR
Continued from page forty-nine

closed his window. Then he proceeded, very leisurely, to shave and bathe and dress. Wouldn't do to be the first one down, by any manner of means.

But the first person on the terrace that morning did not find the pearls. It was the fourth person. Three menservants, not suffering from the late hours and incidental indulgences of their masters and betters, had been out two hours ago to clear up the débris and set things to rights.

The fourth person was Miss Alison Corning, who also had spent a restless night. So much so that she had betaken herself to the sea-water pool for an early morning dip. And now, rounding the arbor-vitæ hedge that screened the pool from the upper terrace, her ear was arrested by the faint but pervasive squeak that not infrequently accompanies an attempt to open or close a window with undue stealth.

Miss Corning looked up and watched the overcareful window. Then she looked down and saw her pearls.

Some two hours later Miss Corning and Mr. Hawks were conversing apart.

"So of course I told everybody that they were lying right where I dropped them last night," she was saying easily.

"Darn' lucky! Wonderful!" acclaimed John.

"And of course it was nothing of the kind."

"Eh?"

"I mean they weren't there when I went down to the pool, and the servants were still clearing up."

"How very queer," said John earnestly.

"Yes, isn't it? And the platinum clasp was broken, which couldn't very well have happened last night at dinner—unless Bentinck or Hopping chewed it off, and I don't recall anything of the sort."

"Ridiculous!"

"That's what I think," she agreed composedly. And then, with a cool suggestiveness that would have inflamed him at another time, "Of course you had plenty of chance yourself—going over in the car. But I did flatter myself your mind wasn't precisely on jewelry."

"Thanks awfully," grinned John, flushing a little, partly in relief and partly in reminiscence.

"At all events"—her tone was matter of fact again—"there they were on the bright green grass, looking as big and white as—as—"

"As what?" demanded John inanely.

"Oh, I don't know—as a ship's hawser I guess."

"Oh," he sighed with relief.

"But it's all very mysterious, don't you think, John?" She was looking straight at him.

"And then some," he agreed heartily. "D'you know what I think? I think someone took 'em as a joke maybe, and then lost their nerve. Darned silly joke. Practical jokes are mighty dangerous."

"I'M positive that someone took them," she said slowly, and her voice held a far-away note, "but I don't think they took them as a joke." John, still not looking at her, could not see the slightly wistful and infinitely mocking look that was deep in her eyes. "They took them and then lost their nerve—that's what I think. I loathe people who lose their nerve and don't go through with things—don't you?" she finished with sharp challenge.

"I certainly do," he agreed decisively. "But just exactly what do you mean? You don't think anyone in this crowd would have pulled such a stunt, do you?"

"Of course not," she said still more slowly. And then, with pointed irrelevance, "I don't mind a crook, but I hate a quitter." She turned from him and there was a faint lift of contempt at the corner of one thin lip.

He did not see her again for several months.

That afternoon John and Hopping drove up to New York. They reached Slim Hermann by telephone, and made an engagement to meet him later in the evening. They dined by themselves at the Fraternity Club, which is a sort of University Club for the sort of universities which speak of their colleges as "schools" and their clubs as "frats."

John had changed his mind on the drive up, and had given Hopping a full account of the necklace incident. And at dinner he propounded some of his own spiritual misgivings. Chub was amused, and not at all perturbed.

"Forget it, John," he said comfortably. "It's whole hog or none when you once start this sort of thing. For my part, I'm sorry you didn't keep the pretty little pearls. Ace in the hole never does any harm—and it'd give you something on Miss Corning, if you understand."

"I don't understand," said Hawks stiffly, "and I don't want anything on her."

"Of course, of course. What I meant was, you might give it to her for a wedding present"—and seeing the look in Johnny's eye—"when she marries the Honorable Bentinck, you know," he finished hastily, and without improving matters.

After dinner they walked up Madison Avenue and met Hermann at a drug store near Fifty-second Street. Slim escorted them around the block, stopping occasionally to window-shop and make sure they were not followed. Finally he doubled sharply on their tracks and led them back to a remodeled brownstone house not a hundred feet from Fifth Avenue. They walked up one flight of stairs and Hermann unlocked the door of an old-fashioned one-room-and-bath-in-a-closet apartment.

"Finest flops in the world, these old houses make," he explained. "No elevators, no switchboard, no clerks, no nothing. Sophe, here's the guys you gotta make your peace with."

THE Baroness Kolof—born Sophy Kolof of Hester Street, Polish Jewess and gangster moll since her fourteenth year—rose languidly to meet them. There was nothing spurious about her aloofness. Her working accent, when posing as a Russian aristocrat, she had indeed acquired in her two seasons playing stock in a road company. But the air of burnt-out indifference, the tone of faint contempt, her attitude of amused superiority to all men and all things—were wholly intrinsic to her. She smiled even less than Slim Hermann, and she loved him and was true to him. They were a gorgeously competent pair of thieves.

"I wanted Slim should bring you round, Mr. Hawks, so's I could tell you to your face how bad I felt about last night," she said at once, and quite simply. "O' course, neither Slim nor me knowed they was friends of yours, y'unnerstand?"

"Absolutely," said John, instantly propitiated.

Mr. Hopping, luxuriating in the theatricalism of the situation, and genuinely impressed by the woman's air of certain breeding, sprang to hold a match to the cigarette which she was tapping—tapping gently and abstractedly—with the tentative and uncertain touch that marks the fastidious-minded in their contacts with material objects. She had gorgeous hands, bonily thin and very long, and very slow in conscious movement, the kind of hands, thought Chub, that takes generations of breeding—or a lifetime of picking pockets—to produce.

Hopping was captivated. He proceeded to accord her a deference which all the Grenoble and Corning girls together could not have evoked. Chub knew class when he saw it.

John was talking to Slim Hermann.

"But I still don't see why you unloaded the pearls on me," he was objecting.

"Well, mister, when I seen Rothberg had made me an' Sophe, and that we was as good as tabbed, nachally I had to slip 'em quick. I figured you and your crowd—not that I knowed then who they was, y'unnerstand—would walk out clean and no questions asked. I figured I'd lift the collat—"

"Collat?" queried John. "I don't—"

"Jewelry," whispered Chub helpfully.

"I figured I'd take it off'n you later," continued Slim, "and you'd never know you'd kep' it for me, see?"

"Oh," exclaimed Johnny, "that's different! All right; let's forget the whole thing. The pearls are back where they belong—"

"You give 'em back to the goil?" demanded Sophy.

"W-e-l-l, not exactly. But she's got them, all right."

Miss Kolof was regarding him shrewdly.

"Does she think it was you that clipped her—took her pearls off'n her?" she persisted.

John laughed, a trifle too readily.

"No, indeed. She found them on the terrace where she'd evidently dropped them last night."

"I see," said Miss Kolof thoughtfully.

"I see," said Slim Hermann gravely. He lighted a cigarette and turned to the girl.

"How about a drink for these gents, Sophe? And if you want to warm me up a glass o' milk, it'd go good."

"Sure," said Sophy, and repaired to the bathroom-clothes-closet-kitchenette.

"They's another thing I got to wise you to, mister," Slim went on, "an' that's this: You fellers is getting hot around here—leastways your boat is hot—and it's time you changed the boat or worked some other waters."

"Who's after us?" demanded John. "Federal or state?"

"NOBODY—yet. And if it was just fly cops or coast guard," Slim said, "I'd get to 'em meself without troublin' you. But this is some of that Montreal syndicate you took last month. They're beefin' to O'Toole. Not that he wants to take notice, 'less'n you force him. But I figure—"

"We'll change both the boat and the terrain," interrupted John with decision. "Glad you brought it up, because the same thing has come to me from another angle. Now listen, both of you. The old pickle boat is going to disappear for a time. Next port of call will be Havana, about a month from now. I want to work those waters this winter—I've got orders from the Florida winter crowd—more than I can handle. And Havana's a good base."

"Couldn't be a better," observed Mr. Hermann laconically. "They's half a dozen international mobs—besides O'Toole himself—has headquarters in Havana."

"Exactly. And the next thing I want is someone on the shore end there—someone we can plant in the office of a man named Sir Oswald Ferguson. Do you know him?"

Mr. Hermann smiled his small smile of cynical omniscience.

"Ferguson? Sure, I know him. Goes by the moniker of Fish-face Ozzie. He's a English muzzler that useter ride the big liners as come-on man for English Harry Wallon when him an' Duke Lefferts was workin' the race-track pay-off racket in Floridy. The sheriff of St. Bernardine closed their big store an' throwed 'em out of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HIS TRAVELS ARE ALL ON A TYPEWRITER . . . YET HE HAS

"ATHLETE'S FOOT"

WHAT a life of adventure he leads! Daily he projects the exploring craft of his mind into the far corners of the world. His brain seethes with the plots and counter-plots of buccaneers and pearl-poachers. His nimble fingers click off the daring hazards of great deeds. But his feet wouldn't know the difference between a "trek" and a trolley-ride.

Yet this writer, at ease in his study and a stranger to leg-work, has a well-developed case of "Athlete's Foot." It's an attack by an enemy he can't describe or dispose of. *He doesn't even know what it is.*

**Many Symptoms for the Same Disease—So Easily Tracked into the Home*

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton*, is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply *everywhere.* The United States Public Health Service finds *"It is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time."* There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton,* has made itself a nuisance in America.

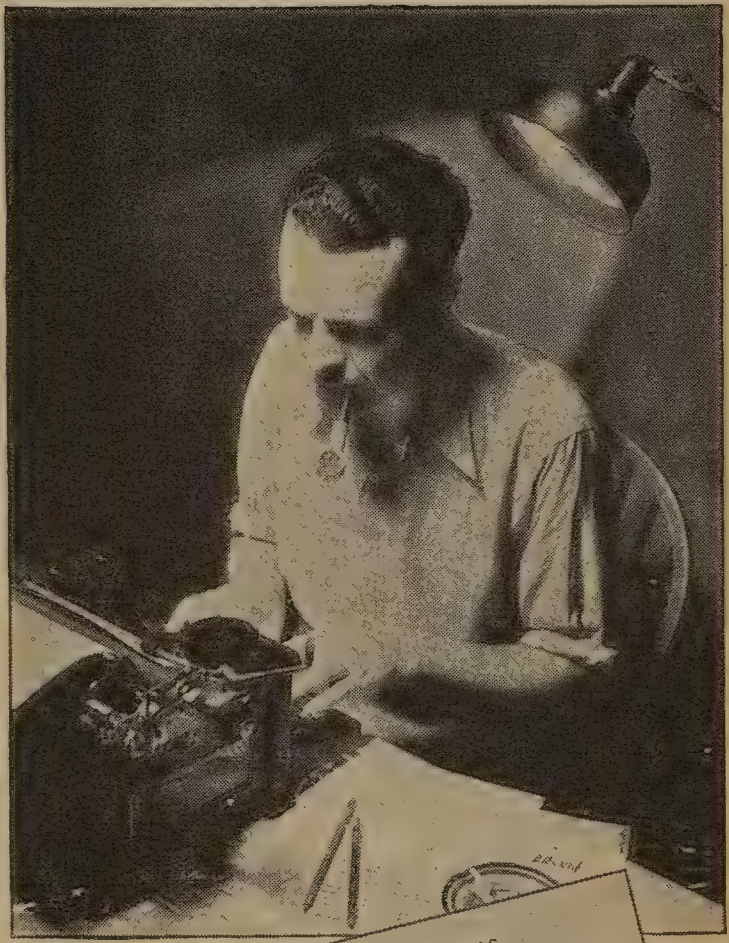
It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ.

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot."

Read the symptoms printed at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any one* of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night *and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.*

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price $1.25. For free sample write W. F. YOUNG, INC., 330 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.



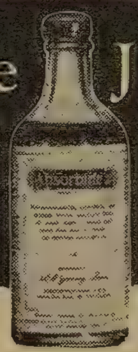
Also Relieves
SPRAINS AND STRAINS
Rubbed in, quickly soothes pain; reduces inflammation and prevents stiffness and lameness

*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

Absorbine Jr.

FOR YEARS HAS RELIEVED SORE MUSCLES, MUSCULAR ACHES, BRUISES, BURNS, CUTS, SPRAINS, ABRASIONS



[CORSAIR
Continued from page fifty-one]

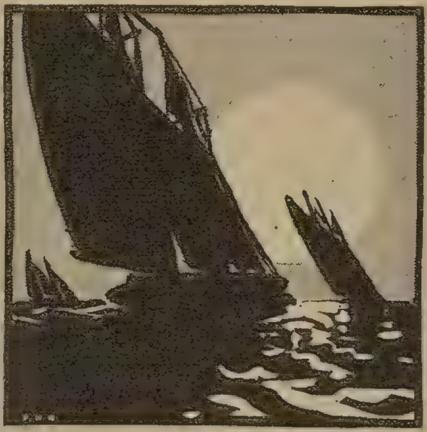
town for holding out on him on his split. Fish-face has been running booze and chinks from Havana ever since."

"What's the big store?" demanded Chub.

"The old pool-room wire-tapping fake with new trimmings," said Slim. "I'll tell it you some time. It's a—"

"Well," interrupted John, "as you seem to know all about him, what's your opinion on taking a few of his schooners?"

"O. K. I don't jest know if he ties in with Big John O'Toole. But I guess it's wuth a try. Fish-face has a lot of saffron in him—all of them confidence men has."



"How about getting someone into his office?"

Sophy Kolof had returned to the room bearing a tray of refreshments. She placed a tall tumbler of hot milk and a plate of dry crackers beside Slim Hermann.

"Nothing'd suit me better than to spend the winter in Havana," she remarked conversationally. "I can type pretty good, and do shorthand some. And I know the town some, too. But I don't s'pose Mr. Hawks'd consider it—after last night."

"And leave me alone in this burg all winter?" objected Hermann with the nearest approach to peevishness which his native restraint permitted.

"This town nothing!" scoffed Sophy. "You'll be following the ponies from N'Orleans to Hyaleah anyways. An' when you get too lonesome y'can run over to Havana and lose our dough at the track there." She turned to John. "Would you b'lieve it, Mr. Hawks? That guy give the ponies more'n two-thoids of what the both of us together took in last season."

Hermann smiled wanly, but offered no defense.

"Well," he said slowly, "I guess it's up to these gents. What d'you say, Mr. Hawks?"

"I say fine."

"Me, too," chimed Mr. Hopping with unwonted fervor.

Miss Kolof turned and regarded him consideringly.

"That's settled, then," said John. "Now I want to go over all the details we can tonight, because tomorrow we sail from Fort Pond Bay under sealed orders, as they say."

"The sooner the quicker," approved Slim.

"Oh," complained Chub drearily, "and miss polo week at Meadow Brook?"

"When you see us again you won't know us," Johnny continued, "and I hope no one else will. Now, here is what I propose to do."

They talked late into the night. And, late though it was, John and Hopping drove back the hundred-odd miles to Fort Pond. They slept aboard the boat. And the next morning, which was Monday, they got under way with the van of the yacht-club fleet which was starting its long run to Newport.

BUT off Block Island, and long before they were abeam of the light, Mr. Hopping came on deck. He had come from John's stateroom, and he looked only a little more sad and doubtful than usual. He summoned the captain from the bridge.

"How much fuel and water you got, skipper?"

"Jest filled up—'nuff for a week or more."

"Oh," said Hopping, disappointed in his hope of further shore leave. And then, in his habitual tone of ironic sadness: "There's absolutely nothing you don't know about the Atlantic coast, I suppose, Cap'n Ben?"

"Not that I knows of, Mr. Chub," admitted Ben.

"Gulf of Mexico too, I s'pose?" still more sadly.

"Huh-huh."

"But not Cuba?" hopefully.

"Sure I know Cuba. Jamaica too—Haiti and San Domingo, and all the rest of 'em. I'm acquainted in the hull of the Caribbean down to Maracaibo anyway."

"Know all the shipyards and all that?"

"Huh-huh. What you getting at, Mr. Chub?"

"Well, the big boss wants a shipyard, and he wants it quick, the way he wants everything. It's got to be some place where we're not known, and it's got to be a shipyard that'll keep its mouth closed, if you know what I mean."

The captain regarded Mr. Hopping sourly. Then he spat meditatively at a deck grating, and inspected the results with somber satisfaction.

"Huh-huh, I reckon I know what you mean. There's a port in the reepublick of Corambia I used to make when I was sailing second on one of the Mogul banana boats. A man can buy anything in that there port, from machine guns to revolutions ready made, and no questions asked."

"Sounds fine," said Hopping unhappily.

"But we'll have to put in for stores on the way down. When's the boss figure on starting?"

"Now."

"You mean—now?"

"Yes, Ben, I mean now—immediately—at once—this very minute. You know how he is."

"I'm beginnin' to," admitted Captain Runker cryptically. "Hey, you, Ericson," he hailed the man at the wheel, "swing her round easy like and hold her sou' by west till I tell you."

"Not back to Fort Pond is that?" suggested Hopping.

"No, we'll fetch out by Montauk light. I'll go for'ard now and lay off his next course."

He moved heavily away to the chartroom.

"I'm sure beginnin' to know how he is," he grumbled delightedly to himself. "Damn' if he don't take after my great-grandfather in New Bedford—the old devil. 'No hurry,' he says. 'Any time within a minute,' says he, and kicks the livin' hell outer anyone gets in his way."

Captain Runker reached into the locker and brought forth a set of ocean charts. He found his compasses and parallel rules. He leaned over the chart table, slipping and clicking the ebony rules across the surface of the paper. And as he worked he whistled to himself, tunelessly and contentedly. . . .

FIVE weeks later. October afternoon in the softly shining harbor of Havana. Fruit steamers, freighters, dingy-sided ocean tramps, and splendid English passenger liners tied up to the long wharfs flanking the Alameda. Across the bottle-necked harbor entrance, Morro Castle thrusting high and ancient and lovely hued against the evening sun. At the tip of the opposite promontory, the sailors' monument to our dead of the Maine, eagle-topped and ugly in that fair setting, a flamboyant American exclamation point to the Hispanic beauty of the Prado, dissonant in its grim and tactless reminder of why we are there.

Farther up the harbor, where the inner bay widens out pear-shaped to the shores beneath the sinister walls of Casa Blanca, the American rum fleet rides lazily at anchor. Here are a dozen "whiskeros," as the sportive Latins call them, many of them Gloucestermen, all of them more bedraggled even than their shining sisters of northern waters.

Every flag of every banana republic under the tropic sun is there. Every flag except the American flag. Yet nine out of ten of the vessels are American owned, whatever their dubious registry. You can't tell a rum ship by the papers it keeps. Excursion launches ply back and forth from the concrete sea wall of the Alameda bearing tourists at so much a head.

The launches skirt the liquor fleet at gingerly distance, and the tourists call hilariously to the few seamen in sight, and receive no answers. And the tourists go home to New York, and Kolamoshkosh, and such places, and tell how they boarded the rum schooners and were shown the works and given this very bottle of Bacardi—yes, sir, this very bottle on the table.

Also there are a few private yachts in the harbor, anchored near, but not too near, the lighter draft schooners. And among them is a spick-and-span, glistening-white, brass-railed, and altogether superior-looking house-boatish sort of steamer. To the landsman's casual eye, only another of the thousands of funny-shaped house boats that frequent southern waters in the winter season. To the seaman who scrutinizes her with any care she is evidently a converted hundred-and-ten-foot chaser, gutted and refitted with deckhouses and afterdecks, and all duded up with awnings and tassels like a roof garden, and presumably only a little more topheavy and unseaworthy than when the government turned her over to one of these landlubber yachtsmen.

The stern of this craft bears, in bright gold letters, the Pullman-carish name, Nosila, and beneath this the home port, New Bedford. Over the commodious afterdeck is suspended a double awning, or, to be exact, an awning with a fly stretched a foot above it to provide an air space, which last is the final word in cool comfort for the northern owner in tropical waters.

The light rail of brass piping which encircles the main deck all the way aft from the bridge, has white-painted canvas lashed to its every inch. It is breast-high, to provide a maximum of privacy, and to keep the slanting sun rays from the deck. And only close inspection would disclose that its vertical members are hinged at the point where they meet the decks.

At the present moment the owner is stretched in a folding deck chair reading a letter. He is dressed in immaculate whites and his blouse is open at the neck. On a table beside him is a very tall glass with two waxed-paper straws in it. The liquor in the glass is pleasantly pink, and the frosting on the outside is snow-thick and very convincing.

On the deck couch which circles the taffrail another man is lying quite flat on his back. He is reading a large leatherlike book which is propped up on his stomach. His costume is in sharp contrast with the smart whiteness of the owner. For he wears only a sleeveless cotton undershirt and a pair of sailor's work pants—buttonless dungarees of unbleached canvas with a drawing string in place of a belt. But the buttonless fly and the practically limitless radius of action of the drawing string are a godsend to Mr. Hopping.

“WHERE'S your letter from, boss?” Chub was asking, while he closed the book and permitted it to repose on the magnificent contours of his midperson, where it rose and fell like a log on a heavy swell. “I wish I had some letters. D'you think it's safe to have mail forwarded here?”

“Sure,” returned Hawks easily. “Safe enough the way Slim sends it through Kolof. Smart girl, that. Has Sir Oswald eating out of her hand. Takes all his confidential letters, makes two carbons, one for his files and one for us. Quick worker. Don't see how she vamped him so quick.”

“That way,” offered Chub.

“How do you mean?”

“Vamping, I mean. I'd fall for her myself with half a chance. But she's straight, I think.”

“Straight as a string,” agreed John. “Funny, isn't it?”

“Funny what?”

“I mean—a woman like that—all-around thief, enemy of society, and all that; crooked in everything under the sun—except with her own body.”

“Huh! I'm not sure that isn't better than the other way round, like so many in our crowd—”

“Your crowd,” amended John, “not mine.”

“—that wouldn't think of stealing their hostesses' silver spoons, but never bat an eye at swiping their husbands.”

“Who's Victorian now?” demanded John with his crooked grin. “Thought you claimed to be educated out of all morality, Chub. What's biting you? Some girl turn you down?”

“No girl turns me down,” returned Chub drearily. “They look at my load water line, and let me pay for the drinks. That's as far as it ever goes.”

JOHN smiled and returned to his letter. It was from his mother. He turned over the closely written pages for a time in silence. Presently a slight frown gathered between his eyes. He hesitated perceptibly, then addressed Hopping.

“Listen to this paragraph, Chub—it's from my mother.” He read:

“We didn't do so well on our wool clip this season. The money has just come from the coöperative, and it's only twenty-eight cents a pound against fifty-two we got three years back. Hereabouts they all say it's Congress and the tariff that keeps us poor, but I don't know. To them that hath, John, and I thank God on my knees every night of my life that you're one of them that hath and always will be, as I've held these many years when you were discouraged.

“Of course, John, with your big salary and making good all over again in Wall Street it's much easier for us, but I don't want you should send me too much and cramp yourself. The wonderful bonus they gave you for the big bond deal came providentially, if I do say it. I paid off the second mortgage and some on the first.

“I wish you could find time to write oftener, but I know how busy you are, and I'm never one to worry, at that. Phil and Doug are the same and well, so no more from your loving

“MOTHER.”

He laid down the letter, and seemed about to speak. But Hopping beat him to it.

“I know what you're thinking, John. But you've got to stop thinking it. The time for that was before you sent me the telegram from the farm last winter.”

“For once you're wrong,” said Hawks coldly. “I read you that because I wanted you to know it doesn't make me turn a hair. I buried the last squeamishness I had—thought it all out again—on the trip down to Corambia. I know just what I want and just how I'm going to get it. I had a couple of sinking spells in the summer, I admit. The necklace mix-up, and all—well, that didn't sit so good.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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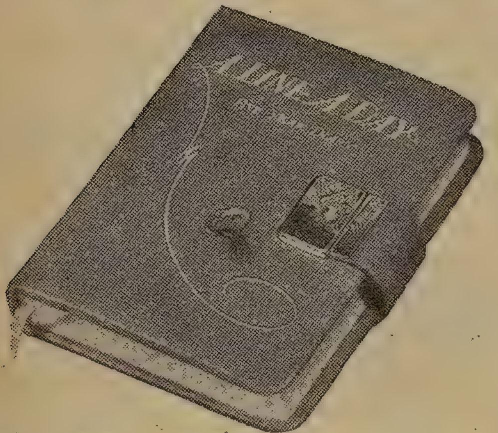

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TOOTHACHE DROPS
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CORSAIR
[Continued from page fifty-three]

But now I'm all set and r'arin' to go, and I don't give a continental damn for all the police and coast guard and governments and bootleggers in the world—or for any living man or woman—see?"

"Except two," murmured Chub under his breath.

"What's that?"

"Nothing," said Chub hastily. "I just said I was all set too."

"Oh," said John suspiciously.

"Yes—r'arin' to go. This pirate log book of yours is a splendid primer for a life of crime on the high seas. I take it the good ship Swallow was one of Sir Henry Morgan's fleet in his bloody expedition against Panama; and that this gentle cutthroat, Jonathan Braughan, was one of his renegade captains."

"Huh-huh."

"Said renegade being an ancestor of yours?" purred Chub.

"Huh-huh," grinned John.

"Gee!" breathed Chub admiringly, "my own family runs pretty strong to forbears and all that rot, but the best we can do is a couple of ancestors hanged for sheep-stealing and a great-grandfather who ran a saloon—tavern, I should say—out in Concord, Mass. But a real buccaneer—an old-timer corsair—my dear fellow, I felicitate you. One of the best old families, and I never knew it."

"Oh, cut it, Chub." John was laughing with some of his old-time abandon. "Go and put on some clothes and we'll have the launch set us ashore."

"DINNER?" queried Hopping with the respectful enthusiasm that he exhibited toward nothing in the world but food. "We dine ashore?"

"Exactly. Quiet little restaurant on the Alameda—see it from here. Real Spanish—no tourists—meeting Kolof and Hermann."

"Slim here!"

"Yes; flew down from Miami this afternoon. And, Chub, tell the captain to give no shore leaves tonight. We're going out around midnight."

They dined at an iron-topped table in the small Spanish restaurant. Slim, an old-time habitué of Havana, did the honors. He raised two very long and aristocratic white hands and clapped them softly together in true Latin fashion. A ubiquitous and dirty waiter apprehended, rather than heard, the signal, and shuffled up. Slim proceeded to order.

"*Y por mia*," he finished, gloomily proud of his Spanish, "*lache y seefon*."

"Wot you want wit' de hot milk—seltzer or French Veeshy?" demanded the waiter in excellent Broadway.

"Veeshy," said Slim shortly. Hopping coughed down a giggle. Slim looked coldly across the harbor, and changed the subject.

"They's three of 'em going out tonight," he spoke in his monotonous and guarded business tone. "Them two-masters layin' near you, and that Mexican-registry three-master to the west of you. The small schooners is heading for Floridy west coast.

"I couldn't get their unloading points, 'cause they don't belong to Fish-face Ozzie, but the three-master is bound for a hovering position forty-five miles east by south of Miami. Leastways, that's what Sophe's orders read, ain't it, Sophe?"

"Absolutely," assented the woman listlessly.

"And here's the cargo lists—you can take your choice. I'll tell 'em to you. I throwed away Sophe's sheets."

HE reeled off a truly stupendous list of figures. Good thieves have an astonishing faculty of memorization. Names, and telephone numbers, and measurements, and verbatim messages are tucked away in their retentive minds as other men file away letters.

"The Miami one for us," said John decisively. "She's got just the cargo we want, and my customer's boat is at Miami now. Slim, you fly back in the morning, locate Percy Ludington's captain at the Royal Palm dock, and tell him to meet us Thursday at nine P. M. twenty-five miles west of Gun Cay. Don't wireless unless there's a change of plan. Anything else?"

"My case of pineapples," complained Hopping. "Thought you were going to get them aboard this afternoon, John. If I've got to be ordnance officer on top of everything else, I'll be hanged if I sail without my pineapples. What good are your Stokes guns—"

"Your shells will be on board inside of an hour," John assured him. "I had trouble about the fillers. Well, let's go."

Johnny has picked out his prey—but will it prove more dangerous than he thinks? You'll have a rousing half hour when you read next week's installment of the story.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 27

1—The Virgin Islands.
2—When it is peculiar to a particular district, or class of persons.
3—One who works on precious stones and gems; also a connoisseur of such work.
4—The hand (four inches).
5—Maria, by Laurence Sterne.
6—Lincoln, Nebraska.
7—At one's pleasure; as one wishes.
8—A mineral of the nature of coal.
9—Vermont.
10—Merely imaginary; fantastic.
11—Amerigo Vespucci, an Italian navigator.
12—Tuberculosis.
13—Flaxseed.
14—A short descriptive poem, as one dealing with pastoral life.
15—Three.
16—Mecca.
17—A thousand millions.
18—Those which depict scenes from everyday life.
19—Eight.
20—St. Louis, Missouri.

Frenzied FOOTBALL

Ted Coy 11, Princeton 6—
A Bulldog and a Blizzard in 1908

P. and A. Studio photo

By
WILL B. JOHNSTONE

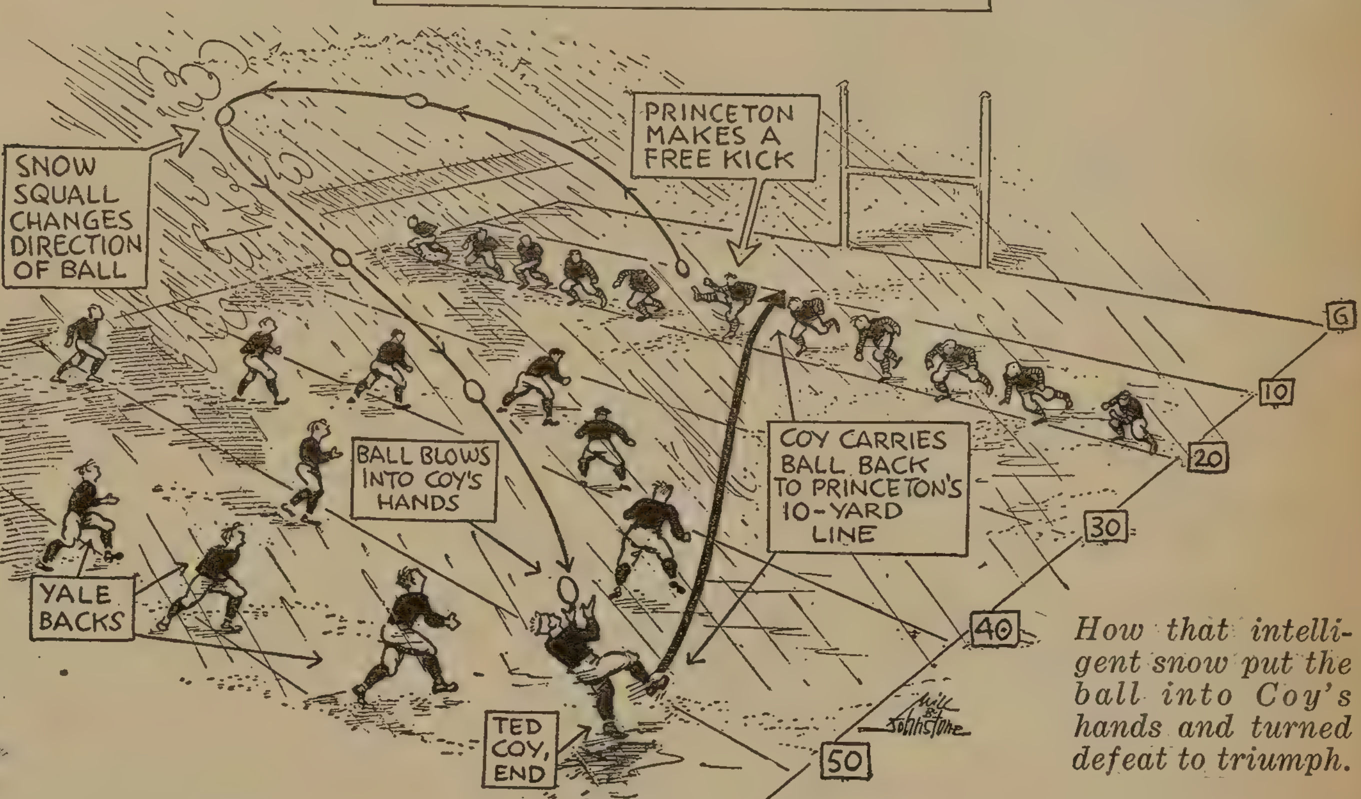
cartoonist for the New York World, author of the "books" of numerous musical comedies (including the Marx Brothers' first show), and indefatigable football fan for many years.

Price Studio photo

Capt. Eddie Dillon, Tiger quarter back.

Price Studio photo

Ted Coy, whose berserker drives knocked victory out of the grasp of the Tiger team.


SNOW SQUALL CHANGES DIRECTION OF BALL
PRINCETON MAKES A FREE KICK
BALL BLOWS INTO COY'S HANDS
COY CARRIES BALL BACK TO PRINCETON'S 10-YARD LINE
YALE BACKS
TED COY, END
G
10
20
30
40
50
Will Johnstone

How that intelligent snow put the ball into Coy's hands and turned defeat to triumph.

(Reading time: 4 minutes 58 seconds.)

"PRINCETON 6, YALE 0."

This headline, already set in cold type at the Daily Princetonian office, flashed in triumphant anticipation of victory from the field in the closing seconds of the Tiger-Bulldog classic of 1908, was never used.

Certainly this affair of the Jungle ranks high in the annals of goose-flesh melodrama.

A frenzied football freak—a squally gust of intelligent snow—called a signal for Yale that memorable November 14 and it turned inevitable Eli defeat into spectacular victory.

Yale, with such stars as Ted Coy, Ham Andrus, Brides, Philbin, invaded Tigertown undefeated favorites, but, owing to experimentation of the coaching staff, presented a juggled line-up of individual brilliance and collective incompetence. The masterpiece of mismanagement placed Field Captain Coy at right end. Suffering Bulldogs! Coy, the gridiron Goliath of ball-carriers, shifted to an unfamiliar position.

On the other hand, Captain Eddie Dillon's Tigers developed unexpected strength and skill. They swept the misfit Yale giants off the rain-soaked field, Tibbott, the dazzling Princeton back, scoring a touchdown in the first half after a forty-yard squirm down the muddy field through the badly muddled Elis.

Under cover of early dusk the drenching rain turned into light blinding snow, a fitting winding sheet for departed Yale hopes. Princeton's six points—Tibbott's touchdown followed by Waller's goal for extra point—towered like a monument higher and higher above the blue Yale funk as the final precious seconds ticked away.

The Elis, still in a trance, slow and cumbersome, were merely going through the motions of playing out a bad hand when they lost the ball on Princeton's twenty-yard line. At this point the Tiger captain, Eddie Dillon, elected to put the game on ice by making an onside kick. He lined up his valiant teammates across the field behind the ball. Why shouldn't Princeton kick and let Yale kill the remaining time with an ineffectual offense? Nobody in the Blue backfield could gain consistently and wasn't that battering ram, Coy, useless way out on right end?

The bedraggled Yale warriors spread out fanlike to receive the kick. The ball sailed down the field into the teeth of the snow, headed for the Yale backfield—and then the first frenzied freak occurred.

As the ball soared midfield a cross current of snow, blown by a fate with strong Yale leanings and infuriated by bungling Bulldog tactics, decided that there was only one Yale player capable of carrying that pigskin. In any event, the ball, caught by the snow squall, turned a com-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Body Beauty is returning Excess Fat is doomed

That evidence is everywhere. In every circle you see slim figures coming back in an amazing way. They are coming without abnormal exercise or diet, without harmful drugs.

Medical science has found that a weak gland is a great cause of obesity. It has learned how to repair the deficiency—by feeding the gland. Doctors the world over now employ this method. It has become a standard treatment. A new era has come to people who wish to keep their beauty, health and vim.

Marmola prescription tablets embody this new factor—thyroid. A world-famous laboratory prepares them to fit the average case. Every box contains the formula and the reasons for results. You and your doctor can know exactly what you are taking. So you need not worry about harm. Modern doctors—everywhere—fight excess fat in this way.

Marmola has a remarkable record. It has been used for 24 years—millions of boxes of it. Users have told others, and the use has grown and grown. Now it is time-tested, and it stands supreme in its field, while false helps have disappeared by scores.

Marmola feeds the system a gland factor which largely controls nutrition. Its great purpose is to help turn food into fuel and energy rather than to fat. It also excites other glands to activity. Obese people usually lack that factor.

Try Marmola. Price $1.00. Read the book in the box, learn the reasons for results. Then, when the pounds drop away, tell your friends who should know. Don't wait longer. Excess fat robs life of half its joy.

MARMOLA
PRESCRIPTION TABLETS
The Right Way to Reduce

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FIVE]

plete left angle and veered away from its logical receivers, landing in the feverish grip of Ted Coy, our hero from now on.

Unleashed for the first time that day, Coy plunged through the snow toward the Tiger goal. Desperate Tigers flew at him, only to be tossed off by the rise and fall of his pistonlike legs. The Yale stands rose in one tumultuous roar as Coy plowed straight to Princeton's ten-yard line, where he was finally clawed to earth by the snarling Tiger pack. There at the threshold of a Yale touchdown the teams lined up and big Coy meekly trotted out to his position at right end, easily distinguishable by the white bandage on his blond head.

Here the freak of freaks occurred, something never seen before or since on a polite football field. The entire Yale stands rose and bellowed in unison, "Coy, Coy, Coy!" They were calling the signals: "Coy, Coy, Coy!"

They were expressing their disagreement with and resentment of the coaching staff: "Coy, Coy, Coy!" Fifteen thousand Yale quarter backs in the stands, men and women, calling the signals: "Coy, Coy, Coy!"

THE Yale quarter back on the field motioned to them frantically for quiet so he could be heard by his mates. Time was fleeting, but the bedlam continued: "Coy, Coy, Coy!" Coaches, cheer leaders, players, substitutes screamed, pleaded for silence. "Coy, Coy, Coy!" came the insistent, persistent, undeniable demand from the bleachers. "Coy, Coy, Coy!"

Finally the Yale quarter back raced over to right end, seized Coy by one of his brawny arms, and fairly dragged him into a position back of the center. Instantly hushed were the Yale stands at this advertisement to all, including the Princeton team, that Coy would be given the ball. All eyes were on him as, with a relentless berserker charge, Coy bulled his way straight over for a touchdown and then kicked the goal to tie the score.

That was not all.

Time remained for only half a dozen plays as Princeton kicked off to Yale again. Coy, now in the backfield, caught the ball and rushed it back to midfield. Again the Yale stands called Coy's signal and he broke through the faltering Tiger line for an open field, big Brides, his giant tackle, out in front of him. Together they charged down on the safety man, little Eddie Dillon, the only Tiger between them and the winning touchdown. On Princeton's thirty-yard marker Dillon left his feet in one grand, dying, Spartan tackle, bringing both Brides and Coy to earth. Little Eddie was carried off the field in a blanket, a memorable exodus from Nassau football.

Coy again launched forth, punched his way through the interstices of the Tiger line, and put over another touchdown for a Yale victory in the last second. Coy had carried the ball every time from the moment the snow squall had given him his first opportunity. He had scored two touchdowns in less than a dozen plays and the Yale stands had called the signals. The final score was, Yale 11, Princeton 6, Coy's last try for goal hitting the upright.

THE END

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Precocious

Our little boy of eight persistently refused to watch the love-making in any movie. He would close his eyes or duck his head, no matter how appealing the picture. When asked why he behaved so, his answer was honest but startling:

"I can't bear to see kissing unless I'm in it."—Mrs. J. C. S. Weills, Medford, Ore.

* * *

Luckily

Edward, aged four, was playing with a neighbor's two children when their mother called them to come home—they had run away and she was going to whip them.

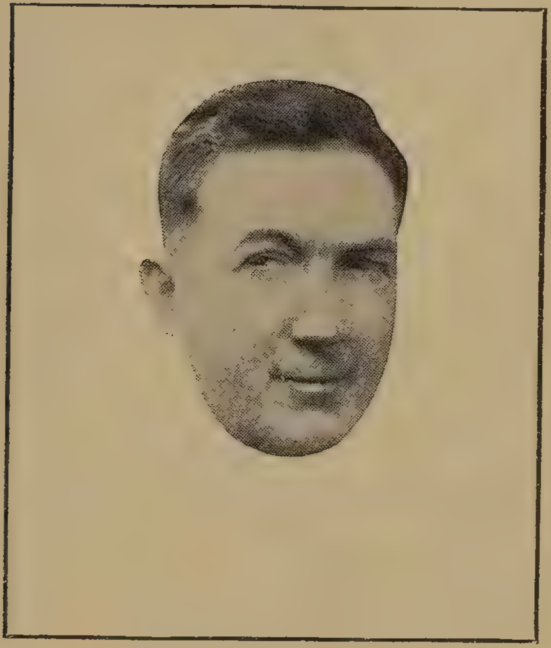
Eddie looked up and said: "She can't whip me, 'cause I'm none of her business."—Miss Anna Sandford, Hamlet, N. C.

Funny Faces! *Can You Make Them?*

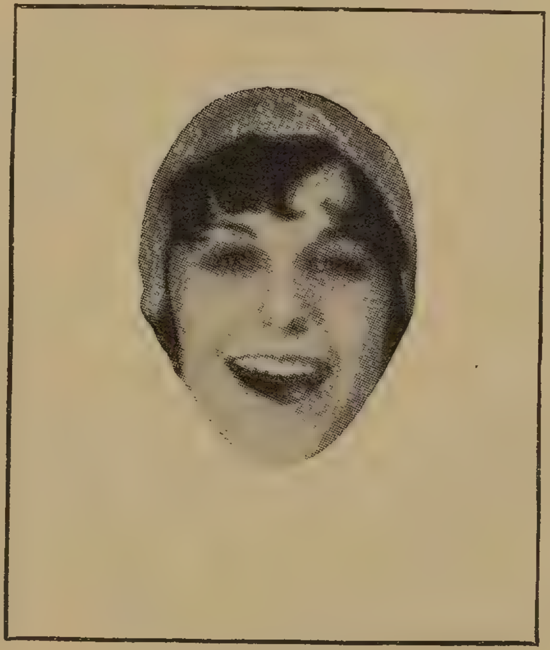
Liberty is offering One Hundred Fins a Week

For the funniest faces—distributed as follows:

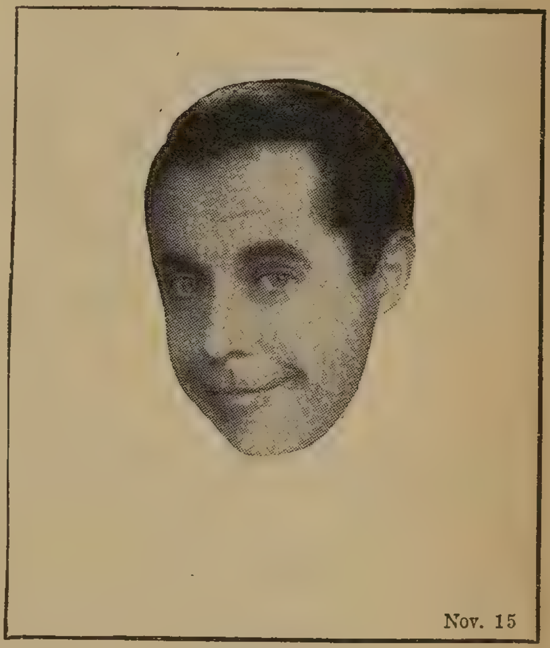
First Prize $200 — Second Prize $100 — Third Prize $50
and 30 prizes of One Fin ($5) each—Grand Total $500



EDWARD DOHERTY
writer



FIFI DORSAY
of the movies

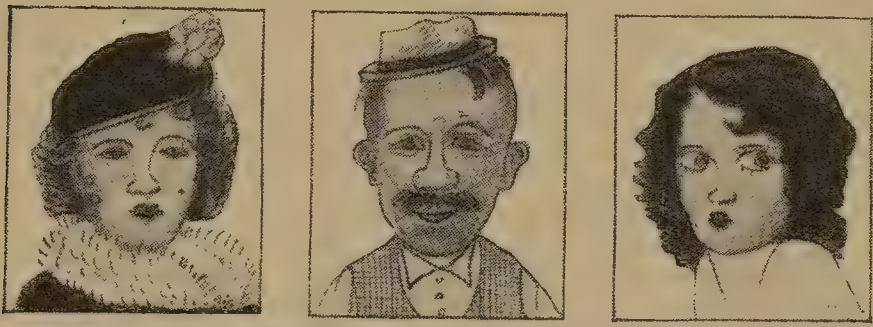


JOE COOK
comedian

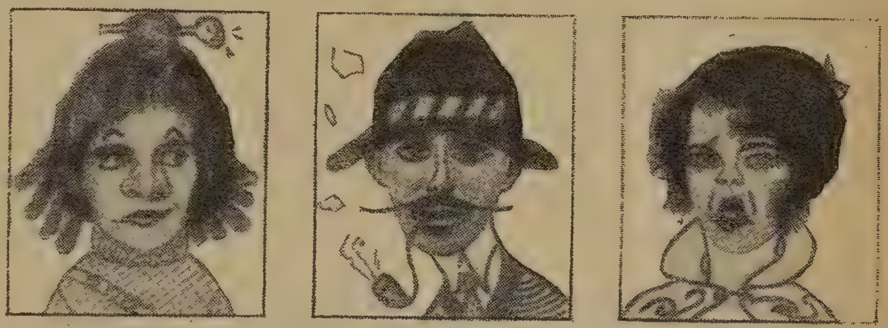
See what you can do to these pictures with a pen or pencil, making them look as funny as you can. Then mail them, as directed in the rules below, so that they will reach us before midnight, November 22. That's all there is to it!

HERE ARE THIS WEEK'S PRIZE AWARDS

for the funniest faces made from the pictures of Ann Harding, Alfonso XIII of Spain, and Dorothy Sebastian, in our October 11 issue



FIRST PRIZE, $200—For these faces by Mrs. Jacob Koch, Demopolis, Alabama



SECOND PRIZE, $100—For these faces by Mrs. Hollace S. Cooper, Havre, Montana

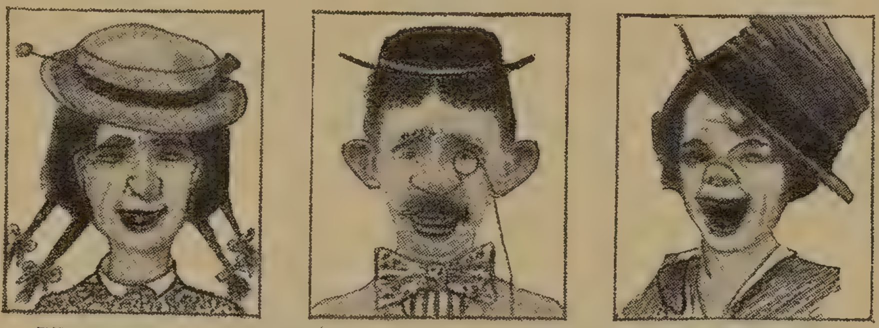
THE RULES

Each week Liberty will publish a set of photographs under the heading FUNNY FACES. You are invited to mark them up—all of them—in any way you see fit, and send them, with your name and full address, to FUNNY FACES, P. O. Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

For the funniest sets of faces received each week, $500 will be paid, the prizes to be divided as indicated above.

You don't have to use the pictures on this page unless you want to. They may be copied or traced on another sheet of paper. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. The editors of Liberty will be the judges, and their decision will be final. Prize awards for the pictures in each issue will be announced five weeks later, and the pictures that win the first three prizes will be published. We cannot undertake to return any entries or enter into correspondence concerning these FUNNY FACES.



THIRD PRIZE, $50—For these faces by Jason P. Salisbury, 15 Plenty Street, Providence, Rhode Island

$5 PRIZES

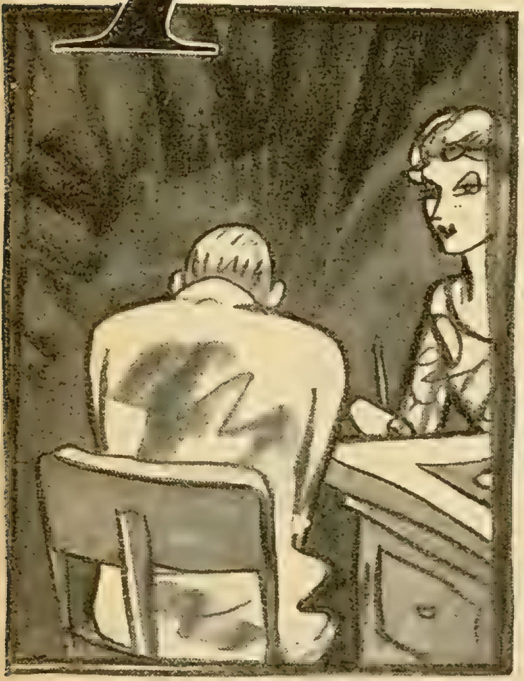
for the week have been awarded to C. E. Barry, Chattanooga, Tenn.; E. Walter Beck, Phoenix, Ariz.; Gertrude N. Broderick, Scottsbluff, Neb.; John R. Butts, Vicksburg, Miss.; Culene Colburn, Manchester, N. H.; Mary K. Crain, Shreveport, La.; Mrs. Maurice W. Denk, Cleveland, O.; Walter F. Druzik, Pittsburgh, Pa.; H. Dutton, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. O. N. Foutty, Parkersburg, W. Va.; George O. Gleason, Albuquerque, N. M.; W. R. Hanks, Atlanta, Ga.; Margaret Henze, St. Louis, Mo.; Gertrude N. Hoppe, Seattle, Wash.; Ruth Kelly, Newport News, Va.; Ed. Mahley, Coffeyville, Kan.; John P. McGrath, Somerville, Mass.; B. Mier, Los Angeles, Calif.; Anna G. Murdoch, Reno, Nev.; Mrs. Carl Reimann, Jr., Milwaukee, Wis.; Fred. Ristrim, Des Moines, Ia.; Walter G. St. Clair, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Anna Sandford, Hamlet, N. C.; David Shoberg, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. Ben Shropshire, Brownwood, Tex.; D. Thayer, Jamestown, N. Y.; John P. Thompson, Walkerville, Can.; Ada Walker, Shawnee, Okla.; R. Brooks Watson, Pekin, Ill.; Ann Winston, Detroit, Mich.

Take a Letter,

By

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by PETER ARNO



Simply because I blurted out something under the harassing fear of Miss Keegle.

(Reading time: 7 minutes 12 seconds.)

PROBABLY one of the most potent causes of war in the world's history (this shapes up like a pretty broad statement, but my attorney tells me that I have adequate proofs) has been the giving out of statements, sometimes by mistake, which the giver-out is too proud to take back. A king or a dictator, a little behind in his phrase-making, has pulled a quick one like "Beyond the Alps lies Italy," "*L'Etat, c'est moi,*" or "Never give a sucker an even break," and then has had to go through with it to save his face. A great many times all the trouble could have been avoided if the original speech-maker had been willing to say: "I guess I must have been cockeyed. I don't remember having said any such thing."

That is one reason why I am afraid to dictate a letter. I probably couldn't start a war between any nations worth noticing, but I could get myself into an awful jam. There is something about a stenographer sitting with pencil poised waiting for my next word which throws me into a mild panic. Anybody, in order to be a secretary or even a stenographer, has got to have a certain amount of concentrative power and a good common-school education. This means that while they are sitting there waiting for a word or two, they are passing judgment on me; for my own education, although lengthy, is what you might call "sketchy." Almost any stenographer could write a better letter than I can.

With this uppermost in my mind I sit down with a young lady facing me and try to sound businesslike. "Take a letter, please, Miss Keegle," I say. Miss Keegle always seems to be an exceptionally intelligent young lady, and always has the appearance of disapproving of me right at the start.

The first part of the letter goes like wildfire. I have the name and address of the man right in front of me. "To Mr. Alfred W. Manvogle, Room 113, Butchers' and Bakers' Bank Building, St. Louis." So far, so very good. Miss Keegle is obviously impressed.

"'My-er-dear Mr. Manvogle,' or rather, I guess—'Dear Sir. *(Confidential aside to Miss Keegle:* I don't know him at all. *Miss Keegle nods, as if to say,* What of it?) In reply to your letter of September 11th *(long pause to figure out just what the reply is going to be. I should have thought this out before)*. In reply to your letter of September 11th would say that, although I agree with you on the main principles of your argument *(I don't agree with him at all, but am saying this in order to give the girl something to write down)*, I feel that—er—I feel that—ah— (This is awful!)—I feel that it would be better if your Mr. Cramsey and I could get together again some afternoon this week. (I *don't* want to see Mr. Cramsey again, and I haven't got any afternoon this week that I can see him, but I have got to say *some*thing. This girl has been waiting there fifteen minutes already.) I—er—or rather *you*—ah—seem to be laboring under the delusion—' No, I guess cross that out. Ah— 'Your ideas about how we should go ahead in this matter—' No, I guess never mind that. (I should really get some sort of instrument to dictate into—but then think of the records I would waste!) Where was I, Miss Keegle?"

MISS KEEGLE says that I really wasn't anywhere.

In desperation I continue, in a much more belligerent mood than I otherwise would have been, simply to get the thing over with: "I don't see how we can get together on this thing unless you are willing to listen to reason."

Miss Keegle reminds me that I have already said that I would like to talk to Mr. Cramsey again. Which do I mean?

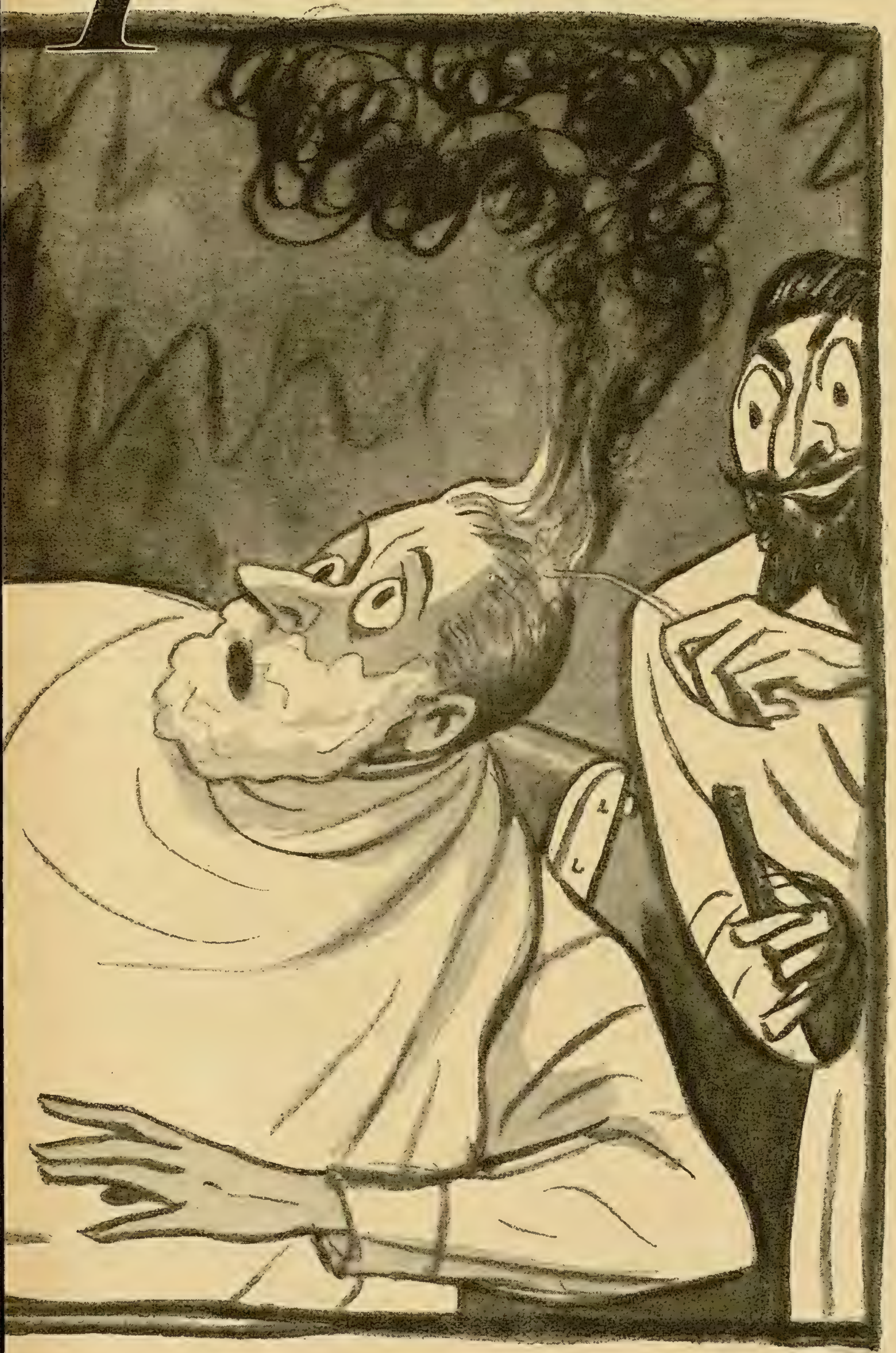
"Cross that out about Mr. Cramsey. I don't want to see him. I don't want to see anybody. I want to get this whole thing out of the way. Just send the letter as it is, Miss Keegle—and thank you."

Miss Keegle then goes away, and a letter goes out to Mr. Manvogle which gives quite the wrong impression of my attitude in the matter. If Mr. Manvogle were France and I were the United States, there would be a war, simply because I blurted out something, under the harassing fear of Miss Keegle, which I really didn't mean. Of course, I should have to stand by my guns when the matter came up before the World Court, and I should expect all the young men of the country to stand by my guns with me. Or, perhaps, I should expect them to stand by *their* guns while I dictated some more letters.

Of course, one can correct a letter when it comes back from the typist, but, after correcting a few letters until they looked like a manuscript of Victor Hugo's, with long sentences written out in the margin running upward and

In about half a secon

Please



. . . I realized that I had said "*oui*" to the wrong thing.

long sentences on the end of a string running downward from the middle of the sheet, I have given up postdictation correction, and just sign my name. In fact, I have given up dictation entirely, and write out my letters longhand, to be copied by anybody who can read them. I am thinking now of giving up writing letters.

But this giving out snap judgments and snap answers, simply because somebody is waiting and making you nervous, is a very dangerous business. This is especially true if the language in use happens to be one with which you are unfamiliar. If given plenty of time to mutter the thing over to myself, and perhaps write it out on a little card, I can understand what a Frenchman is saying to me. But when he rattles it off like mad (and show me a Frenchman who doesn't) and is obviously impatient for an answer, I am quite likely to commit myself to something I don't want to do, just out of sheer nervousness.

I once got into a French barber's chair (no small feat in itself) and asked, in French which I had rehearsed out in the corridor for five minutes before entering, for a shave. During the process the barber said something to me which, because of its rising inflection at the end, I took to be a question. In fact, it was one of those questions which seem to demand an answer in the affirmative, like "It's a nice day, isn't it?" or "Is the razor all right?" (And, by the way, did anyone ever answer this last question by saying that the razor *wasn't* all right?) So I said "*Oui, oui!*" out from my lather and shut my eyes again. In about half a second my hair was on fire. At the same moment, a boy rushed up from the back of the shop and started taking my shirt off.

I REALIZED that I had said "*oui*" to the wrong thing, but was ashamed to admit it. So I clung to my chair and took my beating. It seems that, in addition to having agreed to have my hair singed, I had got myself in for a treatment for congestion of the lungs (French barbers still maintain the old medieval office of surgeon and will treat you for anything up to, and including, the birth of a small child), and before I got out of the chair, I had had four little cups burnt on the small of my back so that they hung there by force of suction (all the air having been drawn out by flaming cotton, a charming process known as "*vendouse*," which I had mistaken for "*vendeuse*," which means "saleslady"). And all this because I had said "*oui*" to something I didn't understand. At least, I know enough now to say "*non*" to everything. I may miss a little fun, but I am playing safe.

It doesn't have to be a foreign language to cause misunderstanding. I can answer questions that I don't understand in English just as easily and get into just as much trouble. It all comes from not wanting to ask for a repeat, especially after the second time. I have signed up for hotel rooms with Italian gardens attached and Roman swimming pools adjoining, simply because the man at the desk muttered something as I signed my name which I took to be a little pleasantry calling for a genial "Yes, indeedy" in reply. I have bought suits with belts in the back, hats with green feathers in them, and shoes which would throw a Chinese lady on her face, all because I misunderstood the clerk and didn't have the nerve to crawl. If I were just learning about life, I would try to correct this fault. But it is a little late now.

The best that I can do is bluff the thing out, and make believe each time that I am getting exactly what I wanted. But, as we noted in the beginning, that is one of the reasons nations get themselves mixed up in wars. And I certainly don't want to have another war until we get this last one paid for. It is quite a problem.

Another article by Mr. Benchley will appear in next week's Liberty.

Charged with Laziness

Guilty Simply of Acidity!

That persistent feeling of tiredness—that clouded mind—that lack of dash and fire—that missing punch that decides so many situations in business—are all usually due to an acid system. Excess acid, formed in the stomach as a result of our unnatural eating habits, causes acid-indigestion with gas, sourness and burning and sets up poisonous putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal that saps our strength and vitality, taxes our nerves and pulls us down physically and mentally.

Magnesia Oxoids, developed in Germany by a famous, 100-year-old pharmaceutical house, correct acidity in the right way! Upon contact with the acid in the stomach, Magnesia Oxoids generate nascent, or active, oxygen. The "live" oxygen stimulates the alkaline gastric mucus, checks putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal and stimulates the activities of the intestinal walls, which aids the natural movement of the bowels. All three effects are necessary to the true correction of acidity.

Make this Acidity Test

To ascertain just how "acid" you are, make this test. Get a package of Magnesia Oxoids from any good druggist. Take two after each meal and see how much better you feel—how much more soundly you sleep and how much more energy you have. If, after taking the contents of one bottle, you don't get more than amazing results, return the bottle to the druggist and he will refund the purchase price promptly and in full. If your druggist is out of Oxoids, he can get them from his wholesaler or you can send 89¢ for full size bottle to Eton Products, Inc., Dept. A, 605 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

Ease in 5 Minutes—Comfort in 5 Hours

Don't neglect a COLD

DISTRESSING cold in chest or throat—that so often leads to something serious—generally responds to good old Musterole with the first application. Should be more effective if used *once every hour for five hours.*

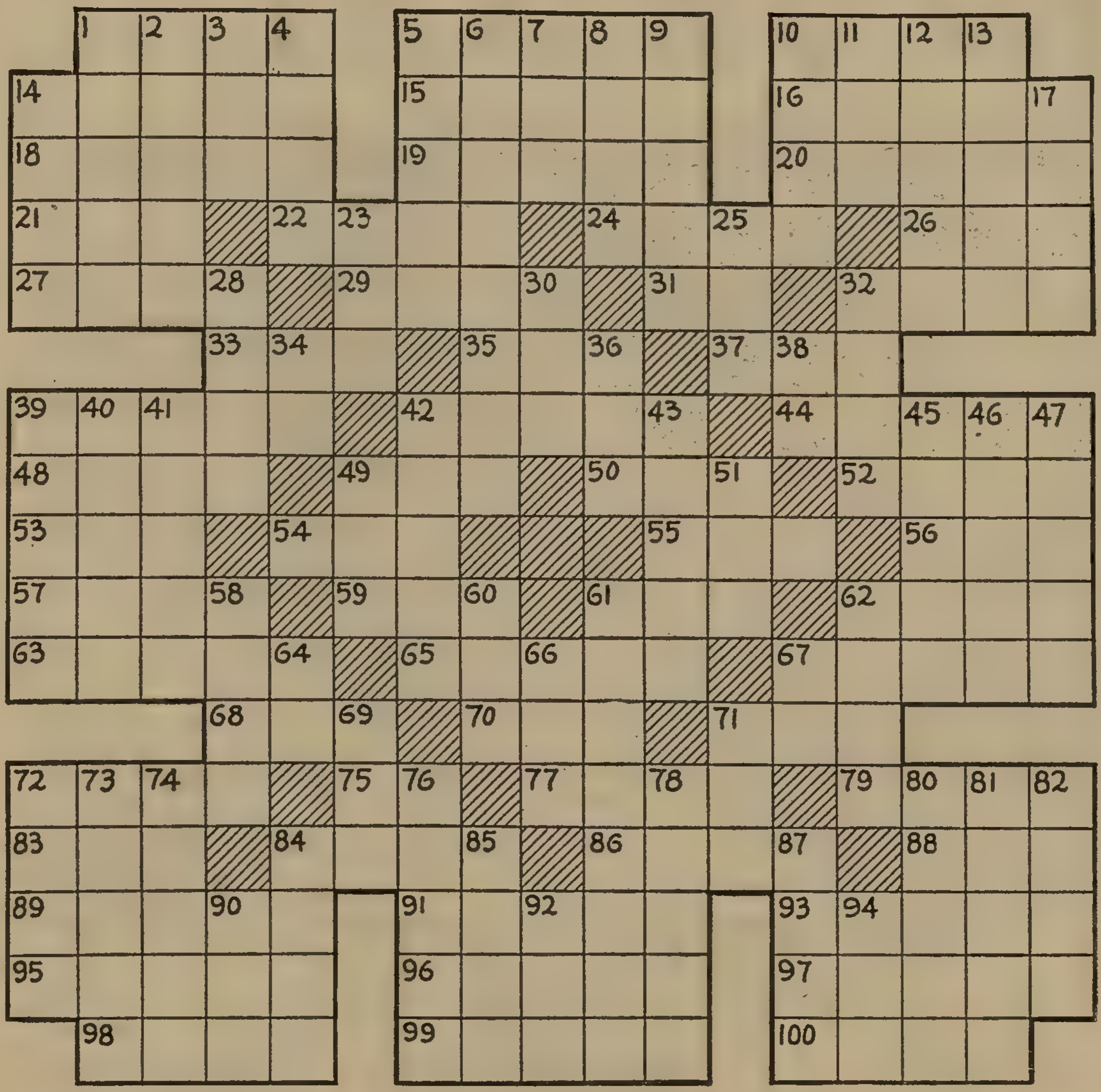
This famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other helpful ingredients brings relief naturally. Musterole gets action because it is a scientific *"counter-irritant"*—not just a salve—it penetrates and stimulates blood circulation, helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by doctors and nurses.

Keep Musterole handy—jars and tubes.

To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Liberty's Twin



HORIZONTAL

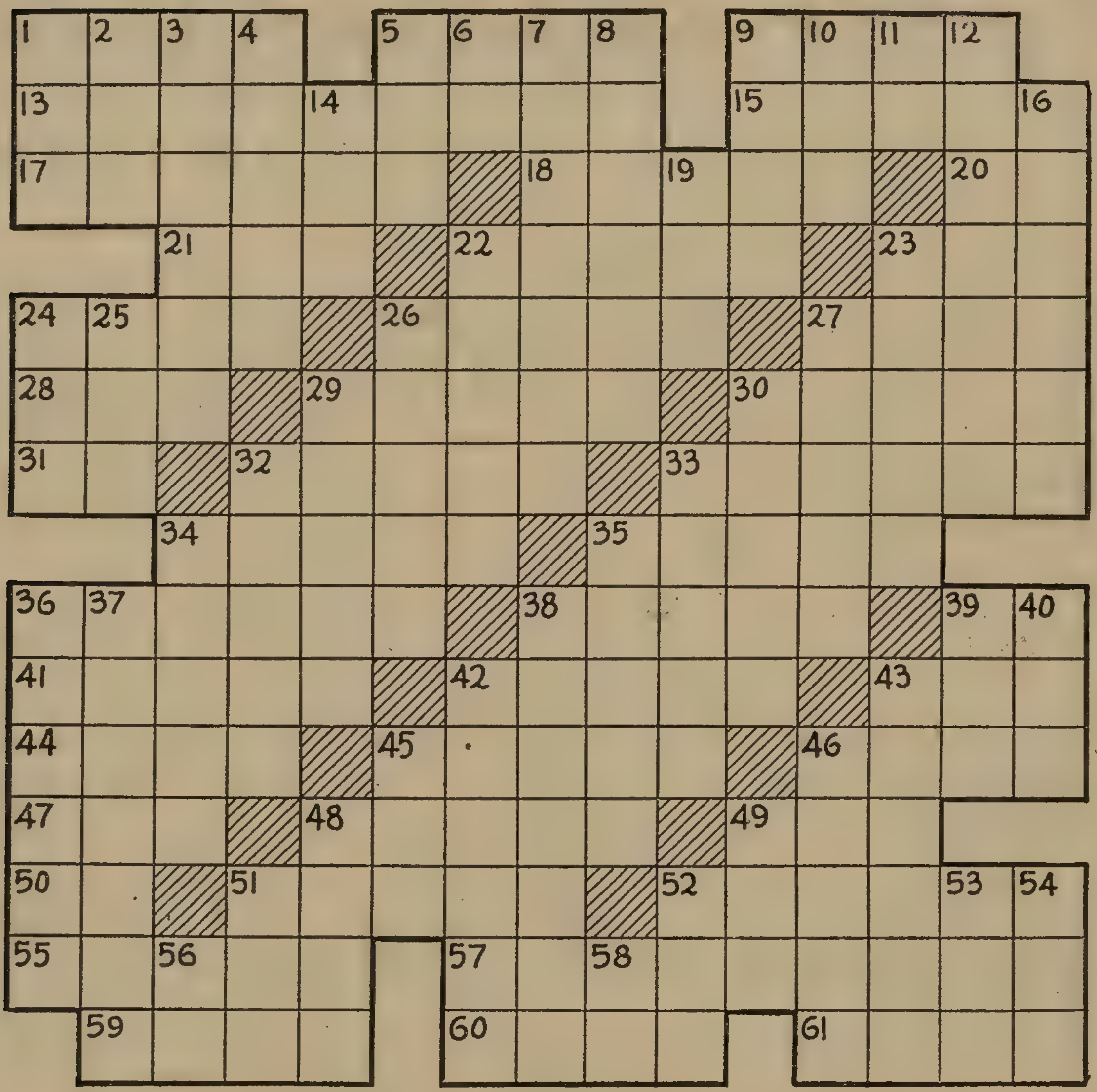
1 Malt liquor (plural)
5 Large nail
10 Relieve of strain
14 Minister to, as in illness
15 Elf or fairy in Egyption mythology
16 Oriental guitar
18 A size of type
19 About; concerning
20 Verify
21 Conduct; manage
22 First in size, rank, or importance
24 Gainsay; contradict
26 Knowledge; insight
27 A trial
29 Break suddenly
31 Egyptian deity
32 For fear that
33 Unrefined metal
35 Mesh fabric
37 Merry
39 Chatter; babble
42 Discoloration by foreign matter
44 Jogs
48 Learning
49 Possesses
50 Seize unexpectedly
52 One of a tribe of American Indians
53 A salutation
54 A tree
55 Encountered
56 Obtain
57 Two or more animals hitched together
59 Entangle
61 Observe
62 To venture
63 City in Germany
65 Inflames
67 Compact
68 Drowse
70 Form of to be
71 Succeeded
72 Four inches
75 A conjunction
77 Packing box
79 High and slender
83 Bustle
84 Single thing
86 A king of Midian
88 Recline
89 The sea lettuce
91 Evil spirit
93 The first part
95 Moldings
96 One of the muses
97 Mentally sounder
98 Woman's name
99 A drain
100 Sheep

VERTICAL

1 To dispute
2 Inclines from a vertitical position
3 Corrode
4 The main axis of a plant
5 Country of Europe
6 Flags
7 Ill temper
8 Benevolent; well disposed
9 Salt of ether
10 Discover, as a distant object
11 Ventilate
12 Tend, as a fire
13 Edges of a roof
14 Sour
17 Torn
23 A character in Peer Gynt
25 A horse
28 Carry
30 Edible seed
32 Stringed instrument
34 Note of the scale
36 A metal
38 By
39 The home base in baseball
40 Wanders; ranges
41 Districts
42 Woman's name
43 Entitles
45 Wind instrument
46 Rows or ranks, one above another
47 Kind of sofa
49 Pronoun
51 Insect
58 Repair
60 Beverage
61 Salt or ester of stearic acid
62 Small hollow
64 Not
66 Part of a circle
67 Perform
69 Put on
71 Any complicated fabrication
72 Disk of light
73 Maxim; proverb
74 New; unusual
76 Ascends
78 Spanish gentleman
80 Set in a row
81 A fruit (plural)
82 Look obliquely
84 A constellation
85 A weed
87 Part of a church
90 A fish
92 Make into leather
94 Unrefined

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-eight

Puzzle Pages



HORIZONTAL

1 One of the United States
5 Exterior covering of some seeds
9 Principal member of a theatrical company
13 Priority of birth, office, or service
15 Quoted, by way of authority or proof
17 Consumers
18 A genus of slugs (zoölogy)
20 The symbol for an element
21 Wrath
22 One who plays at courtship
23 Wanting luminosity or clearness
24 Character in Shakespeare's Othello
26 To make sleek or smooth
27 Combining form meaning equal
28 Short form for a South American capital
29 Laymen
30 Acts wildly or furiously
31 A form of to be
32 Device for clasping and holding tightly (plural)
33 To cause separation; disunite
34 End to which a design tends
35 Caused to fall in
36 Issues or passes off, as vapor
38 Central part of anything (plural)
39 Pronoun
41 An island in the Mediterranean Sea
42 Any cause of ruin (plural)
43 A vehicle
44 To make iridescent
45 A sleeveless garment (plural)
46 Low land overflowed with water (plural)
47 Youth
48 Exposes to view
49 To be guilty of a mistake
50 Latin conjunction
51 The general drift of thought
52 Sailor
55 A goatherd in Virgil's third Eclogue
57 To resolve
59 To pay attention; have a care
60 Entrance or passage
61 Combining form signifying within

VERTICAL

1 Act of employing anything
2 Infusion prepared from dried leaves and used as a beverage
3 City in Wisconsin
4 Combining form meaning sacred
5 Measures of area
6 Japanese measure of distance
7 Kind of type
8 Poems
9 Tax or contribution
10 A metal
11 By
12 Withdrew
14 Native metal
16 To pass by descent or bequest
19 Annoy; bore
22 Tosses or fillips
23 Man's name
24 God of war in Babylonian mythology
25 Point
26 Leaves port
27 Covers, as a road, with some substance
29 Beast of burden
30 Rends asunder
32 Garments
33 Risks
34 Frozen
35 Conoidal pieces in machinery
36 Looked pleased
37 Tree of New Zealand
38 Pranced; frolicked
39 A Chinese dynasty
40 Being, in the most abstract sense
42 State in India
43 Noxious animals
45 A container
46 Bodily structure
48 Make crooked
49 Ever
51 Digit
52 Collection of articles belonging together
53 Furthermore
54 A prefix meaning new; recent
56 Pronoun
58 Syllable sounded in solmization

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-eight

If you're "On the outside looking in"

You need this FREE Book

ARE you standing on the sidelines, wishing you were in Aviation . . . envying those who are holding down good jobs with fine futures? If so, remember this:—*Wishing won't get you into Aviation—but practical training will!* Walter Hinton's free book, "Wings of Opportunity," tells you a quick, inexpensive way to get that training in your spare-time, at home. Hinton's personalized training and Employment Service are putting men like you in good jobs right along, at from $40 to $80 a week. Martin, Curtiss, Alexander, T. A. T., Fokker and many other leaders are employing our graduates.

If you're 16 or over—and serious about wanting to get into Aviation, get Walter Hinton's book. It tells how he can give you the necessary knowledge of planes, aircraft engines, operation and management of airports, airlines, etc. No matter what branch of Aviation you enter, you need this training. Mail the coupon NOW.

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COLDS

can be checked quickly with this tonic laxative

Years of use by millions of people have proved that a comfortable laxative combined with quinine is the most efficient cold remedy and preventive. Both quinine tonic and laxative features are correctly combined in Grove's Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets. Insist on them for quick cold relief.

Headaches accompanying colds are relieved by these tablets, 30c at all druggists.

GROVE'S *Laxative* Bromo Quinine TABLETS *For 41 Years-the Safe, Dependable Cold Remedy*

The Unscrupulous

A Story of Hate at First Sight

By

FRED MACISAAC

who has been dramatic critic in Boston and New York, produced operas and concerts in New England, and written tons of magazine fiction. He is married and lives in Los Angeles.

Pictures by WILL FOSTER, A. N. A.

(Reading time: 31 min. 9 sec.)

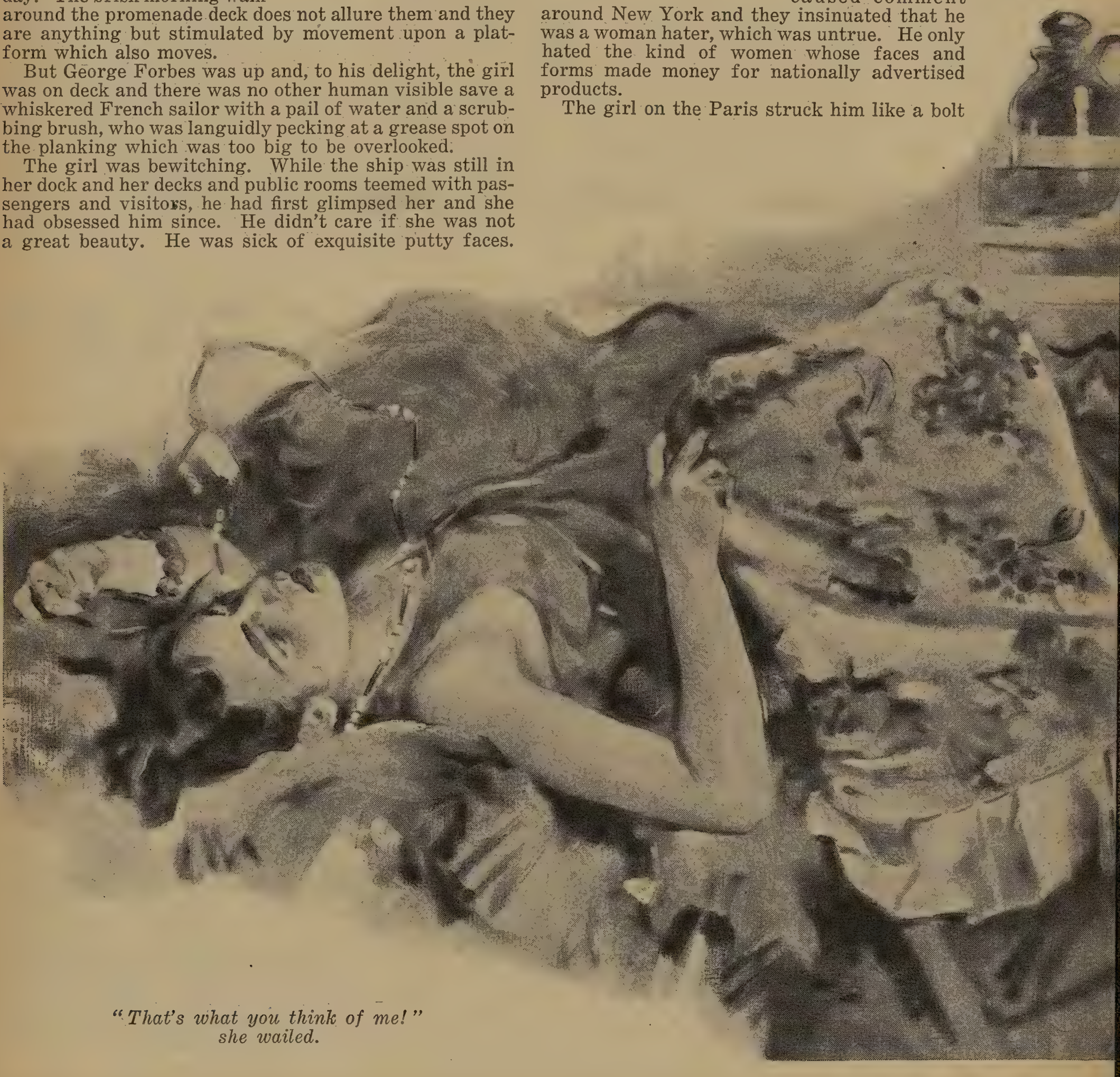
ON the second day out came the opportunity which George Forbes was impatiently awaiting. The long deck was without witnesses. On ships like the Paris, sun worshipers are not plentiful and persons who awaken with headaches are unenthusiastic about bright day. The brisk morning walk around the promenade deck does not allure them and they are anything but stimulated by movement upon a platform which also moves.

But George Forbes was up and, to his delight, the girl was on deck and there was no other human visible save a whiskered French sailor with a pail of water and a scrubbing brush, who was languidly pecking at a grease spot on the planking which was too big to be overlooked.

The girl was bewitching. While the ship was still in her dock and her decks and public rooms teemed with passengers and visitors, he had first glimpsed her and she had obsessed him since. He didn't care if she was not a great beauty. He was sick of exquisite putty faces. As a painter of lovely women for the glorification of motor cars, tooth paste, canned goods, and cheese he was able to engage the most expensive of models, but he did not become engaged to them.

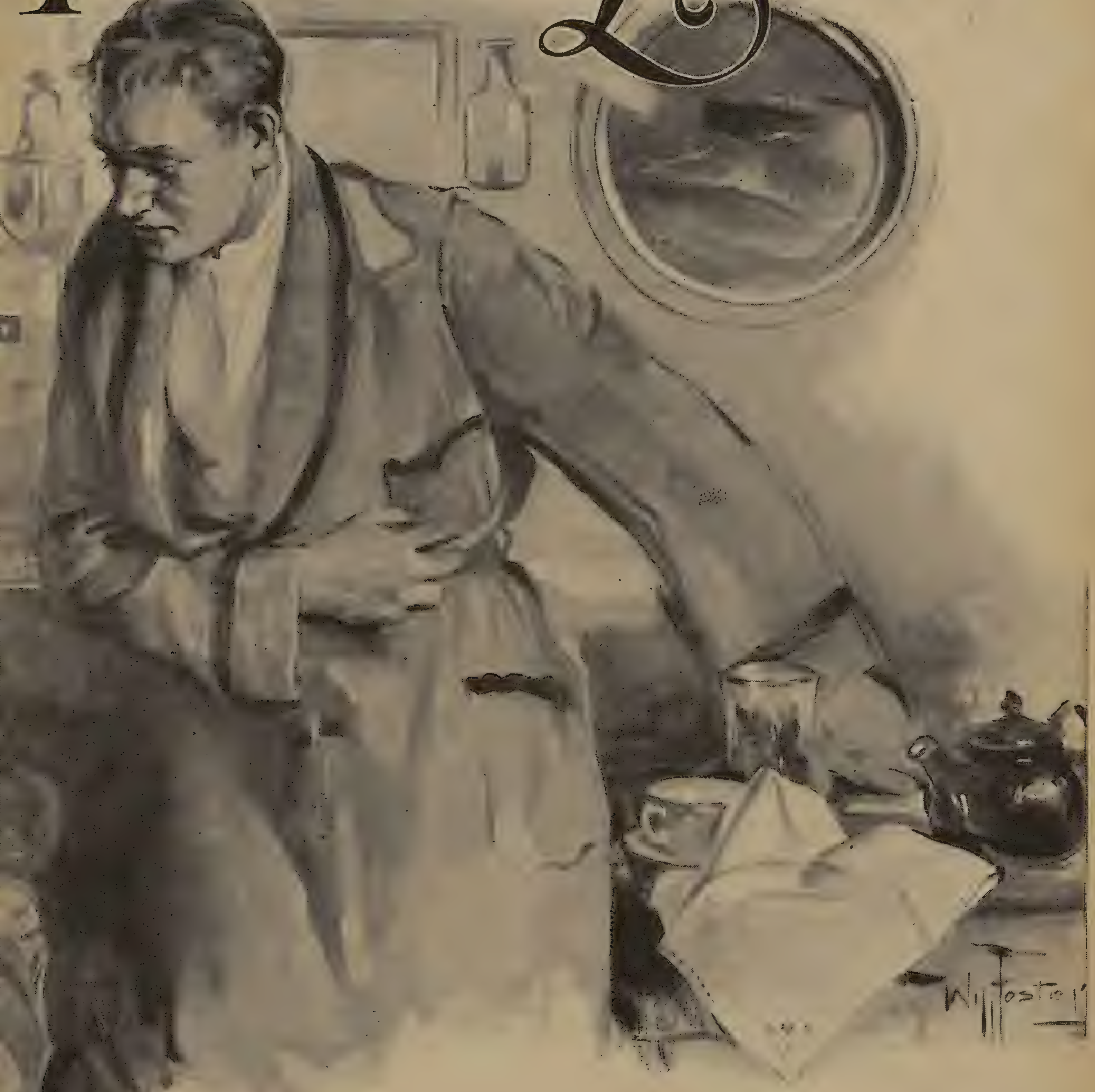
The ability of George Forbes to draw glorious girls and not be drawn to them caused comment around New York and they insinuated that he was a woman hater, which was untrue. He only hated the kind of women whose faces and forms made money for nationally advertised products.

The girl on the Paris struck him like a bolt



"That's what you think of me!" she wailed.

YOUNG LADY



"That's exactly what I think. I'm in love with you. And you are in love with me."

of lightning as he came face to face with her while elbowing his way through a chattering mob in the salon. He stared, not to be rude but to discover why a glimpse of her bothered him so. And there wasn't anything very remarkable about her; yet, when she smiled at somebody behind him, he was struck by lightning a second time despite the fact that such a thing isn't supposed to happen.

Now this young woman was dark, with heavy eyebrows which almost met above a thin aristocratic nose. Her eyes were deep-set yet abnormally large, and at first he thought they were gray and then he thought they were green.

Before he could be sure, she turned her head and displayed her profile, which was equally disturbing. Her upper lip was short and both lips were so full they gave her a pouting expression which changed by magic to inef-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-THREE]

fable sweetness when she smiled. Her chin was small and sharp. Her neck was rather long, but her head was pridefully poised on it. Her very black hair was short, and the right ear, which was turned to him, was as enchantingly designed as a product of an old Florentine goldsmith.

Her cheek bones, he noticed, were high, which with her pointed chin gave a triangular effect to her face. Not at all a beautiful countenance from a painter's angle, but an arresting one. Breeding was in every line of her. She was a lady from a race of ladies; unquestionably American, yet suggesting the enigmatic Orient. Her age was in its twenties.

With the keen eye of a wielder of a paintbrush he comprehended all this in the few seconds before a surge of the crowd dragged him away from her.

Here was a girl whom all his art could not sell to an advertiser, yet she enchanted him. To meet her was an imperious necessity. Well, he was locked up in a ship with her, for he had heard her tell her friends in a clear, tuneful, and prettily modulated soprano that she would write them from Paris.

The thing to do was to obtain a passenger list and hope that some one with whom he might be acquainted would know her or a member of her party. Vain hope. Although he had countless friends, none of them seemed to have chosen this voyage of the Paris.

This happened to be a morning sailing, and during the day he obtained glimpses of her, once chatting at the rail with two arrogant playboys and again in a deck chair beside two white-haired and meager old ladies.

Though he prowled about the ship in the evening, he failed to discover her. And, because he turned in early, he awoke at eight in his cabin and astonished his steward by refusing coffee and rolls in bed.

After breakfasting all alone in the great double-decked dining saloon, he found himself alone on the broad promenade deck. The sparkling blue sea was flecked with milky foam and a stiff breeze hummed across the promenade. He strode complacently along and filled his lungs with air that bubbled like wine.

She was leaning on the rail well aft as he rounded the deckhouse forward and he knew her although she was a hundred yards distant. It was with increasing trepidation that he drew near to her, though diffidence in the presence of lovely woman was not in the least characteristic of him. He must not miss this chance. A cheerful word of greeting from a fellow passenger could not offend her, yet his heart began to pound and his lips dried up as the crisis lowered.

Leaning on the rail in a green sweater and skirt she was as graceful as a fern. She heard his footsteps, glanced toward him, and looked out upon the water. He slowed. He was only half a dozen feet distant. He stepped firmly to her side, leaned elbows on the rail, glanced at her, and saw a placid profile.

"GOOD morning," he said stupidly. "Isn't this delightful?"

She turned her head slowly and her great eyes met his. Something seemed to leap out of them at him and clutch his heart. She dropped long black lashes over the green-gray pools and lifted her heavy black unplucked brows.

"Do I know you?" she asked reproachfully.

He smiled deprecatingly. "I am afraid not, but I thought—it's too lovely this morning to be alone—I wondered if you would mind if I spoke to you."

"Who are you?"

Her tones were a necklace of tiny ice cubes.

He shivered. "My—my name is Forbes."

"Of the Boston Forbes?"

He shook his head. "The Chicago Forbes."

Her thin shoulders lifted expressively. "I don't know you, then. What makes you think I would permit a stranger to speak to me?"

He was slowly congealing. "On board ship—one doesn't stand on ceremony—"

She turned her eyes on him again, this time veiled.

"This is your first voyage," she accused.

"Yes, it is," he admitted.

"Mr. Forbes, shipboard informality went out with the early Cunarders. And I think you know it." Her lips parted and revealed small, regular, gleaming teeth. "I dislike to report you," she said silkily. "They might confine you to your cabin."

This was too much even from a woman whose personality half bewitched him.

"Please do your duty," he answered angrily. "Good morning."

He lifted his cap, which revealed much blond hair which curled naturally. His eyes snapped and his strong jaw jutted like a promontory. He turned his back and moved away from her, but he had taken only half a dozen strides when she called to him.

"Oh, young man!" she said peremptorily.

He swung about, his face sternly set.

"Come back, please," she requested.

He moved a few steps toward her.

"I don't want to spoil your first voyage," she said gently. "And I hate to hurt people."

He smiled sardonically. "You wouldn't kill a fly nor step on a worm. I know."

The left corner of her expressive mouth twisted fascinatingly. He thought she was strangling a smile. Her strange eyes contemplated him without revealing anything.

"Don't let this experience discourage you," she said blandly. "It's likely that there are girls on board who are adventurous. You are presentable, you know."

"I HAVE changed my mind," he said hotly. "You would step on a worm."

Pink flags waved in her olive cheeks.

"Now you are offensive," she charged.

"You shouldn't have recalled me," he retorted.

She had turned her back to the rail and rested her elbows upon it. Her exceedingly small right shoe began to tap the deck petulantly. She regarded him insolently.

"What do you do for a living? An actor, I presume?" she asked coolly.

Forbes met her gaze resentfully.

"Are you questioning me in order to decide whether I qualify for acquaintance or from idle curiosity?"

She frowned. "You needn't answer. I'm not really interested. However, if during the voyage you are introduced to me by one of my friends, I shall endeavor to ignore this incident."

"I wouldn't dream of subjecting you to such an ordeal," he retorted. "Please don't recall me this time."

On the other side of the steamer he flung himself into somebody's deck chair and glowered at the deep blue sea. Her treatment of him had been so abominable as to absolve him from the humiliation which he would have felt if she merely had snubbed him for his presumption. An ordinary rebuff would have shamed him but left him without resentment. He quivered with hatred of her.

This girl was no shrinking maiden from a convent who was affronted by the presumption of a stranger. On the contrary, the encounter had entertained her and she had taken a savage delight in badgering him. She had treated him as though she were a Persian cat and he a frail brown mouse. When he broke loose she had pounced on him again and inflicted more torment. After all, his offense was slight and the punishment cruel and unusual.

And yet there was something between them. The expression in her eyes when she first looked at him was unmistakable. It was recognition. As though these two had met and crossed swords before. And she was drawn to him as he was drawn to her. Despite her infuriating patronage of him she was loath to let him go. And she, after reducing him to quivering pulp, had practically invited him to find somebody to introduce them.

In the face of her treatment of him he still craved the girl. He tingled for her and no doubt she sensed that there was nothing casual in his effort to become acquainted with her. She confidently expected to chain him to her chariot wheel before the voyage was over.

Well, her woman's instinct had not informed her that George Forbes was the sort of man who would not hesitate to bite off his nose to spite his face. No woman

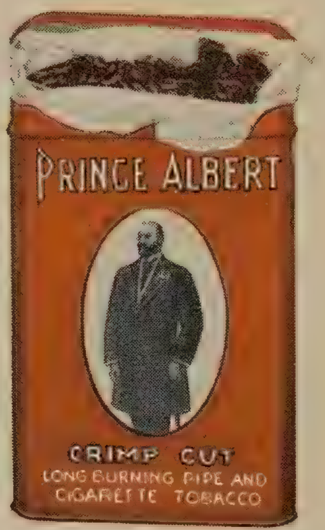
[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-SEVEN]

I'm "that way" about P. A.

THE fragrance that floated up when I opened that first tidy red tin told me: "You're going to like P. A.—and like it lots." I could feel my smoke-appetite tugging at the bow-lines. I got under full sail with the very first pipe-load. Right from the start. And I mean "*right.*"

Cool as "I'm sorry . . . I have an engagement." Sweet as "But, Big Boy, I'll break it for *you.*" Mellow and mild and refreshing as a summer breeze on the quarter-deck. Not only on that first fire-up, but on the thousands that have followed. Prince Albert is *my* idea of swell tobacco.

No matter how you take it . . . jimmy-pipe or roll-your-own . . . Prince Albert makes bedtime a nuisance. I mean, when you get going with this man's tobacco, you'll hate to turn off the radio, put up the window, and put out the light. Try Prince Albert—the world *can't* be wrong!



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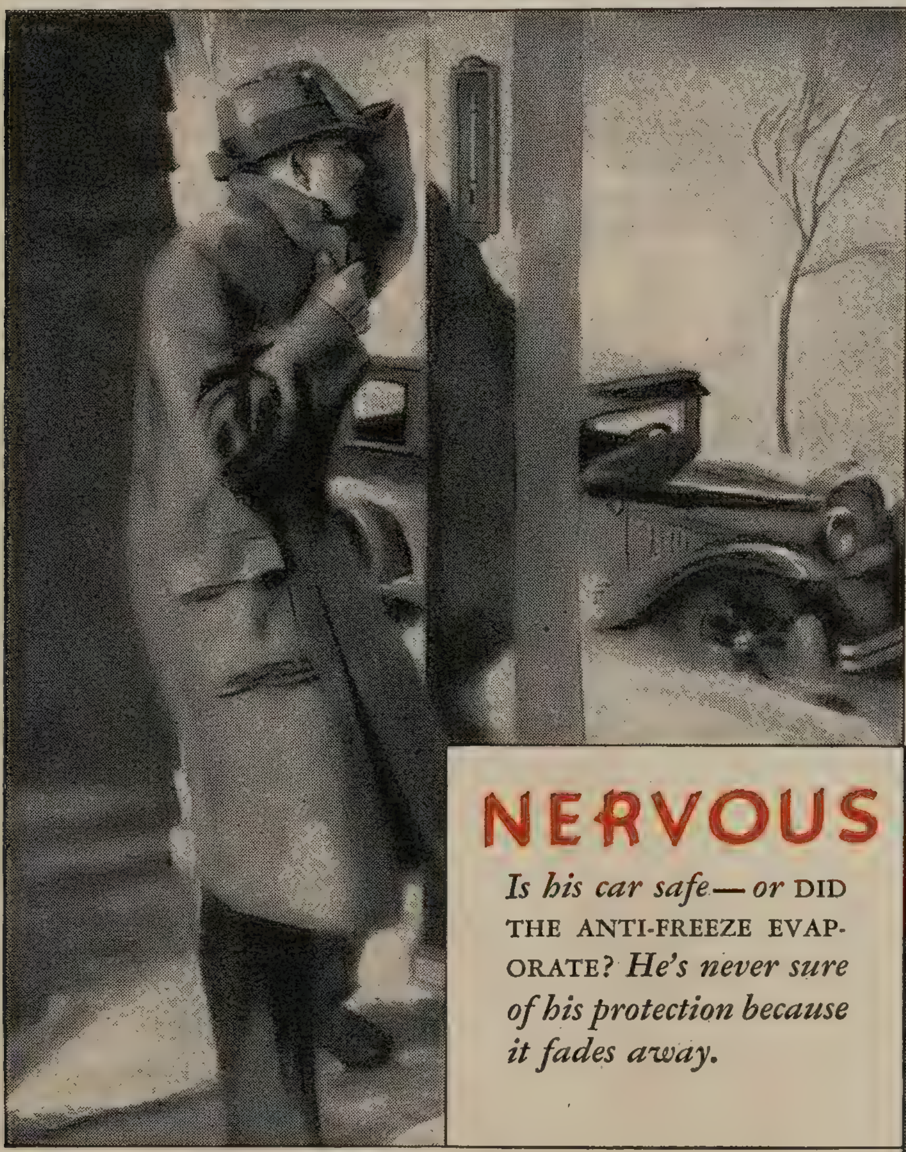

NERVOUS

Is his car safe—or DID THE ANTI-FREEZE EVAPORATE? *He's never sure of his protection because it fades away.*

How 1,600,000 *motorists ended anti-freeze worries last year*

Five years ago glycerine was anti-freeze news—last year it was permanent anti-freeze protection for 1,600,000 motor cars.

Why this change? Because glycerine as an anti-freeze performs *two* distinct services. It protects your car against freezing and it *protects your mind against worry.*

An anti-freeze that evaporates will protect your car against freezing—if you worry enough. But it's the *worry* you want to get rid of—the fuss and bother of constantly testing your anti-freeze solution, running for more anti-freeze, and watching to see that the mixture doesn't get too hot.

Glycerine takes this worry and bother off your mind. It won't evaporate. It won't steam off. You always know you're protected. *One filling lasts the entire winter.*

Remember too that glycerine has no odor—gives off no unpleasant fumes. And it is as safe for your car as water. It will not harm either cooling system or car finish.

CERTAIN

He knows he's safe—because GLYCERINE WILL NOT EVAPORATE. *One filling protects his car against freezing for the entire winter.*

Naturally the cooling system should be tight where a permanent anti-freeze is used. See that it is made so, put in one filling of G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine, and get freeze up worries off your mind for the entire winter. Put it in your car today.

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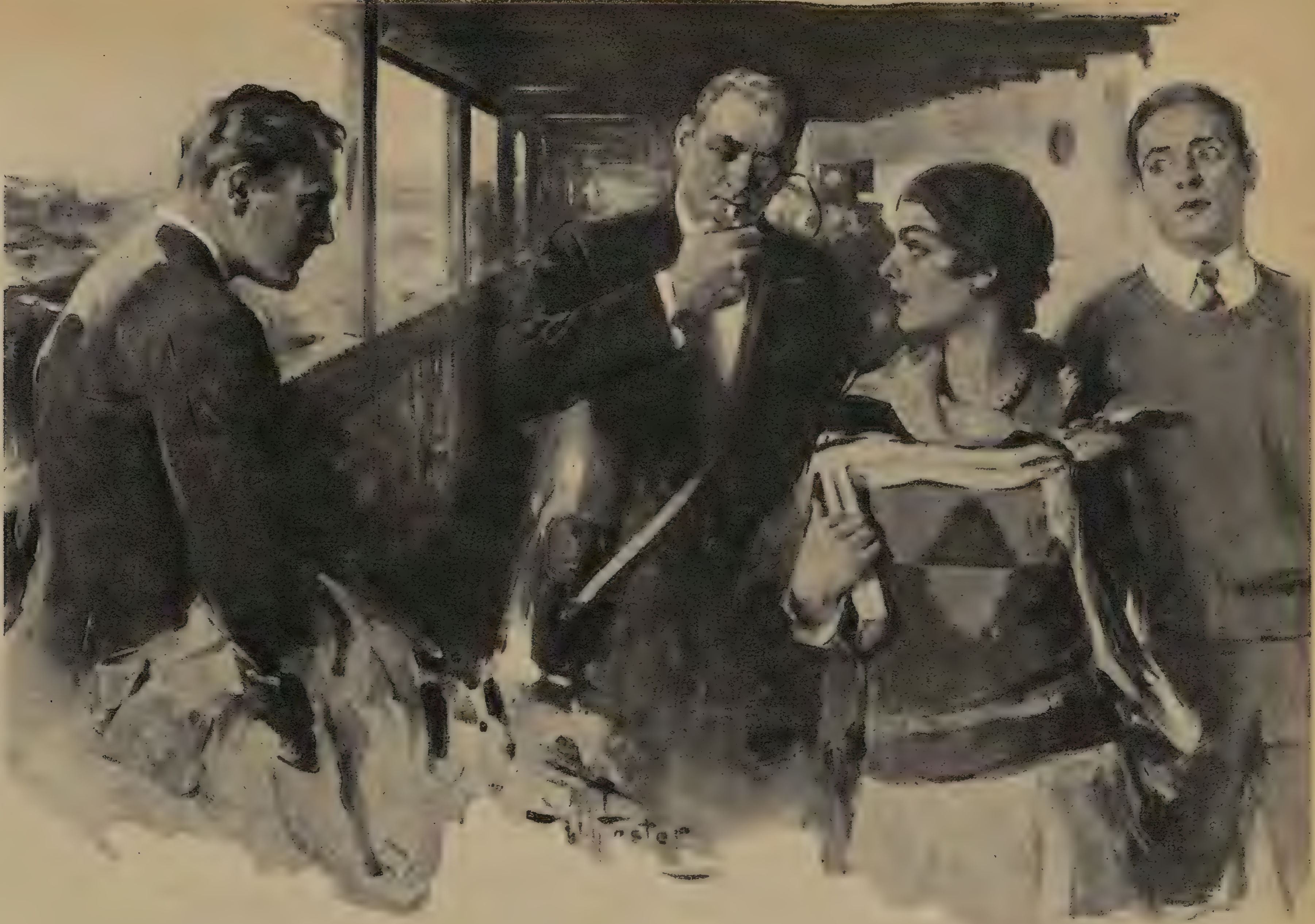

He encountered the trio as he turned the corner of the deckhouse, and this time he met her eyes.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-FOUR]

could whip him and then pat him. If this thing which had grappled with him was love he would toss it overboard. Their affair was over before it had started. Lest he weaken he would keep out of her way until they landed at Havre and then he would see what a strong man could do about forgetting a woman.

Very successfully he managed not to see her for the rest of the day and, to avoid an encounter on deck in the morning, he remained in bed until noon.

At luncheon he had a glimpse of her. With the two very thin old ladies she occupied a table next the railing in the balcony of the dining saloon. During the early afternoon he worked at his drawing board in his cabin while he nursed his wrath against her. And about 2:30 o'clock he yielded to his yearning to gaze at her from a distance and went up to the promenade deck, which, at this period, was thronged with passengers who were walking or sprawled in deck chairs.

After two turns about the deck he came face to face with her. She wore a black beret and a scarlet-and-gold sweater over a white plaited skirt, and to his infatuated eyes she looked adorable. She was walking between the two long, lean, gilded loafers whom he had seen in her company two days before. As they passed he deliberately gazed seaward.

A COUPLE of minutes later he encountered the trio as he turned the corner of the deckhouse, and this time he met her eyes. The strange gleam was in them and she smiled at him frankly and boldly.

He clenched his hands, managed a cold bow, and passed. He heard masculine guffaws behind him. Damn her, she had told those bounders that he had tried to pick her up!

“Take that, Audrey!” exclaimed Dicky Hosmer.

“Snubbed, by God!” commented Eric Vane.

“Who is that man?” the girl demanded eagerly. “Either of you know him?”

Hosmer nodded. “I've met the blighter. And thereby hangs a tale.”

“Well, tell it,” she commanded.

“A friend of mine in the Vanities, Doris Dew by name, and a duckling, ekes out her income by posing. I lunched her one day and she had an appointment with an artist. Nothing would do me except to accompany the darling to her sitting and we lifted a few en route. Well, when we arrived, he looked us over scornfully and chucked us both out.”

“I ASKED if you knew that man. What do I care if somebody threw you out of a studio?” she said impatiently.

“That's the brute. His name is George Forbes.”

“The illustrator. He's marvelous!” exclaimed Audrey. “So that's who he is. Well, when he comes around again, grab him and introduce him to me.”

“Don't be silly,” chided Hosmer. “He only paints beautiful woman. He wouldn't look at you.”

“I rather think he would,” she said complacently. “See, he's coming. Nab him for me, Dicky.”

But George Forbes, observing the menace from afar, about faced and disappeared around the deckhouse.

Eric Vane exploded with mirth.

“The brute is a mind reader,” he declared.

“Let's turn around,” suggested Audrey, who was biting her nether lip angrily. “We'll meet him up forward.”

With caustic comments they obeyed, but after they had completely circled the deck they were forced to conclude that Mr. Forbes had abandoned his promenade.

“All right,” said Audrey Hollingsworth with a determined nod. “You boys lay for him. Bring him to me at the dance tonight.”

“Come now, darling,” protested Hosmer. “For some reason he's agin us. And being a lover of the beautiful, he wouldn't want to meet you.”

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE UNSCRUPULOUS YOUNG LADY
Continued from page sixty-seven

"I'll make a note of that dirty dig," she retorted. "What he wants is of no consequence. Bring him to me, dead or alive!"

"The cold-blooded little fish has a crush," sighed Hosmer. "It's hopeless, beloved. That man keeps a bouncer to eject beautiful actresses and models from his apartment."

"You go get him," she ordered. "I'm going below."

Messrs. Vane and Hosmer exchanged amused glances when they were alone.

"After all," said Dicky, "Forbes knows the good ones in New York and a lot of them will be in Paris this summer. From the standpoint of two prominent clubmen, it won't do any harm to make friends with the bozo."

"I'm for it," agreed Vane. "Let's pick him up in the smokeroom."

They located Forbes without trouble. He sat in a corner and pulled vindictively upon a cigarette. Not being troubled with shyness, they bore down on him.

"Hello, Mr. Forbes," said Hosmer cordially. "You may not remember me, but I came to your studio once upon a time with a model named Doris Dew, both parties being rather dewy. By name Richard Hosmer. Everybody calls me Dicky. This is none other than Eric Vane, who admires your work much and your models more. Why shouldn't we buy you a drink?"

Forbes had to smile and made no objections to their joining him.

"I suppose you cross every year," said Vane for lack of something better to say.

George shook his head.

"My first voyage," he replied simply.

"Really? I thought artists had to study in Paris."

"I'm not much of an artist. I studied in Chicago."

"I've seen your pictures," replied Hosmer. "I don't suppose you noticed the chit we were dragging around the deck a little while ago. Not what you'd call attractive."

"On the contrary," retorted Forbes with unnecessary heat, "I thought she was charming."

For no apparent reason Dicky and Eric roared with laughter.

"Why the mirth?" asked George blankly.

Dicky brought a heavy hand down on his shoulder.

"Forbes, old sox," he declared, "we are the bearer of glad tidings. Miss Audrey Hollingsworth wants to meet you."

"And who is Miss Hollingsworth?" Forbes asked with commendable indifference.

"THE dark lady of the sonnets who you think is charming. She's a child of Beantown who is traveling with two Gorgons, Misses Julia and Hannah Hollingsworth. A bright girl but bookish. Our instructions are to drag you over at the dance tonight. Bless you, my children."

"I'm sorry," said George quietly. "I am not dancing."

"Well, sit it out. What do we care?"

He shook his head. "I have so much work to do that I am making no acquaintances."

"But you can be introduced, darn it."

"I'm sorry."

The emissaries exchanged baffled glances.

"Doesn't want to meet that girl," sighed Dicky. "Well, maybe you're right. But there are some wild ones on board. Eric and I are going to chuck an orgy in our cabin and—"

"I'm eschewing orgies during the trip," replied Forbes with a smile. "May I buy you a drink?"

Dicky rose. "Ask us later and we'll not refuse. Say, did you know Audrey in the dim dark past? Little tiff? Lovers' quarrel?"

"Never saw her until I came on board the Paris."

"Well," said Dicky, "Lord knows we did all we could. Onward, Eric!"

. . . . . .

George Forbes, in the smokeroom, was scowling into his highball glass. Why, the girl thought he was a poodle who could be kicked and then caressed! Having learned from the twin jackasses that he was a well known illustrator, she had decided that he might be amusing and with the insolence of a potentate had sent him a royal command.

If she knew how crudely her ambassadors had managed the affair she would be furious, no doubt, and he trusted she would be very angry when they informed her how her invitation had been received. In a way, the summons was an insult added to injury. He had assured her that he would avoid an introduction and she assumed that he would eagerly grasp the opportunity.

Yet he had wanted to accept the olive branch. No girl had ever obsessed him until now. Since his first glimpse of her he had thought of nothing and nobody else. While he had been hating her steadily for two days he was unable to banish her. A nod to the emissaries and tonight he would hold her in his arms in the dance. The look in her eye as he had passed her on deck was significant that between them there was something which would not stop at friendship.

HIS churlish refusal of a friendly overture would settle him forever with the arrogant young woman. Less desirable girls might run after a man who had snubbed them, but Audrey Hollingsworth would close the books on him.

Curious type for a stolid Boston name. In her was an exotic strain. She would pass for a Slav or a Magyar, yet her aunts were unmistakably New England.

It was a pity. She had brains and furious passions and great depths, this girl, and she was the beginning and end of romance for him, and he had to slam the door in her face. And it would take a long time to forget her. He ordered another drink.

That afternoon, for the first time, he sought his deck chair, which was on the port side in the shade. A strong breeze was blowing and it had blown away most of the occupants of chairs in that section. Forbes had a book which he knew he would not be able to read and he was in an indigo mood. Reaction had set in and he was calling himself a fool for rebuffing the messengers of Audrey Hollingsworth. Two deck chairs away a woman lay smothered in rugs. He ignored her because he did not see her.

Five minutes passed. Ten minutes. The deck steward came by on his rounds.

"Steward!" called the woman in tones that snapped like a whip. Forbes glanced up, startled, and saw the remarkable profile of the girl who obsessed him. How had it happened that he had not sensed her presence?

"Help me up," she commanded. "I have been trying to extricate myself for several minutes."

The steward unrolled her from her rugs and extended a helping hand.

"Now find me a location on the opposite side of the deck. I do not like this neighborhood," she said significantly.

"But, Miss Hollingsworth, your chairs are on the starboard side," replied the steward in French.

A ghost of a smile crossed the lips of George Forbes. He saw swift color sweep into her cheeks.

"Then find them for me," she snapped.

By the set of her shoulders as she strode away he knew that she hated him now. He whistled softly. The boys had made their report. What had brought her to the chilly side of the ship and planted her in a chair only one removed from his own? He rose and inspected the name plate on the deck chair in which she had been reclining. The name on it was A. B. Levy.

And the steward who followed her was carrying off the blankets. And it would have been impossible for her to wrap herself in them unaided.

It dawned upon him that an opportunity had been offered which he had failed to grasp and he cursed himself for his stupidity. He had returned a Roland for her Oliver and the slate was wiped clean. If she had been endeavoring to extricate herself from the blankets, it would have been quite proper for him to aid her. She

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY]

MELLOWED
A HUNDRED
MILLION
YEARS

While scaly monsters fought in PENNSYLVANIA

WHAT makes one motor oil higher in lubricating quality than another?

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Have the nearest Sinclair dealer change your oil to Sinclair Mobiline according to the Sinclair Law of Lubrication. Examine this Mobiline after long, hard driving. Note how it stands up—how it comes out of the crankcase almost as good as it went in. Note especially how little has been used up — positive, visible proof that this rich, Devonian oil protects the last mile as well as the first.

Send our nearest office your name and address and a list of the states where you intend touring and we will send you road maps and the Sinclair Law of Lubrication booklet, free. Sinclair Refining Company,(Inc.), New York, Atlanta, Chicago, Houston, Fort Worth, Kansas City. Sinclair Refining Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto. Sinclair Refining Company of California, Los Angeles.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-EIGHT]

would have thanked him and a conventional shipboard acquaintance smoothly would have begun.

In his present mood he would have welcomed the chance and fate had made him act the boor. She had been there for ten minutes. No doubt she had uncovered her face immediately after he had seated himself. His mind had been so full of her that he had not become aware of her presence.

The girl, sublimely self-confident, did not believe that it was possible for him to sit near her and not know it. She assumed that he was ignoring her deliberately and her quick temper had flamed. She was choking with wrath when she addressed the steward and her remark about the neighborhood was rude because of her anger.

And the steward had prevented her retirement in good order by reminding her that she didn't belong in that chair anyway.

George thought that the young lady was in a mood to commit murder. Woe to the merry men, Dick and Eric, if they happened to cross her path! And finish for the affair between himself and Audrey Hollingsworth—a blossom blighted before it had a chance to bloom.

Should he put his pride in his pocket and ask Dicky to introduce him after all? He was ready to do so, but Audrey, by this time, considered herself a woman scorned and he thought she could contrive some hellish furies. No, all was over and it was a pity.

If only they were not on board a ship. If only they were alone in some forest primeval or on a desert island or somewhere without conventions. This girl ought to be his woman and she knew it as well as he. If he brushed aside all preliminaries and pounced on her and wrapped his arms around her she would scratch and bite, but, in the end, she would submit and they would be very happy. Two fools they were and he was the bigger one.

He went below after a while and worked listlessly until the dressing bugle. He changed leisurely to evening clothes and drifted toward the dining saloon, where he encountered the second steward, who had a message for him.

"The purser asks me, Mr. Forbes, if you will kindly present yourself at his office upon a very important matter."

He looked surprised but nodded obligingly and ascended to the purser's office. That functionary came forward immediately and asked him to step into his cabin. When George had entered, the purser closed the door and motioned him to a seat. He hesitated and was obviously embarrassed.

"WELL?" said Forbes impatiently.

"Monsieur, the captain has asked me to handle a very delicate situation. Much as I dislike to do so, I must inform you that you are charged with having insulted a young woman passenger."

"What?" George exclaimed. "Why, this is preposterous! You cannot be serious."

"Yesterday morning, taking advantage of the fact that there were few persons on the promenade deck, you accosted a lady whom you did not know and persisted in talking to her despite her protests."

"Well, I'll be damned!" marveled Forbes

"You are obviously a gentleman and I am frankly perplexed. One often speaks to a lady without an introduction, but one does not persist."

"No, one doesn't," said Forbes bitterly.

"As it happens, there are no witnesses. It is your word against that of the lady. If you deny the charge, there is nothing we can do."

"And if I admit it?"

The Frenchman humped his shoulders and spread out his hands deprecatingly.

"I would request you to remain in your stateroom and take your meals there. The voyage lasts only three days more. You may receive your friends. A slight inconvenience."

"Under arrest, nevertheless."

"Technically, monsieur, that is all. There will be no publicity."

"The complainant is Miss Audrey Hollingsworth?"

"Ah, you know her!" exclaimed the purser hopefully.

"No, I haven't met her. Does she know that you can do nothing unless I admit my guilt?"

"That has been explained to her."

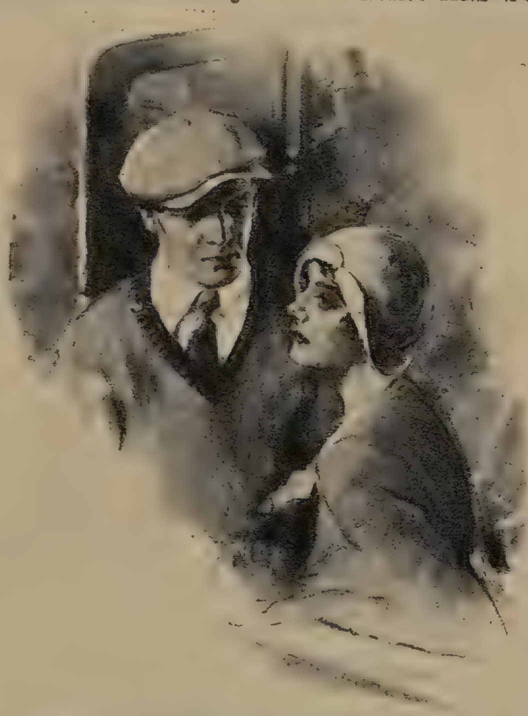
Forbes rose. "I admit it. Please inform the lady that I am under arrest as a result of her accusation."

"That is most lamentable," sighed the purser.

George smiled. "You have handled the affair with great tact. And I know nobody on board and have much work to do in my stateroom. And, as you state, the voyage will be over in three days. Good evening, monsieur."

Despite the fact that he was under arrest upon a disgraceful charge, George Forbes was smiling as he went to his cabin.

"The little devil!" he exclaimed under his breath. "Oh, the little savage! The adorable termagant!"



"You needn't answer. I'm not really interested."

HE ordered an excellent dinner and a bottle of wine and ate with keen enjoyment. That afternoon he had been convinced that the dark girl with the green eyes who had affected him so strangely would pass out of his life at Havre. Now he didn't think she would.

Audrey Hollingsworth sat with her two aunts in the balcony of the dining saloon and watched a small table on the lower floor. As the meal proceeded and the table continued to be unoccupied she grew pale and distrait.

"Audrey," said her Aunt Hannah sharply, "what's the matter with you? You sent away your potage and you pecked at your fish and you are not eating the roast. Are you seasick?"

"Look how pale she is," commented Aunt Julia.

"I—I guess I am seasick," she faltered. "I must leave the dining room."

She rose and walked swiftly from the saloon and climbed the stairs wearily to the purser's office. She was received with icy politeness.

"What has happened?" she asked anxiously.

"I have seen Monsieur Forbes."

"But he denied the charge," she declared.

He shook his head. "*Au contraire.* He admitted his guilt. You will be pleased to learn that I have confined him to his cabin."

"But I am not pleased," she wailed. Her little left fist pressed hard against her bosom. "You said you could do nothing since there were no witnesses."

"But, mademoiselle, he confessed."

"He lied," she said agitatedly. "And I lied. Please release him at once."

"There is something very curious here," commented the purser. "Mademoiselle, it is most serious to make false charges."

"I know it. Arrest me, if you like. I don't care."

The purser smiled. "Instead I release the gentleman."

He pressed a button and a steward appeared from nowhere.

"Go to Cabin 120 and inform the gentleman, Monsieur Forbes, that the charges have been withdrawn and he is free to come and go."

"May I wait until he reports?" asked Audrey pitifully. "I was mad, monsieur. I can't understand what made me do it."

"Doubtless the gentleman will forgive so beautiful a lady."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-TWO]

WHY FAMOUS MEN OF THE DAY USE BARBASOL

"Champion of all the shaves . . . Barbasol"

* *"Barbasol plays a fast, clean game for me every morning. Man, what a comfort to get rid of brush and rub and lather. I wouldn't believe it at first, when I got your signals, but now I know it's not a trick play but just a straight buck right through the whiskers, with no interference. I'll lead the cheering for Barbasol—every time."*

John Law

* *Barbasol testimonials are not paid for*

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No brush No lather No rub in
Barbasol Antiseptic Beard Softener
BARBASOL

John Law, Star Captain of the 1929 Notre Dame National Championship Football Team, now making his mark as coach of Manhattan College, New York

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How many men with tough beards in tender faces can *shave twice a day?* Not with the old soap and lather system! Few faces can stand that racket. But Barbasol *leaves* the face feeling so soft and refreshed that hundreds of Barbasol believers have written in to say two shaves a day are *easy!*

Barbasol softens the beard like magic and, at the same time, its fine even texture holds the hairs straight up to the blade. Naturally, there is no pull; no scrape—and your face actually is *improved* by the treatment.

As for speed, Barbasol is no chore at all. It's *fun* to shave this modern way. But you must do it *right*. The method is simplicity itself. If you once tried Barbasol and *quit*, the chances are you've missed the shaving comfort which has made Barbasol the fastest-selling shaving cream in America. Try it again and

Follow these directions—at that, you'll be following the crowd:

1 Wet your face. Leave it wet . . . **2** Spread on Barbasol. Don't rub it in . . . **3** Wet a good blade and—SHAVE.

That's all. And note how crisp and easy the blade slides along; how clean the whiskers come away. How *good* the old face *feels*. No lotions needed here. And blades last longer, too. Get Barbasol today and give your face a glad surprise in the morning. Generous tubes, 35¢ and 65¢ at all drug stores. The Barbasol Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

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Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

No brushing—No lathering—No rubbing

[THE UNSCRUPULOUS YOUNG LADY
Continued from page seventy]

"I am not beautiful and he won't forgive me, ever!" she cried passionately.

For five minutes she sat on the sofa in the purser's cabin, hands pressed to burning cheeks.

The steward returned and reported:

"The gentleman says he has been placed under arrest and he is going to remain under arrest. He says he likes being arrested."

Audrey uttered a little moan.

"But this is absurd!" exclaimed the purser angrily. "I'll see him myself."

The girl shook her head dolefully. "It won't do any good," she said. "He is so stubborn."

"Then you know the gentleman, after all?"

"No-o. But I know he is stubborn."

She rose and moved slowly toward her cabin.

George Forbes found his voluntary confinement irksome the following day, but he thrust out his jaw and made the best of it. He lunched heartily, but he had no appetite for dinner, and by the time the evening was half over he was irritable and made up his mind to call the thing off in the morning. He tossed down a book, fetched him by the steward from the ship's library, with an ejaculation of disgust. It was nine forty-five by the watch on his dresser. He took off coat and vest and collar and necktie and put on a dressing gown. In another hour he would go to bed and perhaps sleep.

TAP, tap, tap. A gentle knocking on the cabin door. He opened it. She stood in the corridor. She was very pale and her great eyes were opaque with panic, but she was rare and exotic in a red satin gown and she was brave because she didn't run away.

"I—I beg your pardon," she stammered.

George Forbes smiled cordially. "Come in," he invited. "I had about given you up and was getting ready to retire."

"You—you were expecting me?" she murmured.

"Naturally. Come in." As she hesitated he caught her hand and drew her into the stateroom and closed the door. He looked down upon her benevolently.

"Well?" he queried.

"I can't understand—I was out of my mind—"

"With rage," he finished.

She nodded. He studied her.

"Your name is Audrey Hollingsworth," he said, "but you are too unscrupulous to be Yankee. What are you?"

She smiled just a bit. "My mother was Roumanian. I am unscrupulous."

"I'll say so."

"I don't understand why I hate you so."

"I've figured that out," he informed her.

"Why did you refuse to be released?" she asked plaintively.

"I had to get even with you, didn't I?"

SHE nodded. "I suppose so. I had a terrible night. I thought of suicide."

"That would have been foolish. You are temperamental and unprincipled, but you are not a fool."

"Considering that we haven't met, you seem to know a lot about me," she said a trifle tartly.

"I've thought a lot about you since I came on board. I miscalculated, though. I supposed you would call this afternoon. You are five or six hours late. You had to come and I was looking forward to your visit very eagerly."

She flashed him a startled glance. "You seem to know my mental processes. But I don't see why you wanted me to come. You have reason to hate me."

He placed both hands on her shoulders and forced her down upon the couch and, drawing a chair in front of her, he seated himself upon it.

"Let's go into this. After you left the steamer chair yesterday afternoon, you encountered the captain and accused me of insulting you, didn't you?"

She nodded. Her face was very red.

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"Because you thought I deliberately ignored you after you had planted yourself near my deck chair."

"You are cruel," she protested. "It's true, though."

"But you were covered with a blanket and I didn't see you at all. Besides, you were going to be nasty to me if I did speak to you, weren't you?"

"At first, maybe," she admitted.

"And all the time you like me as I like you."

"You don't like me. You refused to be introduced," she retorted.

"That was because you were so unpleasant when I spoke to you the other morning. I'm not in the habit of picking up girls. You seemed to think I was."

"I didn't want you to think you could pick me up. I was so disappointed in you."

"Oh, you noticed me before!"

"Y-es. On sailing day. I expected you to find somebody to introduce us and you thought that you could come right up and scrape acquaintance. But I can't understand why I was so rotten to you."

He smiled tenderly. "And you can't understand why you were so furious when I dismissed those idiot emissaries of yours. And you don't know what really drove you to accuse me falsely to the captain."

"N-o," she said in a still small voice.

"Stand up," he commanded. She looked bewildered, but rose to her feet. Forbes rose, too, and stood in front of her, a foot away. Suddenly he swooped upon her, picked her up in his arms, and pressed his lips against hers savagely. She struggled furiously but did not cry out, and presently he released her and she fell back on the couch.

"THAT'S what you think of me!" she wailed.

"That's exactly what I think. I'm in love with you. And you are in love with me. If I were a person who hadn't moved you strongly you don't suppose you would have treated me so abominably? Part of you is New England and part is tempestuous, unscrupulous Oriental. I love both parts of you. You are proud and you love to dominate. You were going to break my spirit and make a slave of me. I knew that and determined to break the thing off before it got a start. But you didn't want it broken off. You were just as much obsessed by me as I am by you. I knew it would hurt you to refuse the introduction and you expected to hurt me by making the charge against me. You expected me to deny it and reproach you. Anything but ignore you. I knew that if I didn't, you would have to come to me. Here you are and you're not going to get away."

She looked up and flooded him with the radiance of her smile. "I don't want to get away and I don't want to dominate you," she declared. "Why do you love me? I'm not beautiful. I've seen the pictures you paint."

"Men don't paint women like you, they die for them," he replied.

"You are so handsome and so big and so fine," she marveled. "I can understand why I thrilled when I first saw you. Do you think your love will last?"

"Oh, forty or fifty years, anyway," he replied with a laugh. He seated himself beside her on the couch and passed his arm around her waist. Her head fell on his shoulder.

"My aunts!" she exclaimed. "Imagine their horror. I haven't met you and I'm in your cabin and you're half dressed and you are kissing me—at least, you were."

"And you're going to be here for hours and hours," he assured her. "Nobody is going to care. And as for kissing you—"

"Well," she said after a moment, "considering I had to have you arrested to make you notice me, you seem to be very demonstrative now."

"Don't you wish you had been nice to me that first morning?"

She considered. "No," she said finally with her devastating smile. "If our acquaintance had begun then I wouldn't be in a compromising situation so soon. I suppose you are going to marry me, after all?"

"I think it very likely," he answered. "In the meantime—"

THE END

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I Get Some Steers

A Heist Guy's Bow to the Tipster

As Told to EUGENE SEGAL

By ROY CHADWICK

Pictures by RAYMOND SISLEY

(Reading time: 15 minutes 45 seconds.)

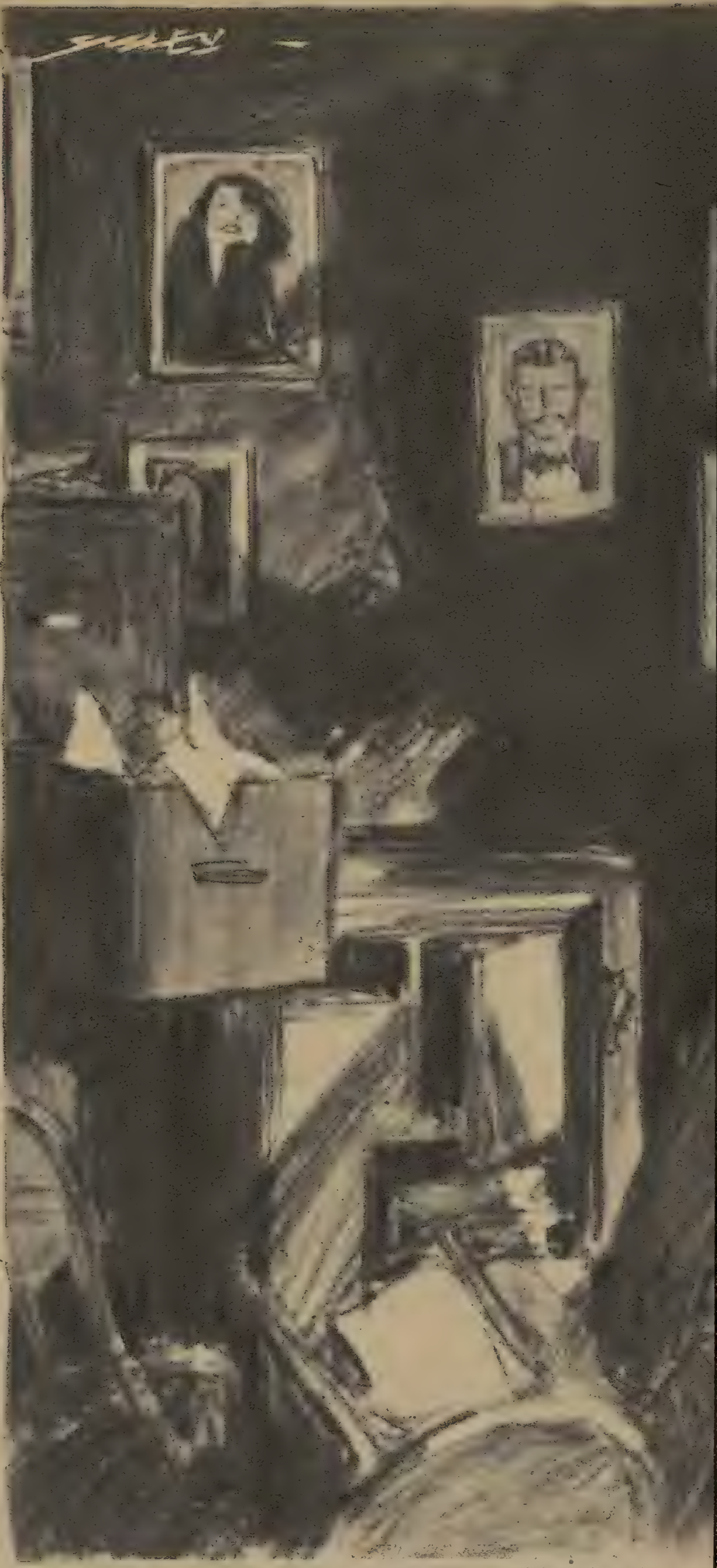
THESE are the first-hand confessions of a genuine, all-round racketeer. Their authenticity is vouched for by Charles P. Taft, 2nd, who met Chadwick in the course of his duties as prosecuting attorney of Hamilton County, Ohio.

THIEVES get more credit for brains than is coming to them. That's the reason you have so many mysteries. Instead of looking for the easy explanation of a job, dicks are apt to take it for granted a thief just couldn't be that dumb, and the sting is listed as a mystery.

Suppose a mob kicks in a department store some night, burns through a pete, and gets away with fifteen or twenty grand. Nobody can understand how the thieves happened to pick the exact time when the night hack was at home sick, how they could get a half-ton acetylene tank into the joint, or how they could make their way past a network of burglar-alarm wires without stirring a jump-up from the law.

Any hustler could tell you a play like that was steered from the inside. But the dicks will check up on all the welders and electricians in town, and find out what made the night hack sick. The job turns out to be a mystery and the guys who pulled it are smart articles. They're about as smart as the man who knows when to blow his nose if you tell him.

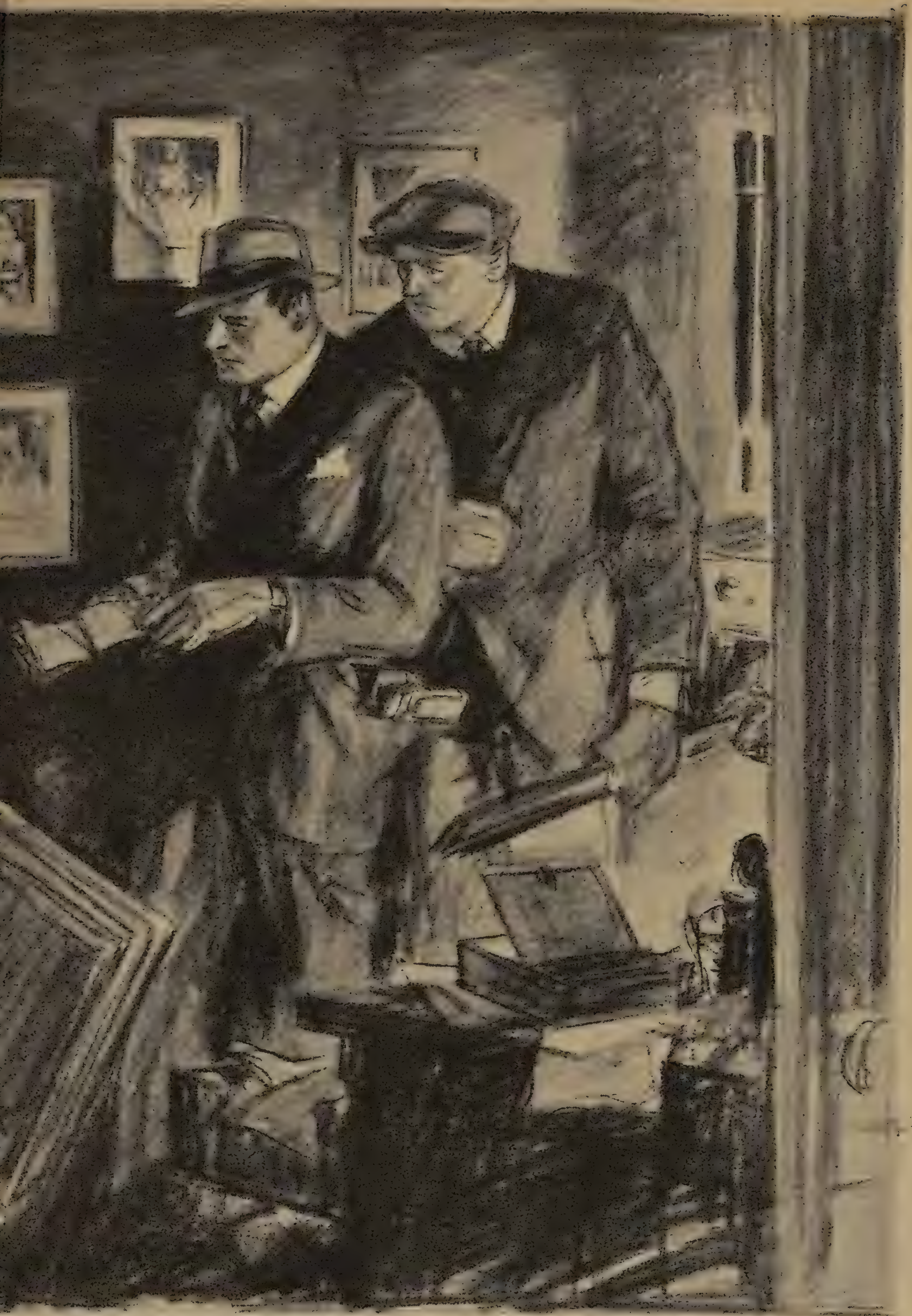
Steers are at the bottom of most big jobs and at the same time are about the first thing the dicks pass up in their investigations. Steer guys are the hustler's bread and butter. Without them and the fences no mob can stay in business. I'm not saying a thief can't make a living playing the rackets cold, but unless he has someone to show him where the dough is, his averages won't be high enough to pay him for his time.



We tore up the office looking for the res

The dicks know about steers, all right, but they don't seem to know enough. They'll look over a joint that's been knocked off and if all the employees have clean faces, will give them the O. K. They just can't believe that a cashier whose name figures in the society news and in big business could be dealing with thieves. When heavy dough is lost it's the guys close to the boss who could talk.

I've always figured that any person you meet is a possible steer guy. For that reason I've made it a practice to talk right to everybody. If there's any smartness at all connected with using steers, it's knowing how to make friends of good people. Sometimes I'm sur-



I guess The Covered Wagon didn't do very good business in this town.

prised myself at the kind of guys who will kick in with information about a job. They might have money and a nice business and you wonder why they want to get mixed up with a shady deal. They have all sorts of reasons. In many cases they're after nothing but revenge.

Take the guy who gave me a steer on a certain crap game. He was the leading gents' furnishings dealer in a town near Cincinnati. I had been selling him hijack whisky, a few cases at a time, over a period of about a year. We got to be good friends. I often went to his home to have some drinks with him. He didn't know I was anything but a bootlegger until one day the news carried my name in connection with a couple of heists.

Next time I saw him, he threw it up to me.

"I see where they've been questioning you about some holdups," he said.

I figured this was the end between him and me. But he poured out a couple of drinks.

"Well," he went on, "what's my business is mine and what's yours is yours if you want to get it that way."

"I'm not owning to anything," I answered.

"You damn' fool, you," he said. "I guess you don't want to make any money."

"Just like you," I kidded him.

"Listen, Roy," he said, "a good business man advertises. How do you know I can't throw something your way?"

"Can you?" I asked.

He told me about a river camp where there was a steep crap game and a crowd of heavy players.

We took the joint the next night. There were about twenty men in the place. We lined them up, faces to the wall, and I fanned them. As I went into one guy's pockets he bore down on my foot. I was ready to sock him when I caught a glimpse of his face. He winked. It was the steer guy.

I took his dough along with the others'—three Cs. The joint came for four grand minus the three hundred I kicked back to my friend. When I took it to him I offered him in addition ten per cent of the take, the usual split for steers.

"Keep it for a rainy day," he said.

That was a new one on me—a steer guy working for nothing. He explained. One time they ran in phony dice on him at the camp and took him for eleven hundred bucks.

"Now I'm satisfied," he said.

Ordinarily the steer guy will have to take the dough whether he wants it or not. When it's in his pocket you've got a guaranty he's not going to crack to the law. But in this instance there was no law. Hundreds of gamblers and game joints are taken off every year without raising a beef.

I've run across several cases in which people turned steer guys for no other reason than to even up a score. Money, though, is the object of most of them. I've never known a legitimate business man, once he gets

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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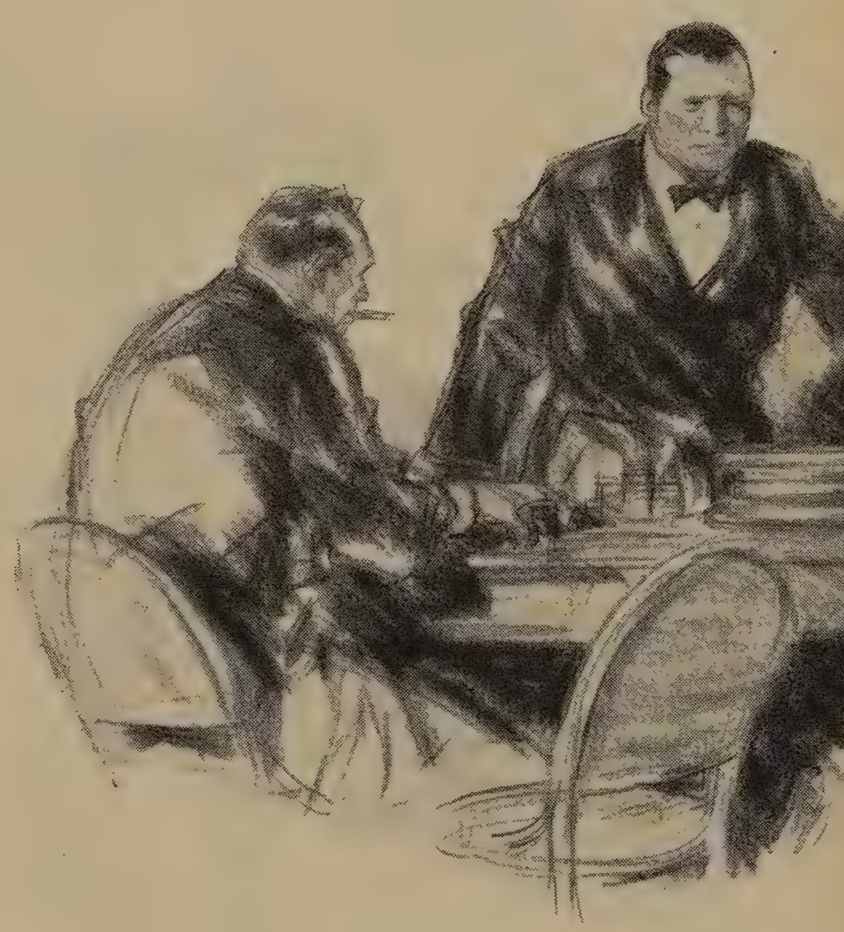
I GET SOME STEERS
Continued from page seventy-five

friendly with a thief, who won't listen to a paying proposition. I like to do business with that kind, as he is less apt to be suspected and is more careful in covering up after a job is pulled. Except for that, you can have him. Like any thief, he'll double-cross his friends. At least, you can give the thief credit for taking a chance. The other bird steals candy from babies.

There was a grocery-store owner in a small town who had his shop across from the bank. He was one of those neighborhood storekeepers who had been armed by the bank to help protect it in case of a stickup.

THE grocery man had the confidence of the bank officials. They told him on what days the money came in, as they wanted him to be especially careful. They had him down as a good, honest citizen. The only thing they weren't wise to was that he had been a friend of mine.



He used to have a store in Middletown, Ohio, my home town, and had dumped me several small jobs, like a few cases of cigarettes stored in grocery warehouses where he did business. I hadn't seen him for two or three years. Everything I'm telling you about him I learned after I ran across him accidentally in this town.

I was driving through and stopped to get some change at the bank. When I walked up to the teller's window he was cashing a check.

One look at me and out he flew, white as sugar.

I didn't know what was eating him until he called me over to his store as I was getting ready to drive away.

"Why don't you tell a fellow when you're coming?" he began. "I thought you were going to give 'em the works right then."

There are no two meanings to a crack like that. This guy was open to a proposition.

"They've got nothing over there, have they?" I asked.

"What's it worth to you to find out?" he came back.

"Haven't I always treated you right?" I said.

We made a deal. He told me the bank had a payroll of six and a half grand on Wednesdays for a big cannery out in the country. As I expected, most of the shopkeepers on the main drag were armed. But by noon they were at home, eating. He said he'd be, anyway. I told him he'd have to be in the bank to stand off suspicion if anybody smelled a steer. The real reason was that if he was thinking of pulling a double-cross, he'd change his mind when he knew he'd be on the spot where we could pay him off with lead. He agreed. I wasn't very much afraid, in the first place, that he'd squeal, because a guy who has ever steered for thieves is always at their mercy.

I and my mob cased the jug for a couple of hours the following Wednesday morning. We saw the money go in. At 12:15 the grocer went in. That's all we were waiting for. We got away with nearly eight grand. The grocer was paid eight hundred of it. He's still getting by on an honest reputation, probably tipping off other unsuspecting friends to hustlers.

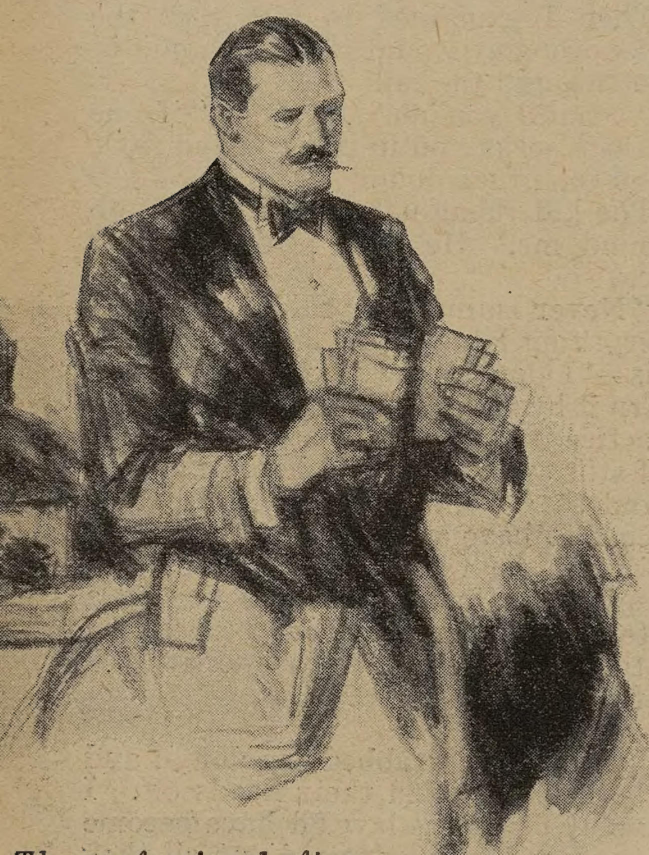
I hope he keeps on getting by. I know if he's grabbed I'll go with him. The first thing he'd do is try to shove the rap off on me. I wouldn't do the same to him. That's the difference between the hundred per cent thief and the guy

Thieves' Argot in This Story

Alki—Alcohol.
Beef—Complaint.
C—Century note, $100.
Case—To scout, plan a robbery.
Dumped—Tipped off.
Fire—Trouble, danger.
Glom—To see.
Grand—$1,000.
Harness bull—Uniformed policeman.
Legger—Bootlegger.
Night hack—Watchman.
The office—A signal.
Pete—Safe.
Poke—Roll of money.
Squeeze—Tight spot, emergency.

who is half-and-half. It's not a case of thieves' honor. I'd only be looking ahead to the time when I'd be turned out of the brig. Then I'd need the steer guy to help me get started again.

So far, I've had a lot of luck with the legitimates on my steer list. None of them has ever been picked up. It's a surprise to me how few of these high-class scouts land in the courts, considering how many there are. And don't think there aren't plenty. I'll say this—for every top-notch thief you list, I'll name a steer guy who travels in good company. Right now, I could go to a certain deacon and to a dick who stands high in his department, demanding information on some job I might be interested in. Each of them worked for me only once, but they'd have to kick in again if I said so.


The professional often is a hired dealer in a gambling joint. He'll give you the lowdown on his own boss.

The deacon told me about a big collection that was going to be taken up at a Sunday-night service. It was for a building fund. The dough would have to be kept until next day in a safe in the pastor's office.

IT totaled two grand, not as much as we were told it would be, but good enough for the small risk we took. I don't have to make any excuses for knocking off a church. That's up to the deacon. I'm a heist guy. To me, church is business and business is my mark.

The dick who steered for me had been on the force eighteen years. He gave me the lowdown on a pete in a big ice-cream store. He went further. The merchants' policeman on the block was a nuisance. About the time we were ready to blow the charge, the dick walked him over to a booze joint for a couple of drinks.

I'd say that the number of steer guys in the legitimate class is growing right along. The reason is that thieves and good people are mixing everywhere. When I started in the racket, years ago, the average hustler was marked and couldn't get very far out of his own set without being spotted. Now, in most cases, you can't tell him from the guy who sits next to you in church. He's smart enough to drop his lingo and he's got dough to buy the right clothes. What he wears is not too tony because he figures a guy can give himself away by making a splurge the same as when he looks like a tramp.

THE thief goes everywhere other people go. Booze joints are the places where the two sets meet most often these days. More than half of the better-class steer guys who worked for me were at first customers in the joint I ran. I never opened a deal with them. They started it. They happened to run across a job they imagined would be an easy mark for a thief. There wasn't any larceny in them. It was just an idea. Then they met me and we talked business, as friends do. When they learned there was money and no risk in talking, they became steers.

Of course, there always were steer guys, some legitimate, but most of them professionals. This kind also has become more numerous in the past ten or fifteen years. They are the ones whose chief business is keeping their eyes open for good marks. They're not exactly thieves, because they wouldn't take a hand in a ten-grand job if you opened the door and walked away. You might call them promoters. Their business is to circulate in places where dough is handled, find out the amounts, look over the layout, and size up the employees. In other words, they're supposed to do everything the thief can't do for fear of stirring a rumble.

The professional often is a hired dealer in a gambling joint. He'll give you the lowdown on his own boss or on the sports who hang around the place. His work is a side line that puts him in a position where he can glom the boys who carry the heavy paper. If he sees one of them who is going to walk out with a good poke, he'll find an excuse to get to a telephone and give his hustling friends the office.

Other professionals have no job, but rely on what they happen to hear or see. They're not the best in their line. To reach the top of the steer class, you have to set your mind on a particular mark, get a job in the shop or office, do a good day's work while keeping your eyes open, and have a lot of patience.

A good steer guy can make himself fifteen or twenty grand a year. His regular split is ten per cent of what a job comes for, but if he gives a mob A-1 service and kicks in with some big plays he'll often get an even end.

By a good steer guy I mean one who is on the level with his information

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

COLORLESS
as Water
yet this Liquid...
Imparts Color to
GRAY HAIR

WHAT IS this peculiar discovery that has no color itself—yet imparts color to Gray Hair. It is called KOLOR-BAK—a clean liquid already used by hundreds of thousands of people who know that Gray Hair is a handicap in business and society. You simply comb Kolor-Bak into your hair and watch the gray disappear—gradually, surely. Even your close friends won't detect its use—until suddenly they notice that you look years younger. No matter what your age—no matter if your hair is snow white or merely streaked—this amazing discovery will impart color. No less astonishing than its sure, satisfactory, safe results, is the queer fact that the very same bottle of Kolor-Bak does for Blonde, Black, Brown or Auburn. Why be Gray? Why be handicapped? Why be embarrassed any longer? Get a bottle from any druggist or department store now and if Kolor-Bak doesn't make you look 10 years younger, your money will be refunded any time you ask.

KOLOR-BAK
Imparts Color to Gray Hair!

Ingrown Nail
Turns Outward
—NO PAIN

A few drops of "Outgro" in the crevice of the toe nail stops the pain instantly and so toughens the sensitive skin underneath the nail that it resists the ingrowing nail and forces it to grow naturally outward. Drug stores sell "Outgro" in small bottles. Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc., 578 Madison Ave., N.Y.C

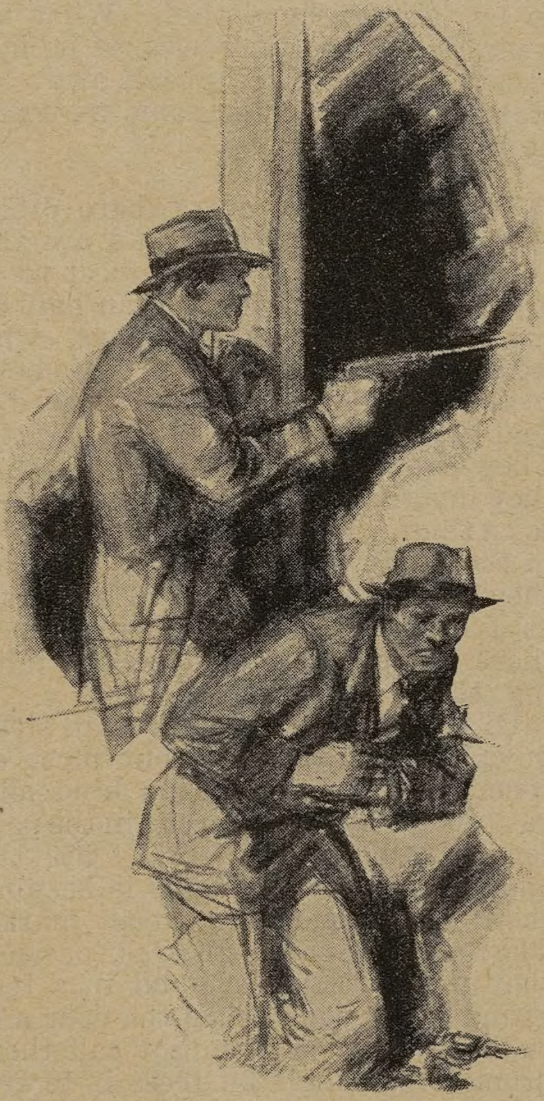
MONEY FOR YOU
AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

I GET SOME STEERS
Continued from page seventy-seven

and doesn't try to work for three or four mobs at the same time. Hustlers don't feel at all safe about a guy they think might be tipping them and another gang to a single job. That starts war.

Where most steer guys fall down is that they're too willing to gamble on your life and your time. I mean they'll send you into fire, figuring you might make good on one out of a thousand chances of coming through with the money.



When we tried to raid the joint, lead came at us from every window.

A professional steer guy gave us the lowdown on a pete at a movie house. A woman relative of his was the cashier there. He said if we'd wait for a week-end, when the theater ran a feature picture, the take ought to total five or six grand.

"It's a pipe," he said. "I'm telling you, it's like walking into a park. I been around there and it's a shame to ask an able-bodied man to go to work on it."

We kept the theater on our list until it ran The Covered Wagon. Saturday night, we took the job in. It was easy, all right—just like digging a ditch. The steer guy said the rear entrance was fastened by a common night latch. It took us just two hours to beat this lock and then we found an iron grating inside across the whole doorway. Next we blew the pete. It came for four hundred. We tore up the office looking for the rest, but I guess The Covered Wagon didn't do very good business in this town.

Another one of these bloomers was an auto agency where license tags are sold the close of every year. The guy who gave us the steer on this pete said it was good for at least five grand.

We cased the job two full days. Each member of the mob took his turn watching from across the street. He counted the people who went in and if one of the employees came out with a package, he followed him to see if he was going to the bank. For all our trouble we got twenty-five bucks. The steer guy had left out only one point. He didn't tell us the agency had an arrangement with the bank to deposit the money after closing hours. He was just hoping they'd forget to do it some night.

A bank employee tipped us a factory payroll of forty grand and let us go through with this job, even though during the time we were casing it the company started a system of paying by check. The paymaster grinned when he handed us a worthless stack of papers.

THE professional steer guy is unreliable half of the time. On top of that, he's the yellowest kind of a dog or he'd pull the jobs himself.

I will say this for the professional—in most cases he's just enough of a thief to know how to hold still during a police quiz. That's his one advantage over the legitimates. The monkeys who have never had any experience with the dicks are always a risk.

I remember a scare that was thrown into me by the collector for a chain of bakeries. The kid was a customer at my booze joint for about a year before he sprang his idea. His proposition was this—I was to take him off Saturday, just after he had visited his last store, and give him half of the three grand he collected that day. The job turned out to be such a pipe that the kid thought we ought to pull it regularly every week. That's how much right he had to be a hustler. It never entered his head somebody might get smart after he was robbed four or five times.

Anyway, I agreed the job was good for one more try. But first I had to give this dumb egg some instruction.

"When I take your dough," I said, "you set up a holler."

"What'll I holler?" he asked.

"Yell 'Here comes Santa Claus,' you damn' fool," I answered.

Then I explained to him that the dicks probably would get leery and put him through the mill.

"What'll you do," I asked, "if one of them socks you in the jaw and says, 'You took that dough'?"

The kid thought he had to be tough around me. He said he'd sock him back.

"Never mind," I said. "Forget everything I told you. Just remember this—'I don't know.' Think you can learn it by heart? Better go home and practice it."

I still wasn't satisfied he'd be able to stand the gaff, so I made him find an excuse to have another employee along with him for the purpose of offsetting suspicion. He told his boss he had a date and couldn't somebody meet him at the last store to take the money back to the office?

IT worked. I grabbed the dough and both boys yelled their heads off. I know if I was the law I'd have become suspicious by this time. But all they asked the kid was how much he lost and what the bandit looked like.

Now I'll show you what chances a hustler has to take with steer guys who haven't the professional's experience with the law. This kid gets an idea the dicks are going to pick him up any minute. He can't see a harness bull without rounding him. He drinks himself cockeyed every night. Suddenly he beats it out of town.

That made the dicks suspicious sure enough. But he got by and has had sense enough to stay out of town.

The steer guys of the legitimate class haven't any guts in a squeeze, but one thing, they won't try to get you croaked. The professionals sometimes will.

While I was working in Muncie, Indiana, a guy named Red Harmon dumped us a steer on an alki plant belonging to a hustler who was rated plenty tough. He said it was good for two thousand gallons. At that time alki was priced at eight bucks a gallon wholesale.

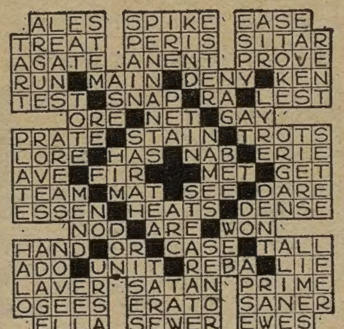
I made a bargain with a legger in Fort Wayne, Indiana, who agreed to take the whole load at seven a gallon.

By this time, the steer guy weakened. He probably figured the hustler who owned the alki plant was tougher than us. To play safe and make it pay at the same time, he tipped the other guy to what was coming off.

When we tried to raid the joint, a bunch of lead came at us from every window, and one of our men, Ham Jackson, nearly passed out of the picture.

When Ham got well and learned we had been sent into fire, he went gunning. He tailed Red to Chicago, but got there too late. The day he arrived, Red's body, full of slugs, was found on a road. Double-crossing on steers was his habit.

The true story of some of the Heist Guy's further adventures will appear in an early issue.



ALES SPIKE EASE
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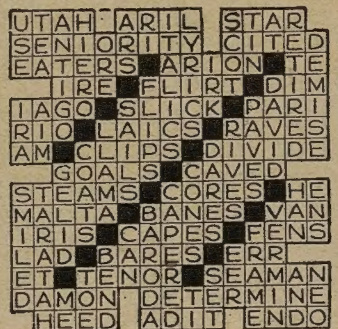
Answer to the puzzle on page 60



UTAH ARIL STAR
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IRE FLIRT DIM
IAGO SLICK PARI
RIO LAICS RAVES
AM CLIPS DIVIDE
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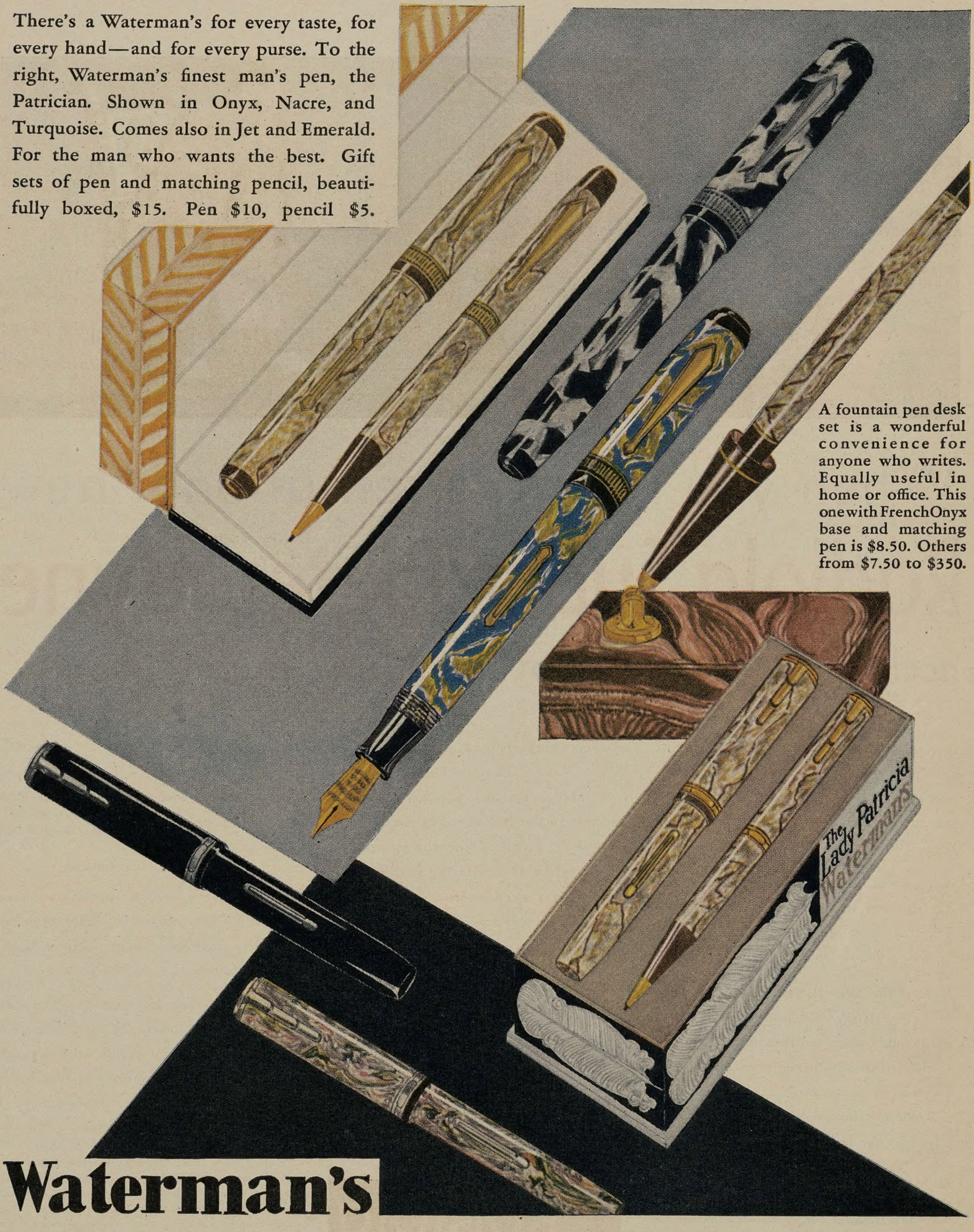
STEAMS CORES HE
MALTA BANES VAN
IRIS CAPES FENS
LAD BARES ERR
ET TENOR SEAMAN
DAMON DETERMINE
HEED ADIT ENDO

Answer to the puzzle on page 61

For a Christmas Gift-be sure it's a **Waterman's**

There's a Waterman's for every taste, for every hand—and for every purse. To the right, Waterman's finest man's pen, the Patrician. Shown in Onyx, Nacre, and Turquoise. Comes also in Jet and Emerald. For the man who wants the best. Gift sets of pen and matching pencil, beautifully boxed, $15. Pen $10, pencil $5.



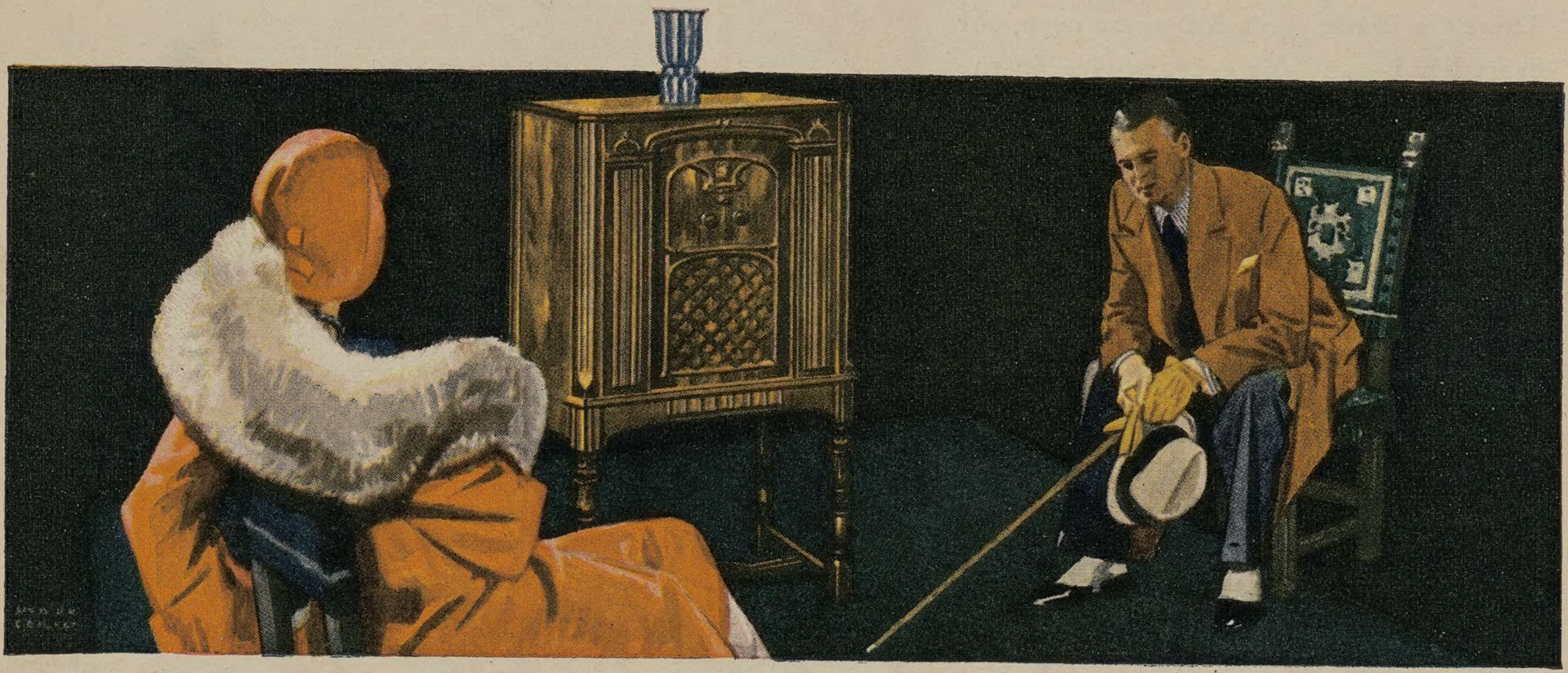
A fountain pen desk set is a wonderful convenience for anyone who writes. Equally useful in home or office. This one with French Onyx base and matching pen is $8.50. Others from $7.50 to $350.

Waterman's

Lady Patricia—the first fountain pen ever created expressly for women. A dainty clasp replaces the masculine clip. Beautifully finished. Shown in Jet, Persian and Onyx. Gift sets of pen and matching pencil in a charming box $8. Pen $5, pencil $3.

See these pens at your local Waterman's dealer. Every Waterman's is guaranteed forever against defects, and will be serviced by the L. E. Waterman Company—New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, Montreal.

YOU WILL AGREE WITH MARCONI



When you hear the sensational new Radiola Super-Heterodyne

acclaimed by inventor of radio as "a great advance"

Now you can enjoy a new radio instrument so highly developed . . . so far advanced that it has won praise from Marconi himself . . . the genius who invented radio . . . the leader in radio science for 36 years!

Never before have you heard a radio quite like the new RCA Radiola Super-Heterodyne . . . never before such thrilling tone . . . never before such alert performance!

Here is the finest home instrument that ever carried the RCA trade-mark . . . the most highly perfected instrument that the world's greatest radio engineers and RCA's vast resources can build . . . the result of a 7-year development of the Super-Heterodyne by the leader of the industry.

Wins Instant Success!

The new Radiola meets modern broadcasting conditions perfectly. The government has assigned to each broadcasting station a broadcasting channel of a standard 10-kilocycle width. The new Radiola is so expertly designed that it receives all of the program in the full width of the channel—no more—no less. Hence the remarkable tone quality, the startling realism, the exceptional freedom from overlapping, interference, noise, and distortion . . . no wonder that this is the fastest selling radio in RCA Radiola history!

Fascinating New Features

The new Radiola models offer all the latest features for home entertainment. The combination radio-phonograph model affords all the fun of home-recording—allows you to make actual records of your own voice! Remote control enables you to change stations from your favorite chair! Tone color control permits you to adjust tone to suit your own taste!

Consider the Value!

Four years ago a Radiola Super-Heterodyne cost $570. Today you can have a far superior, infinitely more beautiful model for $142.50, less Radiotrons.

Prove these facts for yourself. See your Radiola dealer today. He's a dependable merchant selling the world's most dependable musical instrument—the Radiola. Insist upon the RCA trademark—your guarantee of future satisfaction.

Set Illustrated: Radiola Super-Heterodyne, Model 80—screen-grid—9 tuned circuits—magnified, illuminated tuning dial accurately calibrated in kilocycles—improved volume control—local-distance switch—push-pull amplification—improved electro-dynamic speaker—handsome walnut veneer cabinet—$142.50, less Radiotrons. Also De Luxe Model and Radiola with electric phonograph, equipped with remote control, radio's ultimate convenience.

RCA Radiola
SUPER-HETERODYNE
RCA

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